

THE CASE OF HEARST AND HIS PAPERS

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# CURRENT OPINION

*Edited by  
Edward J. Wheeler*

JULY, 1918 V. 65

## THE U-BOAT RAID A SIGN OF GERMANY'S DESPERATION

Resentment Over the Treatment of  
General Wood

Quarrel of William II. and Charles I.

Browning, the Greatest Inventor of Guns

Is the Influence of Karl Marx Waning?

Zita: Most Fascinating of Sovereign Ladies

PROGRESS OF LENIN WITH HIS  
SOCIALIST STATE

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# CONTENTS FOR JULY

The Day ..... ii

## A Review of the World

The U-Boat Brings the War Into American Waters .....	1	Japan's Coming Action in the Far East.....	8
Resentment Over the Treatment of General Leonard Wood .....	3	Lenin and His Socialist State.....	9
The Case of Mr. Hearst and His Newspapers.....	5	The Crisis Over the Impending Peace Offer..	12
Quarrel of William II. with Charles I. ....	16	Ireland Between the Vatican and the Wilhelmstrasse .....	14

## Persons in the Foreground

They Are Making the Air Unsafe for Autocracy .....	18	The Greatest Inventor of Guns in the World..	20
Zita: Most Fascinating of Sovereign Ladies..	19	Giolitti: The Man Behind the Italian Mysteries	22

## Music and Drama

"The Copperhead"—A Drama of American Patriotism .....	23	Giants of the Stage Are Pygmies Artistically on the Screen.....	30
Mobilizing Music as an Auxiliary of the War..	27	Why the Film Doctor Is More Powerful Than a Ringmaster .....	31
How Experimental Theaters May Avoid the Pitfalls of Professionalism.....	28	Wonders Will Never Cease in Making the Movies Move .....	32
Battistini—Greatest of Europe's Vocal Artists.	29	Leading Photoplays of the Month.....	32

## Science and Discovery

Survival of the Unfit Among Scientists.....	33	Mystery of the Great Dragon of Guatemala...	37
Physiology of Foolish Conduct.....	34	A Study of Women as Inventors.....	38
The Most Baffling Fact of Human Knowledge.	35	Exploring the Field of Suggestion.....	39
Efficiency Points of America's New Machine Gun .....	36		

## Religion and Social Ethics

Why Germany Is Bound to Fail.....	40	Is the Influence of Karl Marx Waning?.....	44
Failure of Leadership in the Present World Crisis .....	41	Man's War With the Universe in the Religion of Bertrand Russell.....	45
Pure Democracy, Says Mr. Mallock, Is Impossible .....	43	Humanizing the Dismal Science.....	46

## Literature and Art

"The Gentle Reader"—The Most Obvious Illusion of the Writer.....	47	Simeon Strunsky's Satire Masquerades as Fiction .....	50
The Fiftieth Anniversary of a South American Masterpiece .....	48	French Infantry Types as Seen by a Lieutenant Artist .....	52
Mark Twain's Unedited and Unpublished Satire .....	48	Why Modern American Art Has Sunk Into Insignificance .....	52
Arthur Rimbaud—The Boy Who Invented Vers Libre .....	49	Voices of Living Poets.....	54
		"The Elevator Stops at All Floors"—A Story.	57
		Important New Books.....	58

## The International Forum

Labor's Voice Is Heard in the Demand for Victory .....	59	What the Present Status of the Forum Movement in America Is.....	59
Questions and Answers.....	60		

## The Industrial World

What the Shipping-Board Has Done and Is Doing .....	61	Big German Lines Rush Work on Ships to Replace Their War Losses.....	64
Are the Big Packers Dealing Squarely With the Public? .....	62	Is Public Ownership a Success or Failure?....	64
Horses Worth \$50,000,000 Are Shipped to Battle Annually .....	63	Wages for Japanese Girls Hardly Enough to Keep Body and Soul Together.....	66

SHEAR NONSENSE..... 67

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# Spies and Lies

German agents are everywhere, eager to gather scraps of news about our men, our ships, our munitions. It is still possible to get such information through to Germany, where thousands of these fragments—often individually harmless—are patiently pieced together into a whole which spells death to American soldiers and danger to American homes.

But while the enemy is most industrious in trying to collect information, and his systems elaborate, he is *not* superhuman—indeed he is often very stupid, and would fail to get what he wants were it not deliberately handed to him by the carelessness of loyal Americans.

Do not discuss in public, or with strangers, any news of troop and transport movements, of bits of gossip as to our military preparations, which come into your possession.

Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing,

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

You are in contact with the enemy *today*, just as truly as if you faced him across No Man's Land. In your hands are two powerful weapons with which to meet him—discretion and vigilance. *Use them.*

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# CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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## A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

### THE U-BOAT BRINGS THE WAR INTO AMERICAN WATERS

IF the Germans thought that their submarine invasion on our shores would have a terrorizing effect upon public sentiment here, they have scored another failure. The stock market showed a slight wobbling tendency for a day or two, but then resumed its normal condition. Enlistments, especially for the Navy and the Marines, bounded forward in New York City at a greater speed than ever before, the line of waiting men at one of the naval recruiting stations—on Twenty-third street—extending down three flights of stairs to the street and for almost a block up the street. The rush began within an hour after the news of the raid first came. The lights of the city were darkened for a few nights, more for the purpose, it was reported, of enabling our own aviators to make a study of its appearance and draw maps than from any fear of an immediate airplane attack; but the attendance at the theaters is said to have fallen off little, if any, tho the movies did suffer some. The conclusions drawn in the press from the raid have been far from alarmist. The *Wall Street Journal*, for instance, sees in the raid on our shores admission that the submarine in European waters has failed of its purpose to interrupt the flow of American troops and supplies and has now turned its attention to our unarmed and unconvoyed coastwise ships. It says: "The menace is to our coastwise trade, where cheap successes can be gained, and we all know that the German militarist party is now reduced to the point of offering the German people something showy where it cannot provide something decisive. The submarines, in fact, are saying that the last great German offensive is a virtual failure, like its predecessors." Of the eighteen ships successfully attacked up to the middle of June, not one of them was a transport (tho we are

### The Sinking of Our Coastwise Ships Arouses the Country and Speeds Up Enlistment

now sending over from seven to eight thousand soldiers on an average every day), not one was armed, and all or nearly all were coastwise ships. The majority of them were schooners of small tonnage, the average per ship being less than 2,000 tons. "Instead of being a reason for apprehension among ourselves," remarks the *Buffalo Times*, "this raid is a confession of alarm on the part of Germany. It was a resort of desperation—a futile attempt to divert the attention of our Navy from the real work in hand, and to compel the recall of some of the American warships in European waters. A scheme like that is so weak and absurd that, as strategy, it is childish. It is Tirpitzian terrorism in a kindergarten form."

#### Taking a Serious View of the Submarine Menace.

THE same note is sounded in many papers. The sinking of a few schooners off our coast is certainly not so important to Germany as the sinking of troop and supply ships in waters where the German submarines are most easily operated, remarks the *N. Y. Sun*. It concludes, therefore, that "these sinkings near New York are really admissions of the defeat of the great plan of the Germans—the campaign with which they promised their people to starve England into submission and to win the war." Yet there are not lacking warnings that we should prepare for some serious results before we are through. Associated Press dispatches state that naval officers in Washington are swinging around to the conclusion that this raid may be followed by a steady continuation of submarine depredation at our very threshold. The Marquis of Milfordhaven, former First Sea Lord of England, says: "Ultimately we shall see submarine cruisers with heavy

guns and torpedoes, protected by armor and with a surface speed equal to that of any existing surface craft." Nor is there any reason why the submarine of to-day may not operate for an indefinite period far from its home waters. In the Baltic, at the beginning of the war, German submarines remained for long periods, receiving their supplies from small sailboats sailing from nearby ports. There is also now constructed a special submarine of 2,000 tons, which carries oil and munitions and acts as a supply base. The N. Y. *Tribune*, just before the news of the recent raid became public, said:

"The submarine has been the deadliest weapon of the war. All the artillery, all the infantry, all the battle-ships, all the millions of tons of explosives and projectiles the Germans have shot into the air have not inflicted the damage, nor cost the Allies so dear, as two or three hundred *untersee* boats.

"They have destroyed or crippled or kept in harbor more than one-half the ocean-going tonnage of the whole world. By forcing the convoy system, devious routes, no lights, they have cut down the effectiveness of what remains nearly one-half more. They have destroyed more tonnage than all the Allies, including the United States, can rebuild in the next two years. They have prevented, and still prevent, effective aid to Russia.

"They are still sinking more ocean-going tonnage than all the yards of the world were building before the war.

"The U-boat menace is still here."

Heretofore our troop ships have been met by convoying destroyers in mid-ocean. The *Wall Street Journal* thinks that henceforth such an escort will be necessary for the full length of the voyage. "The Germans are entered upon no sporadic campaign," the Baltimore *American* thinks, "but have opened up their offensive against the United States upon a well-conceived, thought-out and carefully-carried-out plan," and it calls for the appointment at once of a public committee of safety for Baltimore.

#### The U-Boat Raid a Token of Germany's Desperation.

MANY journals see a close connection between the U-boat raid on this side and the activity of American troops in the fighting on the other side. Says the Washington *Herald*: "This is her [Germany's] supreme hour of destiny in the war. If she can delay the coming of American aid to the Allied cause even sixty or ninety days, she believes she can have a fair chance of reaching a decision this year in the West. But her general staff knows that, at the present rate of transportation, American divisions will wipe out her numerical superiority in the war within the next two months."

Again the same journal goes on to say:

"The lurking of the U-boat off American ports spells desperation; the fighting of Americans along the Marne and the Ourcq spells destiny. One is the wild lunge of a tiring foe; the other is merely the first but carefully planned try-out of American strength in the thick of the fight. Prussianism is waning. Americanism is waxing.

"Never yet has Germany through its reptile press permitted its thought to focus on the possibility that millions of American soldiers would fight against her in Europe. That has been the one thought intolerable, unendurable, impossible. That was the one thing ruinous to all German calculations, which apparently were so thoroly and systematically made as to provide for all other contingencies.

America in Europe means an end of Prussianism. The Prussians know it. They have waved our armies out of existence and told their people they are a myth. Perhaps it is a sort of self-hypnosis that leads them to this last and supreme denial of theirs of the truth."

Whether or not this is a correct reading of the German mind, it fits in well with the news from abroad last month of the part which the American soldiers are beginning to play in France. Nothing has happened since the war began that has been more thrilling to Americans than the reports of the first severe fighting by American troops at Cantigny and at various points along the little Clignon river—Bouresches, Belleau, Torcy, Bussiares and Veully. The accounts coming from French sources as well as American sources of the conduct of our troops are uniformly enthusiastic. Speaking on June 7th, the British Prime Minister said:

"I have only just returned from France and met a French statesman who had been at the front shortly after a battle in which the Americans took part. He was full of admiration, not merely of their superb valor, but of the trained skill with which they attacked and defeated the foe.

"His report of the conduct of the American troops, a division that had been in action for the first time, was one of the most encouraging things I have heard."

#### Glowing Accounts of the Behavior of American Troops Under Fire.

EVEN in the guarded official reports of the French War Office there is seen a marked tendency to throw off all restraint in speaking of our soldiers. "We may hope everything from them," is the way one official note runs, and it is added that at all the points where our men have been called on to fight "they have won the admiration of the French troops." After the fighting in Veully Wood, Reuter's correspondent at French army headquarters wrote that the popularity of the American soldiers had grown greatly with French troops during the battle and that the latter "never tire of telling stories of the pluck and gaiety of their new comrades." In the fighting northwest of Château-Thierry, according to the special correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*—Grasty—our men were engaged in a really important action, "which may have turned and very probably did turn the whole tide of battle." He quotes an American general as saying that he had never before seen such machine-gun and rifle fire. "They alone of all troops can hit the mark at 600 yards. They have already introduced a new element into European warfare." In one engagement, according to another writer, nearly every German killed was shot through the head or the heart, there being no blind shooting and no signs of nervousness on the part of our men. The *Echo de Paris* renders this tribute: "American troops have for the first time submitted to the decisive proof. Every witness of their behavior agrees that they triumphed. Henceforward the United States is no longer a military power of unknown value. The American soldiers, whose numbers we know to be practically without limit, are of the finest quality."

It is hard to tell where to stop in quoting praise of this kind, there is so much of it. We don't have to do any boasting for our boys nowadays: the French and British are doing it for us. Henry Bijou, writing in the *Paris Journal*, says: "We may say beyond dispute

that the American troops have surpassed all that was expected of them." "The impetuosity, the bite, the ardor and the solidity of the Americans," says the *Figaro*, "must be a cruel surprise for the Germans." Speaking of American fighting at the Bois de Neuilly, the military correspondent of the London *Express* says that in the spirit and skill shown Germans may read their certain doom, for they will find themselves, in the last great fight of all, "faced by troops equal in courage and craftsmanship to the best that Europe ever produced." The French Prime Minister, Clemenceau, declares that America and America alone will crown the Allies' cause with victory, and a special correspondent of the London *Times*, after inspecting the work done in France by Americans in the way of docks and warehouses and railways and hospitals and camps, says: "What the American forces in France have accomplished thus far is almost incredible." Major-General Gorgas, Surgeon-General of the U. S. A., adds his word of assurance. "We are putting into the field," he says, "the best army, physically and mentally, in the world," and they are receiving the treatment as to health. The Japanese broke all records when they reduced the mortality from disease in their army to 20 per 1,000. But the death rate in the American army from disease has been reduced to 8 per 1,000. There is more disease among the men when they join the army than at any time thereafter, and as for venereal disease, "figures show that for months not a single case of this class of disease has been reported at several of the training-camps where thousands of men have been assembled."

#### Reviving the Confidence of France and England?

NEEDLESS to say, the American press is filled with expressions of pride over the record so far made by our boys. It is not so long ago that many of us were cringing a bit before the boasts of what we were going to do. It is different now, and we seem to have every right to display our gratification over what has been done and is being done by American soldiers. "Even in the midst of the poignant anxiety of this hour," said the *Charleston News and Courier*, "the nation thrills with pride and joy as it sees its army assuming the rôle which it must assume if the dark menace to the great cause is to be met"; but it reminds us that our army is "yet to meet the ordeal of facing one of the great German onslaughts in its early stages when the force and momentum of the drive are greatest." The *Omaha World-Herald*, after noting that the performances of American troops "have created a genuine sensation in France and England," goes on to say:

"It is of course pleasing to observe that the American soldiers of to-day and in this great war, where the highest interests of all mankind are at stake, are on a par with any who have ever borne arms in the past; but our greatest satisfaction in the impression they have created abroad lies not in this. It is really profoundly touching to see the confidence of the war-weary peoples and soldiers of our allies, who so far have been defending both their cause and ours, in the efficiency of the help, sorely needed, that is now coming to their side. They are re-heartened and re-nerved. An unnamed French general said that at Veully Wood the American machine-gunner maintained the morale of his own troops."

Every time Germany says the U-boats will win the war her voice gets a little weaker.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

It seems to be about time for some one to take the Hun out of Hungary.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

## RESENTMENT OVER THE TREATMENT OF GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

### The Refusal to Send Him to France With His Division Threatens to Breed a Scandal

AROUND the head of General Wood a good-sized storm-cloud seems to be hovering most of the time in recent years. It was first discerned when President Roosevelt advanced him in rank so rapidly as to arouse deep mutterings on the part of the friends of many officers. Wood was not a West Pointer, and it took him some time to live that fact down and reconcile the Regulars to his rapid promotion. When, several years ago, he initiated the Plattsburg Camp for training officers, he invited Mr. Roosevelt to make a speech there and the latter made remarks that reflected upon the Commander-in-Chief and brought another storm-cloud about the head of the General. Later on he told Congress of our unpreparedness. More than a year before we entered the war he said: "We know this, that if a war does hit us, we have not in any particular—I make no exception whatever—adequate reserve materials for the first force we should have to call. . . . If we should suddenly become involved in war, we should be absolutely without a reasonable supply of either artillery guns or ammunition." He continued to shout warnings to us until finally the nation acted upon them. When the country entered the war he was shifted from command of the Eastern Department to Charleston, being given his choice of going there or to the Philippines or Hawaii. Then he was shifted to Kansas and placed in

command of Camp Funston. The other day he brought his Division—the Eighty-Ninth—to the East to embark for overseas. At the dock, it is reported, he was handed a telegraphic order detaching him from the Division and ordering him to Camp Presidio, in California, to take up administrative work—a desk-job. By this time protests were going up from all over the country, and the order was changed directing him to go instead back to Camp Funston to train another Division. The reasons for what some papers are calling his "internment" are the subject of speculation in many journals and of inquiries on the part of Congressmen.

#### Reasons for Keeping General Wood From France.

EVEN such a stanch administration journal as the *N. Y. World*, commenting on the telegraphic order to leave his Division on the eve of its sailing and to report for duty in California, said that it "will give every fair-minded man a bad taste in the mouth." It added: "General Wood may not be the genius that many of his supporters consider him, but well over 100 generals have now gone abroad, and there must certainly be some among this number with whose military talents those of General Wood can favorably compare." No authoritative explanation of the order has been made,



but many and diverse unauthoritative guesses have been let loose on the world by the Washington correspondents and others. The one that has received the widest acceptance is the following, as given by the Brooklyn *Eagle's* special correspondent:

"The Administration is deeply disturbed over the Wood affair. President Wilson had no knowledge of the order which detached Wood from his command after it had left Camp Funston on the way to France. It was an order that emanated entirely from Army circles. It was issued by General March, Chief of Staff, for the reason that General Pershing, Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, does not want Wood as one of his subordinates in France. The order came as a complete surprise to the President."

The same correspondent goes on to say that "President Wilson is determined that full justice shall be done to General Wood," and the General himself is quoted by another writer as saying of his interview with the President, that the latter was "very courteous and considerate." The *Eagle*, which is also a pro-administration journal, declares that "the unfavorable impression created by the order of detachment must somehow be removed," and hopes to see some of the staff officers at Washington rapped over the knuckles for having issued such an order without consulting the President. Other explanations given for the order are that the General is being saved for the command of an army to be sent to Italy; of an army to be sent to Siberia; of an army to be mobilized for the protection of our Mexican border. The N. Y. *Evening Sun* expresses scorn for all such "camouflage." "Everybody," it says, "knows just why General Wood is held back. Why pretend? Nobody is fooled; not for a moment." The Rochester *Post-Express* voices the same distrust of all the explanations so far advanced. "The previous treatment of General Wood," it holds, "creates doubt of the explanation that his shelving is due to General Pershing's request." It asserts that it is now known that his removal from Governors Island to Charleston at the beginning of the war "was personally directed by the Commander-in-Chief"—that is, by the President—and it thinks the whole country is "seriously disappointed" by this new rebuff.

#### The Political Activity of General Wood in the Past.

THE other side of the case is temperately presented by the Springfield *Republican*. It reminds us that "General Bell, as capable a soldier as General Wood and in every way as experienced," and other generals, as well, have been denied permission to lead their Divisions overseas, and "nothing is said about their cases in the newspapers or in Congress." Generals with a powerful political backing, such as Wood has in the Republican party and in his close friendship with Mr. Roosevelt, are, the *Republican* reminds us, "apt to be a source of trouble in wartime." It recalls his attendance, in 1916, at a dinner party of Republicans whose object was to defeat Mr. Wilson for re-election. It recalls that the General was publicly proposed by Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate for President to the Republican convention of 1916. It says that, in the eyes of his war department superiors, he was occasionally guilty "of a species of insubordination in his activities outside the field of his military duties." But all these things, it thinks, should be forgotten at the

White House to-day and the General's military value alone considered. In this matter, General Pershing's judgment should be controlling; but if the President is merely trying to punish Wood for past indiscretions, he merits "sharp criticism" and "the administration must expect to be censured if it is impossible to satisfy General Wood's friends that he is not the victim of unfair discrimination." The Spokane *Spokesman-Review* recalls General Wood's warnings about our lack of everything necessary to an army not long before Secretary Baker was telling a Congressional committee that "there are plenty of arms and ammunition for one million men," and then goes on to say:

"Here we find the open secret of Secretary Baker's persistent refusal to send General Wood to France. General Wood had vision and candor, Secretary Baker had no vision. In the end, and belatedly, the administration was reluctantly forced by the logic of events to tread the paths of preparedness that General Wood had so clearly pointed out two years before real action was taken, a fact that seems to rankle in the breast of the Secretary of War."

#### A Classic Scandal of the War Likely to Develop.

THE N. Y. *Times* is positive that the uncontradicted rumors about the General's unfair treatment "will have a bad effect upon the country's morale." It says:

"It will spread doubt, chill enthusiasm. The Administration cannot permit such a chilling and disheartening suspicion to spread among the people at a time so critical as this. It owes it to the people to dissipate this doubt and depression by giving its facts and its reasons."

The Kansas City *Star* thinks that "if there are any valid reasons" against General Wood's competency as a commander, "the nation has a right to know them." The Chicago *Tribune* takes the same attitude, saying: "The country has a right to have the disturbing suspicions aroused in this case allayed. If the War Department will not give information, one of the military affairs committees should do so." The Washington *Herald* sees the development of "a classic scandal of the war" if matters are not set to rights soon, and says that "the sneer that the administration is 'afraid' of Wood, afraid, perhaps, that he will become a popular hero and have some influence in 1920, is heard all over Washington." It holds that the administration is being unjustly accused and that a few words will avert a scandal. "Let us have them," it says, "without delay." The N. Y. *Tribune* is not disquieted over what happens to General Wood: we can win the war without him. But it is disquieted over the apparent attitude of the administration in the matter of utilizing all our resources. It regards Wood as a resource to be utilized. It says of him:

"He is indiscreet. Thank God he is! The truth will not stay in him. It bubbles forth and hurts like shrapnel. He attacks inefficiency and delay with a stressed and terrifying profanity. He is no respecter of sacred persons. When he returned from France he cast the truth upon Congress and knocked in vain on the door of the White House. The atmosphere was charged with his indignation at the inertia he found and the contentment there was in the midst of confusion, tho Hindenburg's blow was about to fall on the West front. He had seen and he knew. But what he knew the Government did not wish to hear. The President declined to receive him. The Senate Military Affairs Committee summoned him and he made the Capitol corridors ring."

## THE CASE OF MR. HEARST AND HIS NEWSPAPERS

THE string of Hearst papers numbers eleven. Two of them are in Chicago—the *American* and the *Herald and Examiner*. Two are in Boston—the *American* and the *Advertiser*. Two are in Atlanta—the *American* and the *Georgian*. Three are in New York—the *American*, the *Evening Journal* and the *Deutsches Journal*, recently discontinued. One is in San Francisco—the *Examiner*, and one in Los Angeles—the *Examiner*. They claim a total average circulation daily of 2,572,885. In addition Mr. Hearst controls seven magazines, which claim a total average circulation of 2,281,627. No other man in the history of journalism has ever controlled such a string of periodicals as this. As the loyalty of Caillaux in France and of Giolitti in Italy has been gravely impugned, so the loyalty of Mr. Hearst in this country has been seriously called in question. There is a call from various sources for the suppression of his papers. The charge of disloyal utterances has not been raised, as far as we have noted, against his magazines; but no less a personage than ex-President Roosevelt, in a letter of about 10,000 words, presented before the U. S. Senate and printed in the *Congressional Record*, charges the Hearst papers with disloyalty, asserts that Mr. Hearst's campaign "is primarily a campaign in favor of Germany" and declares that "just so long as Mr. Hearst's publications are permitted in the mails Mr. Burleson is without excuse for excluding any other publication from them."

### Starting a Boycott in Jersey and New York Towns.

IN a number of places near New York City vigorous steps have been taken to prevent the circulation of Hearst's New York papers. The West Essex Security League, with a large membership in nine New Jersey towns, whose president is a member of the Advisory Committee of President Wilson's War Board, has appealed to the Postmaster General to forbid the use of the mails to the Hearst papers. The Common Council of Mount Vernon has passed an ordinance forbidding the sale or distribution of the papers in that town. An injunction has been granted by a New York City judge against carrying out this ordinance and the Council has taken an appeal to the Court of Appeals. In Rahway, N. J., the Mayor has issued a proclamation requesting all citizens to refrain from purchasing and all newsdealers from selling the Hearst papers. In Poughkeepsie members of the N. Y. State Guard and veterans of the G. A. R. paraded the streets and made a bonfire of the papers. Flushing, N. Y., had a similar parade and bonfire. So did Nutley, N. J. In Hackensack, Summit, Montclair, Bloomfield and East Orange—all New Jersey towns—action has been taken by citizens and soldiers to bar the sale and distribution of the papers. Cincinnati has barred them from the Public Library. In Easton, Pa., the Mayor is doing his best to drive them from the county. In Pasadena, Cal., a hostile crusade has been recorded. The reasons assigned for this movement are practically the same in all these places—the alleged seditious character of the papers. An attempt has been made by some of Mr.

## Mr. Roosevelt Assails Them as Disloyal and Many Towns Begin a Boycott

Hearst's defenders to represent the real reason as a political desire to kill off Hearst as a candidate for Governor of New York this fall; but more New Jersey than New York towns have participated in the movement up to date. The charges of disloyalty are based upon numerous quotations culled from the three Hearst papers in New York City. The N. Y. *Tribune* has been especially active in searching out such quotations and playing them up in parallel columns with Mr. Hearst's recent utterances in defense of his course. The quotations fall into several classes: (1) those interpreted as condoning the sinking of the *Lusitania* and Germany's submarine warfare in general; (2) efforts made both before and after we went to war to sow distrust between this country and Japan and Great Britain; (3) efforts to prevent, even after we had entered the war, any active prosecution of it.

### Alleged Disloyal Utterances of the Hearst Papers.

OF the first class of utterances is this extract from a signed editorial by Mr. Hearst, in the N. Y. *American*, on June 6th, 1915: "Whether the *Lusitania* was armed or not, it was properly a spoil of war, subject to attack and destruction under the accepted rules of civilized warfare." That the manner of her destruction was in accord with those rules seems to have been the view of Mr. Hearst, as in the same editorial he maintained that "the *Lusitania* incident is, of course, no cause for a declaration of war." Mr. Hearst, in his recent rejoinder to the Roosevelt letter, maintains that this statement expressed "the precise view taken by the President and by a majority of our citizens at that time," and that the proof of this is the fact that two years after the sinking of the *Lusitania* the President was appealing for reelection on the ground that he had kept the country out of war. But the *Tribune* calls attention to an utterance of Hearst's *American* at about the same time (May 14th, 1915), condemning the President's letter to Germany on the *Lusitania* affair and saying:

"The President's letter is undeniably vigorous, BUT IT IS POSSIBLY DANGEROUS AS WELL. The nation desired that its rightful demands should be laid before the German government, but it did not anticipate that the President would go so far beyond the plainly and soundly rightful scope of those demands as to invite a rebuff."

All this was before we went into the war; but the record of the Hearst papers since we entered the war is also held up for inspection. Five days after Congress declared that a state of war existed, Mr. Hearst (April 11th, 1917) was urging Congress to "imperatively refuse to permit the further draining of our food supplies and our military supplies to Europe," adding that every such shipment "from this time on is a blow at our own safety." A week later (April 17th, 1917) he was saying: "Our only correct strategy is to spend all our money and all our labor in preparing our navy and armies HERE AT THEIR NATURAL BASE, and so compelling Germany, if she wants to fight, to come to us and see how she likes the taste of OUR GRANITE." Six weeks later (June 29th) he was urging that none





THE ACCOMPLICE

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

but volunteer soldiers should be sent abroad, and that all the drafted men be kept in this country.

#### Decrying Our "Interference in Europe's Quarrels."

IN his recent reply, Mr. Hearst makes much of the fact that he and his papers vigorously favored the draft. He does not make any explanation of his statement that none of the drafted men should be sent abroad or of his further statement (July 27th, 1917) that our soldiers were being sent over "to be offered up in bloody sacrifice to the ambition of contending nations on foreign battle-fields." Apparently he was of the opinion that it was not our war at all but that (N. Y. *American*, April 24th, 1917) "the painful truth is that we are being practically used as a mere reenforcement of England's warfare and England's future aggrandizement," and (November 22d) that we were "interfering in Europe's quarrels." Another utterance to the same effect referred to the first Liberty Loan. Mr. Hearst now points out that 914 columns of news, editorials and cartoons were published in the Hearst papers "to aid the first Liberty Loan," but he does not explain the editorial statement in his N. Y. *American* (May 25th, 1917) that "if you want our food and wealth sent abroad to help suffering England, buy a Liberty bond, furnish the sinews of war." About the same time (May 3d, 1917) Mr. Hearst's *Deutsches Journal* was saying: "No sensible man will believe the assurance of the Allies that they fight for humanity and the rights of small nations. As far as the European nations are concerned, this war is nothing but a business proposition." The same paper, on the eve of our final break with Germany, said (January 1st, 1917) that "the final



AT THE END OF LOAFERS' LANE

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

victory of the Central Powers is just as sure as the amen in church." Exceptions are also taken by Mr. Roosevelt and others to the attitude of the Hearst journals toward other countries. Last March they were especially strenuous in their attacks upon Japan, for her attitude toward Siberia. They scored the "military despotism of Japan" and the "brutal Oriental selfishness of her attitude," and said (March 8th): "If Great Britain cannot restrain her special ally, Japan, from acts of aggression inimical to our interests, we can remove our ships and troops from Europe and transfer them to Asia." At the same time these papers were praising the Russian Bolsheviks and defending their course in making a separate peace with Germany. Last month (June 3d) the N. Y. *American* said:

"It is the part of statesmanship, wisdom and justice for the American people to inform themselves concerning the real character of the Bolsheviks, and to understand that the Bolsheviks have committed no act of treason or disloyalty to their allies; that they have done nothing that we in their circumstances would not have done; that they are to-day working out the problems of democracy as they never can be worked out by war in Russia; that considering the suspicion of the Russian people toward a war which their tyrants had begun, and their positive determination not to continue it under any circumstances, the Bolsheviks took the only course open to them in abandoning a conflict which they could not, under any circumstances, continue, and the abandonment of which appeared to be the best way of giving Russia a breathing spell in which to settle her internal conditions upon the firm, deep foundation of true democracy."

Mr. Brisbane, second only to Mr. Hearst in the Hearst outfit, also comes in for personal attention.

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While Russia was still loyal to the Allies, under the Kerensky government, Mr. Brisbane's paper, the *Washington Times*, declared (July 16th, 1917): "Anarchy rules in Russia—somebody must do something. The natural somebody is Germany, right next door to Russia." It went on to say that western Europe might be very grateful to Germany if the war finds her "with enough strength left to undertake the maintaining of order in Russia—developing the resources there and making a few billion of rubles in the process."

#### Freedom of the Press and Suppression of the Hearst Papers.

MR. HEARST finds defenders in at least one body—the Central Federated Union of New York City. In a series of resolutions it declares that the Hearst papers "have loyally and patriotically supported the Government of the United States in its prosecution of the war" and denounces the efforts to suppress their sale as "meddling with a legitimate business upon which thousands of Union employees are dependent for a livelihood" and as "an unlawful and un-American exhibition of prejudice and intolerance." The *Elmira Telegram* insists that there is no better patriot anywhere than Mr. Hearst, that his papers have "fought for the uplift of humanity in this and other lands" and says deprecatingly, "the prevailing delusion is seditionitis." For the most part the press of the country, while publishing the news pertaining to the campaign against the Hearst papers, has little or nothing to say about it editorially. In handing down an injunction against the enforcement of the ban placed by the Common Council of Mount Vernon, N. Y., on the sale of Hearst papers, Judge Giegerich, of the Supreme Court of New York County, laid down the law as follows:

"It would be an extraordinary and deplorable situation if that freedom of the press which we have so jealously guarded and which has meant so much to us could now, of all times, when questions of such supreme importance have to be considered and decided by the people, be suppressed at the will of the aldermen or trustees of any city or village anywhere in the country. No publication would be safe. Our greatest newspapers and other organs of information and discussion would be at the mercy of little groups of local officials here and there, and would be permitted to reach the people or not according as such groups approved or disapproved the particular news of such publications. . . .

"If any publications made in the past by this plaintiff have been unlawful the law provides a punishment, but such punishment must be for some act done in the past and not because it is anticipated that some act may be done in the future."

#### Mr. Hearst Issues a Challenge to Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. HEARST'S response to Mr. Roosevelt takes up nearly a full page in his paper. Part of it is a vigorous denunciation of Mr. Roosevelt himself for "mental and moral deterioration" and for "the childish mental processes" of "his old age" (Mr. Roosevelt is not quite sixty, five years older than Mr. Hearst); partly to a defense of the President, construing the attack which Mr. Roosevelt makes upon Postmaster Burleson for not suppressing the Hearst papers while suppressing Tom Watson's paper and others, as an "assault upon the integrity and the patriotism of the President"; and partly to a defense of his own record. He claims that he did denounce the sinking of the *Lusitania* over and over again, tho not considering it an adequate cause of war. He claims to have advocated incessantly the building up of a large navy and army, and to have

#### Cartoons Published in Deutsches Journal, One of the Hearst Papers.

##### Ein großes Wort gelassen ausgesprochen.



##### "A GREAT WORD THAT HAS BEEN SPOKEN"

"Senator Lodge says, 'I stand on the side of those who I believe are fighting the battle of freedom and democracy against a military autocracy.' Beside him are Britain, 'John the Bully,' with a patch for Gallipoli and a medal for Salonica, armed with a sword, '1812' marked 'Destruction of American merchant ships' and a pistol, 'Barrel Long'—a pun on the Baralong case, where British sailors were accused of giving no quarters to U-boat men—and girded with the Stars and Stripes, marked 'Misuse of our flag.' He stands on 'International Rights,' 'The Geneva Convention' and 'Blacklist against America's trade with neutrals.' The satchel is marked 'U. S. regulation of ports and of neutrals' and contains 'Letters that never reached us' and a check. On the other side is Russia, armed with a 'pogrom' and attacking 'Kishineff.'

##### Der Löwenanteil.



##### THE LION'S SHARE

Columbia, standing at the window with the signboard, "War Loans To Be Had Here," is pouring her savings into the hat of the "Uncle of the Entire World," while the British Lion is gathering into the English crown the gold falling through the holes in Uncle Sam's hat. The hats of Belgium, France and Italy have been filled up and the Russian Bear and Japan are coming to get their shares. Greed remarks: "Now there will soon be no more poor devils."

pressed for conscription, tho he does not refer to his utterances about keeping our troops and ships and munitions and food here at home. He admits the printing in one edition of the *N. Y. American* of the President's Memorial Day proclamation with the paragraph containing the prayer for victory omitted, but explains this as "an unfortunate error" due to the

These are the days when we call a spade a noble implement of patriotism!—*Baltimore American*.

## JAPAN'S COMING ACTION IN THE FAR EAST

BARON GOTO, the new Japanese minister of foreign affairs, was most diplomatic in the phraseology in which he set forth his country's intention to intervene in the Asiatic crisis. The statesmen at Tokyo consider that their hands have been forced. Gladly would they have delayed action on the mainland of Asia. Baron Goto, having gone carefully over the situation with the Saion-jis, the Okumas, the Katos, the old men around the Emperor Yoshi-hito, deemed it well to convey a hint of what is coming. This reading of the new policy in Tokyo is that of the *Paris Figaro* and it finds confirmation in various foreign newspapers in touch with the chancelleries. The first step on Goto's part was something that looks to the Berlin press like intervention in the Chinese civil war. In reality, explains the *London Times*, it was an effort to settle by compromise the conflict between North and South. Baron Hayashi, who has been in Peking to effect this pacification, is accused of favoring the North, a fact which wins him the favor of President Feng and Premier Tuan. Count Terauchi, the Japanese Premier, has been too ill lately to interest himself in the Chinese crisis, but the *London daily* is sure nothing is undertaken at which there is the least likelihood that he would fly into one of his rages. Count Terauchi does not grow more agreeable with age, a fact which explains the Goto appointment, the new foreign minister being exquisitely tactful in negotiation with Europeans and Americans. The *London Express* says he will need all this tact before he is half-way through the crisis into which he has talked himself so gently.

### Great Britain to Act With Japan.

WITHIN recent weeks there have been exchanges of view between Mr. Balfour and Baron Goto, the upshot of which, if the more responsible organs of London opinion are to guide us, is that Great Britain will uphold her ally Japan in the contemplated action. How far this intervention may go is a secret as yet. It is assumed in the Paris press that nothing will be done to which our Department of State enters a decided objection. On the other hand, as both the *Paris Figaro* and the *London Telegraph* tell us, the course of Japanese action in Asia has been thought out long ago and the Tokyo statesmen are not to be swerved from the decision at which they have arrived—whatever the decision may be—by any objections at the eleventh hour. Here is the view of the section of the London press which is in closest touch with the British foreign office, a more or less inspired utterance in the *London Telegraph*:

"perverse stupidity" of a sub-editor. He closes with a challenge to Mr. Roosevelt as follows:

"After the war is over, therefore, or, better, after this present crisis is over, I shall be glad to debate with Mr. Roosevelt upon the public platform whether his critical efforts or my constructive efforts have accomplished the more toward helping America bring this great war to a speedy and successful conclusion."

If we are going to fight this war out in Washington, why send more troops to France?—*New York World*.

## The Menace to India from German Arms Stirs the London Foreign Office

"In her relations with China Japan has been exceedingly practical, and, naturally enough, she desires to derive all the economic advantages which are hers by position and power. In fact, just because she is practical, and believes in the policy of armed force, Japan will do nothing to endanger her stability. At the present moment she is inspired by no aims to the detriment of Russia. On the contrary, for the last three years she has proved to the best of her ability that she desires to be a friend, and in the interview to which we have already alluded Baron Goto explicitly stated that it was part of Japan's task to give encouragement, assistance and support to the work of reorganization, while by no means losing sight of the propaganda carried on by the enemy in Siberia. Moreover, it is the manifest destiny of Great Britain in Asia to act with Japan, not only on the formal ground of the Alliance, but because of a real identity of national interests. We ourselves are the rulers of a large Buddhist population in what were once the tributary States of Siam, and in our protectorate over Nepal, and therefore on this ground alone we ought to have a natural sympathy with the great Buddhist country. The Yellow Peril is a bogey which can be safely discarded by those who have watched the course of events in the Far East, and are best equipped to understand the position of a great island power endowed with a deep sense of responsibility and inspired with the most resolute and self-sacrificing patriotism."

### What Forced the Hand of Japan.

POLITICIANS in Tokyo of all kinds of opinion are agreed with Baron Goto that the true war aims of the German militarists are in the East. The *Asahi*, a Tokyo daily friendly to Russia, has been saying this lately. It thinks it might be easy to dissipate Russian suspicion of Japan by acting with America. The Tokyo press in touch with the ideas of Baron Goto seems convinced that German concessions in the West when peace is talked are a price for leave to push Japan out of Asia altogether. The Asiatic party in Berlin controls the Wilhelmstrasse, Baron Goto is convinced. There is a rebel Indian prince in Germany to-day, the *London News* adds, and he is directing the most ambitious intrigue against British power since the time of the first Napoleon. If this view be sound, Germany is not particularly concerned about her western offensive provided only it results in holding the Allies to a line that can be held while the plot in India, in China and in Afghanistan is developed. All these considerations have been laid before the Quai d'Orsay, before Mr. Balfour, before Mr. Lansing, or so the British dailies believe. A very considerable German force is said to be in training for an ambitious Asiatic campaign. While the peril thus looms, complains the Liberal Man-

chester *Guardian*, Mr. Balfour and the men about him in the foreign office persist in a "perverse" policy that is inconsistent with the interests of democratic ideals and with the interests of Great Britain as well. A British eastern policy, it says, which is to counter the coming German offensive against Great Britain in the East must have an eye to three main objects, besides a really liberal policy in India:

"First, it should seek to eliminate Turkey as an ally of Germany and a peril to ourselves. Diplomacy must play its part here, but the chief engine clearly must be military. Our campaigns in Palestine and Mesopotamia mean, if they can be pushed with sufficient strength, the elimination of Turkey. Let it not be forgotten that this year great political and strategic victories against Turkey may be bought cheap which next year may be far more costly or even unattainable. The second guide to British policy lies

in Persia. Here the weapons needed are diplomatic and moral. We must win the sympathies of the Persian leaders and people by demonstrating that we have at heart the liberty and independence of Persia; that for us the principles we profess apply in Middle Asia as well as in Europe. We must reverse the unhappy policy which Russia forced upon Sir Edward Grey, and which then became a kind of vested interest of our perverse foreign office. Russia's renunciation and defeat and Germany's outrages against the border peoples of Russia should render it not difficult for us to recover our rightful hold on Persian sympathies. Finally there is Russia. It is across Russia that Germany's great Eastern adventure marches, and a revived Russia can aid it or destroy it. The winning of Russia is the third essential element of an effective British Eastern policy. At present our Russian policy is a negation tempered with irritation. We do not recognize the Russian Government, we have no representative accredited to it, we exchange discourtesies with it."

Under the Chino-Japanese plan of cooperation China does the cooperating and Japan the rest.—*New York World*.

Hindenburg's history as a military genius will be written in acres of cemeteries.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## LENIN AND HIS SOCIALIST STATE

ALL the foreign offices in western Europe would give much to learn the exact facts regarding the Bolshevik army of to-day. When this force began to be talked of seriously some three months ago, it was said in the Soviet organ that the people's commissaries had supplies and weapons for a million men, if not for a million and a half. The claim was belittled and ridiculed in the *Débats* and in the conservative organs of Europe generally. When May-day came and Trotsky reviewed in Moscow various regiments of the red guard there was some astonishment at the discipline and apparent efficiency of the troops. Since then there have been further manifestations of efficiency in many parts of Russia on the part of the Soviet war department. It is absurd to belittle at this late day, says the *Paris Lanterne*, a weapon of war demonstrably formidable simply because the Bolsheviks use it. The subject has suddenly become of extreme importance because there is reason to connect it with the fiasco of the monarchical restoration. This "restoration" went far enough to be taken seriously in the *Aftonbladet* (Stockholm) and other Scandinavian dailies. The Grand Duke Alexis was supposed to have been proclaimed Emperor with his uncle Michael as regent. There was a counter-revolution in which General Alexeieff played a shadowy part. All this time no despatches came out of Petrograd or Moscow. Ultimately the cables revealed Lenin in control of the Soviet world with a red army at his back. It was this army which nipped the conspiracy in the bud. Its creation is the supreme triumph of the Bolshevik.

### The Soviet Government in a Bourgeois Version.

LENIN has been won to the view that neither Lloyd George nor President Wilson is an enemy of Bolshevism. The President's state of mind was first studied by the Bolshevik leaders through German

## Progress of the Bolshevik Utopia Amid the Clash of Arms

glasses, observes the *Humanité*. Peculiar damage was done to the prestige of the Washington government in revolutionary Russian circles by tales out of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* to the effect that Mr. Wilson, M. Clemenceau and Lord Robert Cecil were in perfect harmony. The evidence that Mr. Wilson means to secure recognition by the western allies for whatever government can maintain itself at Moscow, whether it be Bolshevik or not, has made a tremendous impression. It explains the change of heart of the *Retch*, the solitary organ of the bourgeoisie tolerated by Bolshevism, and it explains also the fear of a dictatorship expressed in Menshevik organs. This threat of a dictatorship has afforded the bourgeois press of western Europe its cue in all comment upon the situation of Lenin's government. He is preparing to go the way of Bonaparte, suspects the *Gaulois* (Paris). We have thus two interpretations of everything Russian, the Liberal and Socialist press, represented by the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Humanité*, painting a lively picture of progress, and the bourgeois press, notably the *London Post* and the *Paris Temps*, describing a welter of inefficiency and counter-revolutionary conspiracy.

### The Test of Russian Bolshevism.

SHOULD it turn out to be true that the Soviets under Lenin are establishing an efficient military power, the whole attitude of France, of Italy and of England to Bolshevism must change. Here at last is a point upon which bourgeoisie and proletariat abroad, speaking through their newspaper organs, can agree. The test came in its first form when the restoration of the Romanoffs was stopped—for there was a scheme of the kind, says the *Paris Echo*. The supreme test will be applied when the armed clash occurs with the Germans. There is no possibility of averting such a clash, according to European Socialist organs, while the militarists





"THE BEAR THAT WALKS LIKE A"—LAMB!

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

rule in Berlin. On the other hand, the militarists can not be sure of their forces in Russia. It is now well known that German regiments had to be withdrawn from the eastern front to the West owing to their contamination with the errors of Bolshevism. It is no less true that German prisoners in Russia are not encouraged to return, owing to the heresies they have imbibed during their captivity. This incertitude regarding the army is the explanation of the care taken by Count Mirbach, envoy from the Wilhelmstrasse in Moscow, to avoid offense to the Bolsheviki. They let him know that if he or any member of the diplomatic corps—there is a remnant of it at Moscow—intrigued with groups to which belong the Gutchkoffs, the Miliukoffs, the Rodziankos and their kind, there would be summary refusals of recognition for the foreigners and prison-cells for the natives. The officially-inspired *Isvestia* had a warning from Lenin himself along these lines and it had its effect.

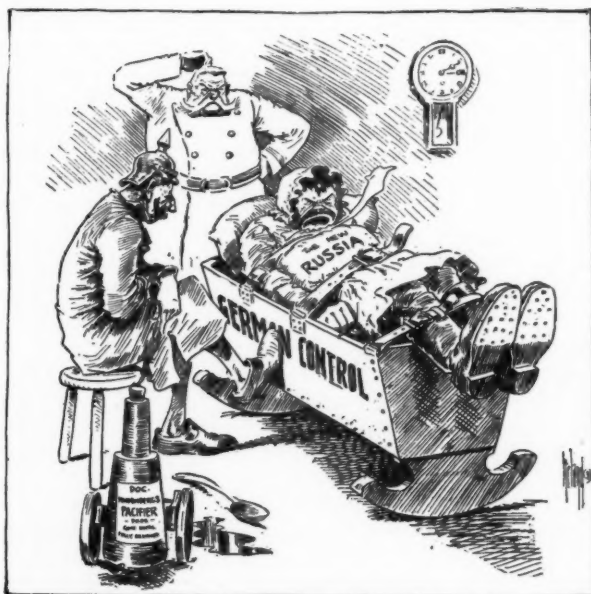
#### Russia's Relations With Germany.

NO mistake regarding Bolshevist Russia could be greater, says the well-informed *Avanti*, corroborated by the English radical press, than that of the western European bourgeoisie who contend that the Soviets have come to terms with the Junkers of Berlin. All disinterested reports agree that the Soviets are slowly developing a feeling of antagonism to the official Berlin world. A study of inspired organs like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin) will reveal the source of Germany's present difficulties in Moscow, explains the Italian Socialist organ. It is President Wilson. There was every reason to believe for a time that the attitude

of the Clemenceau ministry would permanently alienate the Soviet government from the western allies. From its very inception, chimes in the organ of Manchester liberalism, the Clemenceau government seemed actuated by a hatred of Bolshevism even more virulent than its hatred of the Huns. That is why caution must be exercised in accepting inspired French newspaper impressions of Lenin and his government. Lenin and the Soviets were slow to believe that the policy of the western allies had been taken out of the control of the Quai d'Orsay by the White House. The whole Wilhelmstrasse press declared that France and Britain and America, being the great bourgeois powers, would fob the Soviets off with a sham democracy of the capitalist type. The development of the Wilson diplomacy from the day of the Brest-Litovsk peace-treaty speech in Washington to the dramatic refusal to withdraw the American ambassador from Russia has stunned the Socialists of Europe, as the comments of the *Avanti* show. It has also discredited the Wilhelmstrasse in the eyes of the German Reichstag besides making Count Mirbach look a little foolish to the Soviets. The reaction in Mr. Wilson's favor is so great in Bolshevist circles, the *Lanterne* and some other papers of that type believe, that Count Mirbach may have to be withdrawn from Moscow to make room for a more democratic and less minatory German. "Count Mirbach is unable to cope with the Wilson offensive." The Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, Socialist, thinks Mr. Wilson has made the Wilhelmstrasse diplomacy in Russia look foolish.

#### What Makes the Bolshevik Love Wilson So.

THE immediate task confronting Lenin, apart from Utopian reconstruction, is the establishment of the war department behind the Soviet army upon something besides a paper basis. The task seems too big for Trotzky. If he were assured of supplies when those on hand were exhausted, his authority would be indis-



THEY ARE GOING TO LOSE A LOT OF REST PUTTING THIS BABY TO SLEEP

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

putable, for it would rest upon that of the Soviets, which trust him and Lenin absolutely. That is the truth about Russia to-day, as radical English dailies see it, no matter what may be reported in the French conservative dailies or in the organs of British Toryism. While the Soviets were pondering their problem, they learned that the United States might supply the munitions and the weapons needed if the coming war with Prussian militarism is to succeed. In return, the Soviets must afford some reasonable guarantee that supplies from America will not fall into the hands of the Prussian militarists. Lenin is demonstrating with the aid of his commissaries that the new Soviet army is not like the old, which lost its discipline at every test. In return for American support, the Soviets will see that the whole East of Europe and the granaries of Asia are kept out of the imperial maw. How far these arrangements have proceeded beyond the stage of negotiation is not known precisely to the European newspapers which comment upon them; but that something has come of it all is proved by the anxiety of the Germans and by a sudden moderation in their tone to the Soviets. The latter realize that anarchy in Russia is an asset to Germany, and for that reason the Bolshevik press is preaching the cause of order and sobriety to the proletariat. In fact, the inspired organs of the Soviets are beginning to take pride in the establishment of local police forces to end highway robbery, an evil which the *Isvestia* and the *Novoye Zin* declare to be exaggerated from political motives by the Tory press of western Europe.

#### Immediate Future of the Bolsheviks.

ASSUMING the accuracy of prophecies that the fall of the Bolsheviks must be only a matter of time, would the event be a blessing to the Germans or to the nations at war with the Germans? The inspired French press—*Gaulois*, *Figaro*, *Temps*, *Débats* and so forth—clamor for the fall of the Soviets. The element in Europe which stands for liberalism, radicalism and doctrinaire Socialism and is represented in the various parliaments by the Brantings, the Sembats and the Hendersons, has begun to see in the Bolshevik a much more formidable enemy to the Kaiser than was realized when the Brest-Litovsk treaty was signed. In the parliamentary committee meetings that form a nursery of rumor for all Europe, the question in foreign affairs, says the *Rome Tribuna*, is beginning to turn upon diplomatic recognition of the Soviet government. At last accounts, no great power outside Central Europe had a duly accredited diplomatic representative dealing with Lenin's government unless the somewhat obscure relations of the American envoy with the Soviets are more intimate than appears. It is pointed out in Liberal European organs of the advanced type that Lenin is trusted more and more by the Russian masses, that the Soviet system is spreading everywhere except in Finland. The Soviets may yet triumph in the Ukraine where there is not a sufficiently-powerful "bourgeoisie," as the Bolsheviks say, to deliver the country to the Kaiser. Lenin



GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

himself, admits the *Paris Temps*, is serenely confident that he will carry all before him. He predicts the formation of an efficient Soviet government, preserving law and order with a military force recruited from the strongest and best in the proletarian world, a government that in the words of the *Naples Avanti* will last, and which Mr. Wilson, "the only great statesman outside of Russia," is brought more and more to view with sympathy and comprehension. The *Liberal London Nation* puts a growing English feeling in this wise:

"The Bolsheviks are indisputably the most anti-German of the Russian parties, tho they are not on that account pro-Ally. They are anti-Imperialistic, but it happens that it is German Imperialism which has inflicted on them incomparably the graver injury. Apart altogether from morals, and disregarding the obligation to aid a sincere if blundering effort for freedom and social reconstruction, the dictates of mere military prudence are clear. We have to realize that the Bolshevik régime, tho it may not be permanent, is not without staying power, and indubitably possesses force of will. If it has weakened the central government, that happens to correspond with the Russian instinct for local and communal life. A decentralized Russia may in the end be healthier and stronger than the artificial bureaucratic unity of the old days. Just in so far as we allow Allied imperialism to unmask itself shall we fling the Bolsheviks back into their old despairing impartiality. The juggler's feat which we are performing to-day cannot be kept up indefinitely."

The boss optimist is the one who still hopes that Russia will take part in the war.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

In Russia self-determination seems to be a case of national extermination.—N. Y. Morning Telegraph.



## THE CRISIS OVER THE IMPENDING PEACE OFFER

IF the Quai d'Orsay and the British foreign office between them involve the impending German peace "offensive" in the mysteries of the last one, the Lloyd George ministry will have to fight hard in the Commons for its existence. The *Manchester Guardian* is positive on this subject and Arthur Henderson is affirmed to have gone over to the partisans of Ramsay Macdonald on the same issue. Putting the matter as briefly as possible, the Labor and Socialist elements in the Commons and among the Parisian deputies agree that they must be consulted before any more peace "offensives" are repelled. The history of past "offensives" is making a sensation, proving, to follow the inferences in the radical press of the Allies, that a few men in exalted place undertake to decide whether peace proposals are sincere and whether they make due concessions. The crisis that has arisen in Paris as well as in London is all the more severe because the peace "offensive" may actually have begun. The *Echo de Paris* has said more than once in recent weeks that the peace offensive will be preceded by a great flourish over the triumph of democracy at Berlin. This is for the especial benefit of President Wilson. When the appearance of popular government has been imparted to the Prussian scene, Vienna will come forward to suggest peace. Austria will go so far as to say that she can be detached from Prussia. All this, according to the inspired French paper, will deceive nobody. This is the crux of the new peace crisis. The Commons will want to know much more about this series of events than it has even yet learned about the last affair of the kind. It is reasonably certain to many dailies abroad that the impending peace offer will make real trouble in the camp of the Allies.

### Peculiar Position of Mr. Balfour Regarding Peace.

THE mistakes of Mr. Balfour in his attitude to peace propositions inspire fresh attacks upon him in the *London News* and other organs of advanced liberalism. He decides at the outset, we are assured, that peace offers from Vienna or Berlin are insincere and, in common with Foreign Minister Pichon at Paris, he rejects them out of hand without letting anyone but the Prime Minister know anything about it. An under-secretary at the Wilhelmstrasse thereupon appears before a committee of the Reichstag and explains that Germany, desiring only peace, has received a fresh rebuff, a new humiliation. Herr Haase immediately creates a dramatic scene and demands full particulars. An official statement is put into the *Reichsanzeiger* or the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, other versions blossom out in the *Vorwärts* and the *Vossische* and all Germany reads that since the enemy will not accept a peace offer, even if the evacuation of France and Belgium and the surrender of Alsace and Lorraine be promised, there is nothing else to do but impose peace with the sword. Meanwhile questions are asked in the Commons by bewildered members who want to know why Parliament was not let into the secrets. The deputies at Paris sit behind closed doors or in special "commissions" on these occasions. All this, complains the *London News*,

## A Secret Diplomacy That May Overthrow Ministries in Paris and London

is a way of playing into the hands of the militarists at Berlin who are thus greatly strengthened with the German masses. The *Manchester Guardian* comments:

"The particular conspiracy in question is, it seems, an insidious plot by Germany to make peace in case she fails in making war. That is indeed a terrible danger which it required all the acumen of an under-secretary of state for foreign affairs to discover, and which, once detected, he was bound to expose. And yet such things have happened before, and it is not easy to see how peace is ever to come about if those who want it are not to be allowed to say so. Of course the result might be disastrous; it might even happen that, arising out of such communications, peace might somehow and at some time actually be evolved, and not only peace but a favorable peace, such a peace as any sensible man would recognize as honorable to ourselves and salutary for the world. That, it is true, is to all appearance a tolerably remote prospect, but the mere possibility rouses in certain minds a perfect frenzy of alarm. . . . When people make war do they, if they are sane, make it with an object or without an object, and have we ourselves in the present war certain definite objects in view, which can be stated, or have we not? If we have such objects, ought we, or ought we not, to carry on the war after the point has been reached at which they can be attained? We seem to recall various eloquent and doubtless sincere protestations by the Prime Minister and others that under such circumstances to carry on the war 'for a single day' would be a crime of almost unimaginable magnitude. But how are we to know when this happy moment has arrived unless we either inquire ourselves or respond to the inquiries of others? To inquire ourselves might weaken our position by appearing to be an acknowledgment of defeat or of weariness. But if the enemy makes the critical approach, if it is he who acknowledges a desire to put an end to the conflict, are we then sternly to refuse even to listen to what he may have to say?"

### The Difficulties of Peace Offensives in the Dark.

ALL the mysteries involving peace "offensives" are traced to Lord Robert Cecil by the element in the Commons which takes its cue from Arthur Henderson and Ramsay Macdonald. They accuse Lord Robert of conniving with Premier Clemenceau to keep peace proposals under lock and key, to say nothing about them until the time for intervention in the Commons or in the Paris chamber has past. If these tactics are repeated when next a "proposal" comes out of western Europe, Lloyd George and Clemenceau will go the way of Czernin, or so the Socialist organs of Europe feel. They accuse those statesmen of concealing important facts from President Wilson himself, the Socialist *Naples-Avanti* even declaring that if President Wilson had not acted in the nick of time, Russia would have gone over to Germany through a counter-revolution. The position just now in the European chancelleries must be studied in the light of the last peace "offensive." In March last year Emperor Charles entrusted Prince Sixte with his first letter—"that letter," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "which M. Clemenceau published, altho the French government had given its word of honor to keep it confidential." In a few days more, Count Czernin in the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* was out



with his famous interview proposing a general peace. Then came the mysterious second letter from Emperor Charles, concerning which the veracity of so many statesmen has been impugned and of which the world has yet to learn the true text. Charles would seem to have said that he could induce the Kaiser to accept peace and to have said he would even make a separate peace with the Allies. Bulgaria, he added, was in harmony with himself. Then came Kerensky's appeals for peace and the refusal of the Allies. Premier Ribot in Paris set his foot down on the Stockholm conference, and President Wilson vetoed that conference, according to French Socialist papers, under a mistaken idea of the facts. All this time negotiations with Emperor Charles were proceeding behind the back of President Wilson (the *Manchester Guardian* gives this last detail), but President Poincaré snubbed Charles, "much against the liking of Mr. Lloyd George." Thus was laid the foundation of the present crisis in the foreign offices at London and Paris.

#### The Next Step in the Peace Crisis.

SO exasperated is Premier Clemenceau by the revelation of the history of the peace "offensive" for which Emperor Charles was responsible that something like a proscription was set up. The first victim was the *Manchester Guardian*, whose Paris correspondent has been expelled from France. French newspapers have now themselves experienced the rigors of a censorship which M. Clemenceau boasted not long ago he had abolished. Even the Italian dailies, notably the *Avanti*, are allowed to comment upon these developments only in a most emasculated way. Sterner still is the censor in dealing with the peace "offensive" beginning when the German government invited discussions with Baron von Lancken in Switzerland. There was a great sensation in the sub-committee of the foreign affairs committee of the French chamber the other day when this affair was taken up. These overtures were rejected, the *Manchester* daily says, by the French, Italian and British governments without any intimation to President Wilson of what was going on. Still later Austria tried to bring about peace with "conversations" that lasted into this spring, and even yet the history of that episode is painfully dragged out of reluctant ministers and ex-ministers at Paris by a baffled committee of investigation. All the peace "offensives" resemble one another in this—a few men in secret decided that the war must go on and not only President Wilson but on one occasion Mr. Balfour had no idea of the progress of events. So much, liberal organs in England tell us, must be remembered when considering the developments of the immediate future.

#### Was the War Against Germany Actually Won?

THERE was a time last year, in the opinion of English organs in touch with Arthur Henderson and other labor leaders of his school, when the war against Germany had actually been won. The triumph was thrown away by secret diplomacy. The question is, however, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, "did the enemy overtures offer a possibility of peace?" Its Paris correspondent was expelled for saying, among

other things, that Emperor Charles proposed the restoration of Belgium, the return of the lost provinces to France and the evacuation of her occupied territory. Germany told Italy she could have Trieste and the Trentino. The Quai d'Orsay justifies itself by saying that it would have had to break with Italy if it listened to Charles. President Poincaré set his face all along against a negotiated peace. He wanted the left bank of the Rhine in addition to Alsace and Lorraine and he told Charles to make up for the loss of Trent and Trieste by taking Silesia from Germany. These revelations and others on points of detail come out as the French chamber proceeds with its cautious investigation. The contention of the Socialist press, when the censor allows it to comment at all, is that while these proposals from the Central Powers may have been insincere, the decision should not have been made by a clique in a star chamber.

#### British Pacifists and the Next Peace Proposals.

FOR the first time since peace "offensives" became the order of the day at Berlin, the pacifists of Great Britain have gained a little prestige. The revelations in France have stirred the British labor executive and led to some important conferences among the followers of Arthur Henderson, Ramsay MacDonald and those English Socialists whose organ is the *London Call*. Sidney Webb has joined these conferences, which will have their effect in the Commons in the near future. The prospect is not at all pleasing to the *London Post*, which says the efforts of these pacifists will have a demoralizing influence upon American opinion. They are already demoralizing French opinion, at any rate that portion of it which is influenced by the press of the "left" or radical groups. That press is saying that the whole chamber of deputies must be informed without delay of the true facts behind the various peace proposals from the Central Powers in order that the coming peace drive may be intelligently met. The *Paris Lanterne* points out that the French chamber is constantly asked to vote confidence in the Clemenceau government without having the information necessary to form an opinion. The *Œuvre* thinks the German masses must be saturated with an idea that the diplomacy of the Allies is sinister and insincere as well as secret. The *Temps*, the *Figaro* and other organs of solidly substantial conservatism oppose further discussion of the facts by the chamber, even in private, on the ground that certain Allies will not like it. There are insinuations in the radical French press that the foreign office at Rome is anxious to have the present investigation in Paris ended. The embarrassing feature of the affair to M. Clemenceau is the indication in the evidence that he—then all-powerful in the French senate—nipped the Stockholm conference in the bud. Should this idea be confirmed, his position as Premier, the *Humanité* says, will be difficult. He has lost favor with important organs of liberal opinion in England as well.

#### Germany's Real Trouble in Her Peace Offensive.

IF it were not for the attitude of Germany's militarists to Russia, the next peace proposals from Vienna—whence it seems they are to emanate—would find readier heed from a war-weary world. The detail is

important to the Socialist press in continental Europe, which has been immensely impressed by President Wilson's attitude to the government of the Soviets. Even to the bold and uncompromizing *Avanti*, an organ of Socialism which sorely tries the patience of the easy-going Italian censor, President Wilson is "a heroic figure." He is, it reminds us, the ruler of a bourgeois nation and yet he feels neither hatred nor fear of the government of Soviets. He would not join in the boycott of the Soviet government which was organized by the chancelleries of Europe. Comment to the same purport appears in the Paris *Humanité*. President Wilson is the only ruler, it fears, who knows what to do and say in the uproar and excitement of a revolutionary period. For this reason, it predicts, his voice will be decisive when the German peace drive is made. The organ of the Socialist leader of Sweden declares that whether the peace proposals from the Central Powers be sincere or insincere, they must be discussed in the open by the peoples who will have to do the suffering and the dying and not dismissed in secret by men who have never shown the slightest sympathy with democracy. A profound impression has been made in England by these words of Lord Courtney of Penwith:

"I make no condemnation of opportunities thought to have been missed. They were apparently known to half a dozen men, and perhaps rejected at the will of a triumvirate. I do not question the honesty, I do not condemn the assumption of power, tremendous as was their responsibility, of those who enforced an everlasting negative. One may be allowed to question their wisdom. Diplomacy, feeling towards peace, must needs be private, even secret. The awful responsibility of decision must rest on a few, nay the fewest. But was it wise? Do we not feel that in place of an unqualified rebuff the answer might have been,

Germany expects to collect two billion dollars from Roumania. This is the first time Roumania ever suspected she had that much money.—Washington *Star*.

## IRELAND BETWEEN THE VATICAN AND THE WILHELMSTRASSE

A MILITARY dictatorship and the rule of naked force in Ireland are the logical consequences of the seizure of the Sinn Fein leaders, according to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, organ of the constitutional Home Rulers; but that is not the impression prevailing in the land itself, says the radical London *Chronicle*. The idea in both England and Ireland, it suspects, is that John Dillon has placed Lloyd George in a difficult position by bringing the Church into the fray. Mr. Dillon has been in Irish politics so long and he has become familiar with so many tricks, the English organ says, that his leadership has already won a notable triumph. In dragging in the Roman Catholic Church, the new Irish leader has provided for the future. He foresees the time when the lay organization of the anti-conscriptionists will be proclaimed and dissolved, when some of its leading spirits besides de Valera will be put behind the bars. Mr. Dillon himself, despite his years, expects to be seized and incarcerated, it is affirmed. The disappearance of the Sinn Fein leaders, to be followed by arrests of the orthodox Home Rulers, made necessary a second line of defense. This has been provided by the

'The approaches are partial and separate; we also do not desire aimless slaughter; but we have allies, and a real peace must run along the whole line?' The approach must have been either widened or abandoned. Bit by bit we might have learned how far it was real and not a sham.

"Without going farther over the past, may we not ask, should another occasion arise, and all feel it is probably near, whether we should not be better instructed in showing that we, too, are ready to hail a really just and reconciling peace, develop the beginning into a fullness that should be, in itself, evidence if not proof of reality?"

### Bitter Enders and Pacifists in England.

TWO factions will confront one another in England when the German peace drive is on. There will be the pacifists, strengthened by the Socialist group of the laborites and by the extreme liberals with Lord Lansdowne and possibly Mr. Asquith as their titular leaders. Then there will be the extreme Tory group, including Lord Robert Cecil and the London *Post* element. The first of these factions, according to the London *World*, holds that all prospect of defeating Germany in the field has disappeared and that prolongation of the war is useless sacrifice of blood and treasure. The Tory element persists in fighting the war to the last ditch and, if necessary, it would accept a military autocracy. Furthermore, the peace drive seems impending when the troubles of the Lloyd George ministry threaten it with collapse. The Prime Minister may use the peace "offensive" as an opportunity to dissolve parliament or to allow it to die by limitation. He would appeal to the country on the new democratic register and describe the struggle as a referendum on the whole subject of war or peace. Whatever happens, observes the London *Chronicle*, England will tolerate no more mysteries of secret diplomacy regarding the issue of war or peace.

Berlin is accusing Russia of violating treaties. Evidently Berlin cannot appreciate the compliment of imitation.—Baltimore *American*.

## Castle Government and Sinn Fein Agree in Tactics and in Their State of Mind

Roman Catholic Church, "unassailable and impregnable." Here, says the London daily, we see an organization unrivaled in the world, with universal lines of communication, superior to land blockades, the embarrassing ally of all the belligerents and all the neutrals. It is now completely at the service of Mr. Dillon. The Church has not laid hold of the political agitation; the politicians of Ireland have taken hold of the Church.

### Germany and the Irish Situation.

A SENSATION was created in Germany by the announcement of the new chief secretary for Ireland to the effect that the Sinn Fein leaders were guilty of conspiring with the enemy. In fact, as the suspicious London *Post* declares, there is one subject that never fails to receive the closest attention in the Berlin press—Ireland. "There is something very significant, very sinister, in the way the German papers gloat over any and every item of news, however small, relating to Ireland that can be construed into something actually or potentially detrimental to the best-hated of the Allies—

England." While affirming that the extension of conscription to Ireland can do no good to the British, the Berlin dailies view with some apprehension the appearance of a few hundred thousand young Irish in the western European theater. The antagonistic attitude of the Irish Catholic hierarchy to conscription is very palatable to journalistic Berlin. The *Kölnische Zeitung* is delighted and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* observes:

"The gravity of the situation in England could scarcely be suggested with more clearness than by the necessity of imposing military service upon the Irish. Great indeed must be the anxiety of the British government when for the sake of a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand more men at the front it is obliged to resort to so extreme a measure as the one contemplated. The impression conveyed is that they consider it imperative to rake up every possible man within the British Isles in order to withstand our assault in France. . . .

"That Mr. Lloyd George should have been coerced into the adoption of this desperate measure is in itself bad enough, both for himself and for his ministry, but that he should not be able to take it without giving himself and his government as hostages proves with sufficient clarity how high the stakes have become. Should he fail—and the voice of the Tory press, which, military service notwithstanding, rails against home rule, is far from reassuring—his power is at an end. It would seem, indeed, as if he were himself conscious that his influence over the course of events is not great."

#### Glee of Berlin at the News from Dublin.

THE state of mind revealed in the press of Berlin at present on the subject of Ireland is not unlike that existing on the eve of England's entry into the war. Berlin was then assured by organs like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* that Great Britain's hands were tied by the Irish knot. The idea has been revived in the *Kölnische*, which avers that for England "the waters of affliction are rising" in Dublin. It derives, as do its contemporaries, much satisfaction from the comments on the crisis in such papers as the *London News* and the *London Chronicle*. The *Kölnische* agrees with the *Frankfurter* that the position of Lloyd George is all but untenable as a result of the seizing of the Sinn Feiners. It is confident that the Irish in America will render the position of President Wilson delicate and difficult. No very enlightening comment appears in the German press, however, regarding the agents of the Berlin government who are said to have been seized in Ireland immediately after landing from a submarine. No revelations are made on the subject of the intrigues between envoys from the Wilhelmstrasse and leaders of Sinn Fein now under lock and key.

#### The Attitude of Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland.

THE extent to which the Irish bishops now agitating against conscription are independent of the Vatican is a theme of much speculation not only in the press of London but in the newspapers of Italy. The topic is of importance to that country because of charges that the Vatican is actively interesting itself in the racial conflicts throughout the Hapsburg dominions. It is to the interest of Germany and Austria, observes the *Rome Tempo*, to create difficulties between the Allied countries and the Vatican, and the task is not difficult. "Public opinion in England and France is suspicious of the

Vatican," but it is pointed out in some London dailies that the attitude of the Vatican has not always been calculated to allay that suspicion. Nevertheless, the *London Times* understands on good authority that the Vatican has not inspired the action of the Irish bishops. More than that, this action is a direct embarrassment to the Vatican, which is certainly not anxious to alienate the sympathy of England. The *London Times* does point out, while revealing these facts, that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, Australia, Canada and elsewhere is putting spokes in the wheel of the Allies. The Vatican sees more clearly than it did what the German imperial government stands for in the world. As for the conscription issue at Dublin, the London organ says, "there is literally no end to the menace both to the authority of government and to religious toleration everywhere unless the claim of the Irish bishops is clearly realized and decisively rejected." The Irish bishops, it adds, are hostile at heart to any form of constitutional settlement of the Irish question. "Their political influence, especially in education, is bound to diminish rapidly with the growth of true democratic responsibility." The *London Post* says:

"The Roman Catholic Bishops and Priests of Ireland have been vying with the Sinn Fein in organizing disobedience to the law. They are taking a great deal upon themselves. We had always supposed that submission to temporal rule was a part of the body of Christian doctrine. 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things which are God's.' Such was the advice of the Divine Original of the Christian Faith when the Nationalists of Judea suggested an act of disloyalty to the Roman Empire. And, indeed, it is the defence of the Vatican that, being wholly concerned in spiritual matters, it can take no side in the temporal quarrel between earthly sovereignties and nations now raging in Europe. The Irish Bishops, then, are taking a line clean contrary to the teaching of the Christian Faith and the public attitude of the Head of their Church. And they are not alone, for they are acting in accord, if not in concert, with Roman Catholic prelates and priests in Australia and also, we are informed, in Quebec. . . .

"We shall, of course, be informed by the upholders of the Vatican that these suspicions are groundless and that the Bishops in Ireland are acting independently of Rome. But we in this country who, not belonging to that great communion, are ignorant of the inner workings of its constitution, may perhaps be pardoned if we remain in some perplexity and doubt in this matter. And we may say at least this, as a note of friendly warning to the Vatican, that whether well or ill-founded this vehement suspicion exists and is becoming a danger not merely to the position but to the unity of the Church of Rome in western Europe. In the present case the Irish Bishops are urging the poor Irish people to a policy which must end in the horrors of rebellion and suppression."

#### Submergence of the Home Rule Scheme.

CONSCRIPTION has so completely eclipsed every other aspect of the Irish question that the Home Rule measure of which so much was said a little while ago will be rejected by the Irish now. "They will, if necessary," declares the *London Telegraph*, "use the extremity of passive resistance and even violence to prevent the application to their country of anything less than the practically complete independence enjoyed by Canada." This is the temper of the Sinn Feiners and



the followers of Dillon and Devlin. It is said in *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) to reflect the temper of the hierarchy as well. Nevertheless, the radical *London Chronicle* wants to know why the Home Rule bill is held up. It scouts the inference that the Roman Catholic clergy and bishops are playing a political game at the bidding of the Vatican and it insists that the longer the delay in reviving the Home Rule bill the greater the risk of "some explosive incident." The fact that any order is now maintained in Ireland, it thinks, is due to the influence of the hierarchy:

"The intervention of Cardinal Logue and the Bishops has been criticized in this country with much less than justice. They averted an armed outbreak by the more desperate spirits at a stage when otherwise it would have been a question of days and hours. They cannot avert it for ever; but so long as they can, the situation remains one in which

it is possible to negotiate, and that is all to the good—greatly to the good. Individual Bishops may be pointed to, who are not moderating influences, but they are not characteristic of the episcopal body; and they, too, are in effect restrained by the general action which the body has taken.

"We see with unqualified regret the attempt which is being made to raise a 'No Popery' cry against them in this country. It only makes for further disintegration and bad blood, and entirely misrepresents the Irish situation. Most absurd of all is the notion that the Vatican inspired the action of the Bishops. There is no reason for regarding Cardinal Logue as any less free in his political action, so far as the Pope is concerned, than Cardinal Mercier or Cardinal Amette have been. The Vatican has very seldom intervened in Irish politics since the Union. When it has, it has done so on the side of order and the established government: as in Parnell's day, when it frowned on the Plan of Campaign."

Poor democratic Germany is now defending herself against autocratic Finland.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Spain is being kept busy nipping revolts, and one of these days her nippers may break.—*Des Moines Register*.

## QUARREL OF WILLIAM II. WITH CHARLES I.

THERE has been as yet no confirmation of the story that the dowager Duchess of Bourbon-Parma, mother of the Empress Zita, was permitted to return to Austrian territory after an ignominious expulsion at the instance of Berlin. William II. is so angry at the Duchess that he would not hear of her coming back until the war is over. He holds her responsible for the "fatal correspondence," as the Entente organs call it. She is held responsible likewise for the anti-German bias of the Empress Zita, which the *Paris Figaro* understands to be more marked than ever. The entire German party at the court of the Hapsburgs seems agreed, or pretends to be, in the view that if the mother of Empress Zita had less genius for intrigue, Charles I. would not have written to Prince Sixtus and the Vatican would be more friendly than it has been during the

## Dynastic and Political Effects of the Strain Between Berlin and Vienna

past two months. For the new orientation of Vatican diplomacy, beginning with the protests of Cardinal Gasparri to Berlin against the despatch of French prisoners to Russia, is attributed to the mother of Empress Zita. The *London Express*, like its contemporaries in France, is reduced to mere speculation regarding this affair of the dowager's expulsion, but in Italy the newspapers understand that it has accentuated the differences between William II. and Charles I. There are intimations in some Italian dailies that Zita herself may be sent to join her mother, altho William II. is satisfied for the moment with the *coup d'état* by means of which Charles adjourned the Austrian parliament. "He is now," says the *Naples Avanti*, "on his good behavior, poor Charles."

### Obscurities of Dynastic Policy in Vienna.

JUST what incident among many of an irritating kind got Charles into hot water with William is not precisely indicated in the flood of European comment. In Italy it is supposed to be the complaint addressed to the Pope by the young Emperor on the subject of Austrian responsibility for the war. What Charles said is not officially known, but he repudiated all such responsibility for his dynasty, and that, the *Giornale* hints, made the trouble. Another tale is that the politicians in Budapest and Vienna are not sending enough troops to the western front and that Charles will not meddle in the resulting controversy. That is the French tale. The substantial grievance, according to the *London Westminster Gazette*, is the back-stairs diplomacy in which Charles is always being detected and which at Berlin is ascribed to his domination by Zita and her mother. This fantastic system of personal rule set up by Charles, says the organ of British liberalism, has precipitated political pandemonium in the dual monarchy, inspired agony in Berlin and transformed the most ambitious of the German peace drives into a roaring farce. "Germany is not yet accustomed to the startling phenomenon of a Hapsburg daring to create



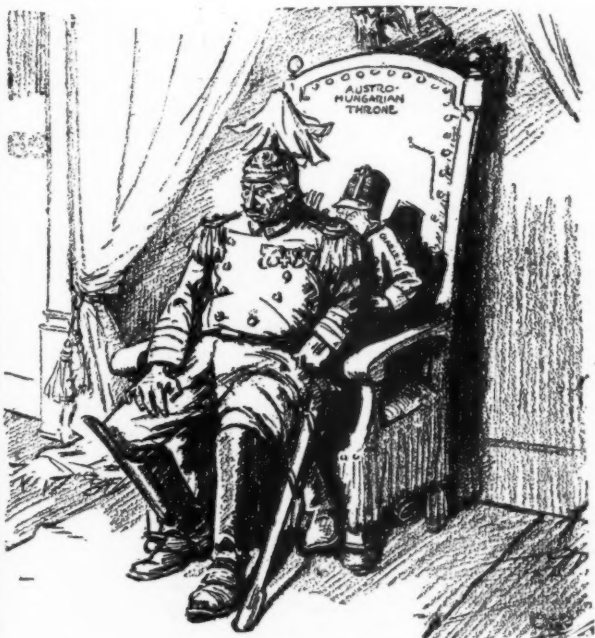
CAN THEY FIX IT IN TIME?

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

a policy of his own and giving to Austrian politics the impress of a vigorous personality." William is chagrined as well as amazed to find in Vienna a rival potentate with all his own impulsiveness, his own swelling personal ambition and his own pride.

#### Charles Waiting to Turn on William.

CHARLES is for the moment under William's thumb. The entire press of the western allies agrees on that point. Burian was put into the foreign office at Vienna as the agent of the Hohenzollerns, to give the impression of the *Paris Temps*, which reflects the Quai d'Orsay. Charles is only awaiting an opportunity to turn Burian out. In this situation, says the organ of London liberalism already cited, the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street persist in viewing Charles as a tool of the Hohenzollerns or as a little mad. He is in reality strong, of good intentions, shrinking with horror from human suffering. He is not clever in the intellectual sense; but he has will, courage and initiative. The Wilhelmstrasse distrusts him and yet seeks to make him its tool. His policy is to rescue the Hapsburg monarchy from the peril of Pan-German designs and to reconcile the diverse racial elements under his sway to the idea of Hapsburg sovereignty. He is willing to dally with the democratic idea if that will answer any purpose of his. It was pointed out to him by Czernin before that nobleman fell, that the dual monarchy had nothing to gain by the essentially naval policy of world dominion upon which Berlin has embarked and of which the submarine is a sort of symbol. The real crime of Czernin consisted in setting Charles against the submarine. The young Emperor also lives in dread of an offensive in the future that will strike him by way of Russia—a scheme, he has been told, which finds favor in America, or so the Rome *Tribuna* hints. Charles is, in a word, filled with dread, Italian dailies say, of what will happen to Austria-Hungary if the American menace grows.



THE DUAL MONARCHY

—Kirby in N. Y. World



THE CADDY: HIS POSITION IN THE GAME FINALLY ESTABLISHED

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

#### The Critical Reign of Charles in a Nutshell.

THE quarrel of William II. and Charles I. grew out of historical forces which made it inevitable and which *The Westminster Gazette* and the *Paris Figaro* sum up in a single statement. Charles abandoned the acquiescence in Berlin rule which Francis Joseph thought a safeguard of the Hapsburg dynasty. Then he brought back that Count Berchtold whom poor Prince Lichnowsky in the famous indiscretion held responsible for the outbreak of the war. Charles organized his court from among a clique which reminded him constantly that Vienna at the last moment tried to avoid the war and that Berlin insisted upon pushing the dual monarchy into it. For some months before America went into the struggle, Berlin and Vienna were suspicious of one another. Then Czernin turned up at the Ballplatz and it seems that he was a pro-German in disguise who concealed from Charles the appalling Austrian barbarities in Serbia, Bosnia and Galicia. The whole Bohemian nobility is made up of foreigners and renegades, according to the London *Nation*, and Czernin was the worst of the lot. He tried to keep Charles from sending peace agents into Switzerland; but he forgot Zita and her mother, two ladies who have made much secret diplomatic history since Christmas. William II. began his surprise visits in state to Vienna and stood aghast at what he found out. On one occasion something like a controversy is said to have arisen between the sovereigns over the origin of the war, Zita and her mother taking an animated part. The situation of Charles to-day is thus put by *The Westminster Gazette*:

"The truth is that the expedients of Charles are expedients and nothing more. With the political ideas of the Entente he has nothing in common. His sole aim is to preserve his dynasty whatever happens. Thus he is often forced to speak in one tone and act in another: one day he is almost pro-Entente and another violently pro-German. He is not a dupe or a fool. He is just a young man bereft of any enlightened views and understanding beyond the ensuring of his power and his future."



# PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

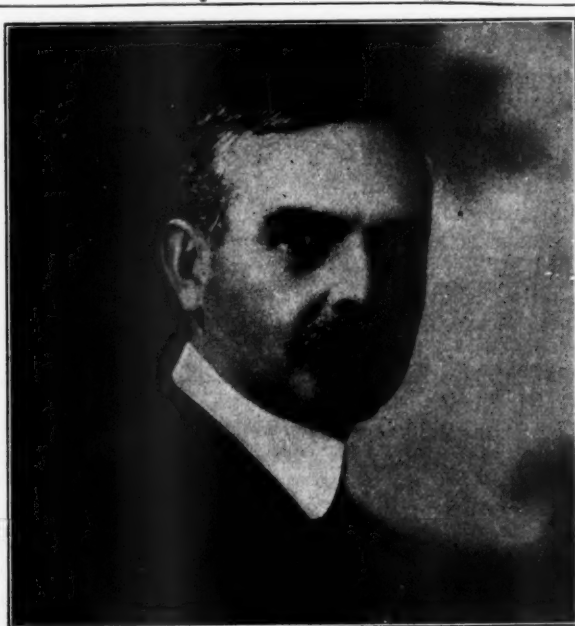
## THEY ARE MAKING THE AIR UNSAFE FOR AUTOCRACY

**T**HE burden of winning the war insofar as American aircraft production and handling are concerned has fallen with sudden force upon the shoulders of John D. Ryan and Brigadier-General William L. Kenly, both of whom, we are assured, are men of action and are slow to make promises. Incidentally, both of them—one in charge of production and the other in charge of the machines after they are produced—were born fifty-four years ago. At the headquarters of the Aircraft Board in Washington, a writer for the *Sun Magazine* (New York) found a feeling of absolute confidence in the ability of the new aero chiefs to make good. There is no longer talk of what is going to happen, he reports, nor is the program to be shaped to astonish the public by such superresults as some civilian members of the board predicted a year ago.

Very early in the war John D. Ryan decided to dedicate every ounce of his energy and virtually all his time to the cause. He first came into public notice by agreeing to furnish copper to the Government at about half the price then ruling. Then came his cheerful acceptance of an onerous full-time position under Chairman H. P. Davison, of the Red Cross War Council, that advertized the depth of his patriotism. Very quietly but effectively he made his mark as an organizer and executive of signal ability. What, however, does he know about building airships? How did he come to be picked? We read in *Forbes Magazine*:

"He knows nothing about aeroplanes. But he does know how to organize and run great enterprises. He is an upstanding, fine-looking, manly fellow who can inspire workers and win their respect and cooperation. He has a consistent record for having been able to deliver the goods at every stage of his career, whether as a drummer on the road or a mining-town banker or a Montana mine manager or as the creator of a gigantic water-power plant or a financier sitting on many

powerful directorates. John D. Ryan is less known than hundreds of men who have not accomplished one-twentieth as much. He is not given to talking. The only interview he ever granted about his career was reluctantly given to the writer, to whom he protested: 'You cannot write any picturesque story about me, picturing me sweating in miner's togs at the bottom of a shaft, for I never did a day's mining in my life. Nor was I a prodigy at school. Nor have I worked any harder than lots of other men.'"



HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT AEROPLANES, BUT IS LEARNING RAPIDLY

Also, John D. Ryan is a great business organizer, and as Director of Aircraft Production is putting new life into the work.

Ryan, however, came of mining stock, genealogically as well as financially. His father was the discoverer of what are now the Copper Range Mines of the Lake Superior district, where, at the age of seventeen, the son found employment in a general store owned by an uncle. For eight years the future copper magnate and Director of Aircraft Production weighed sugar, measured calico and wrapped up parcels, working, as was then the custom, a full round of the clock daily. He gathered more or less business information but developed no ambition to become a Marshall Field. A brother and a sister having been obliged by ill health to live in Denver, young Ryan,

## But John D. Ryan and General Kenly are Making No Premature Promises for Our Battleplanes

at twenty-five, decided to try his luck there. Fortune did not immediately smile upon him. "I was six months in Denver before I found employment to suit me—and I wasn't hard to suit either," is how he describes his discouraging experience. Then he got a start as a drummer, selling lubricating oil and finding, among other customers, Marcus Daly, who was then building up the great Anaconda mining properties. However:

"Ryan never did a day's work for Daly in his life, nor did he work for Anaconda during Daly's lifetime. Daly did offer the hustling salesman employment on more than one occasion, but the offers were declined. The truth is that when Ryan was thirty he was not making, and had never made, more than \$100 to \$150 a month. When thirty-two he married Miss Nettie Gardner, of his native town. After that he apparently developed bigger ambitions, for when Marcus Daly died the oil salesman conceived the idea of obtaining an interest in the Daly chain of banks. He used his own savings and borrowed freely from friends to buy out various minority stockholders in the banks. This gave him general charge."

His removal, to Montana as directing head of the Daly financial institutions brought him into contact with all classes of the community. In the volcanic atmosphere then prevailing he must have handled himself better than he will admit, for within three years he was asked to take charge of the Amalgamated Copper Company, then neck-deep in litigation with Fritz Augustus Heinze. In the first political election after Ryan took charge, the Heinze faction was soundly beaten and peace negotiations were opened.

"'Because of Heinze's strong objection to having it appear that he had been bought out, and because of his insistence that the deal be represented as a merger, it was very hard to carry on negotiations that would remove Heinze root and branch,' says Ryan, reviewing this chapter of his career. 'The situation was relieved at times by a spice of humor. Heinze

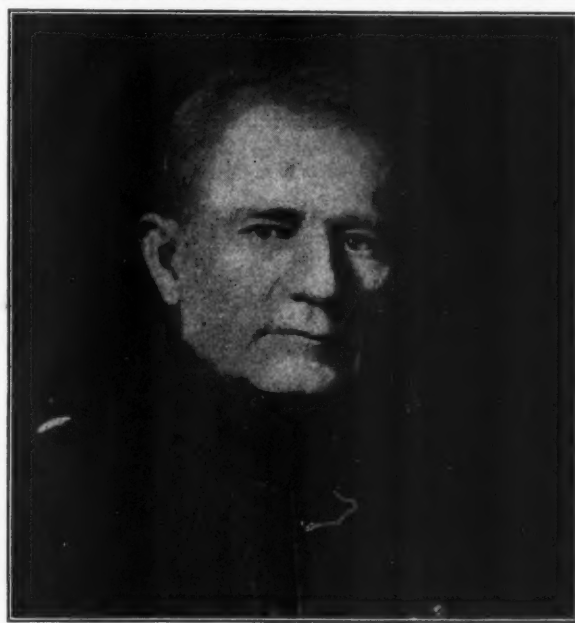


was mortally afraid that the miners in Butte would learn that he was preparing to sell out, as he was loudly promising to fight their battles for them if they would stand by him. He would never meet me except in the most out-of-the-way places. We never entered a building by the same door. He never came to my office and I never went to his. Instead, we would meet in the offices of one of our lawyers or in the rooms of friends. One of our most important sessions was held in Providence, R. I., because he was then staying at Newport and I was in New York, and he did not want to run the risk of our being seen together at either place. After six months' negotiating we finally met one night, talked price from nine o'clock to three o'clock in the morning and reached an agreement."

Like Ryan in his ability as an organizer and in bringing scattered forces together is General Kenly, whose business of handling the airplanes after Ryan produces them involves the training of aviators and utilization of various types of machine. The writer in the *Sun Magazine* found General Kenly in his office smoking a pipe and ready to take time to answer any legitimate question about his work.

"He looked 'hard as nails' and typifies the two-fisted American army officer, who believes in straight-from-the-shoulder methods, calls a spade a spade, and has

the type of a man who would be first out of a hundred to volunteer to break a bucking bronco if occasion required. There is a suggestion of the late Fighting Bob Evans in his manner and appearance."



A CHIEF OF THE SKY-PILOTS, WHO LOOKS LIKE AND IS A FIGHTER

General William L. Kenly has his hands full in training our army of aviators and fitting the men to the machines.

no-fads. Sunburned, with closely cropped reddish hair, rather short tho stockily built, General Kenly looks the part of a soldier and a fighter. He looks like

England. He earned the reputation of being able to get results under difficulties while serving as a recruiting officer in New York from 1908 to 1912.

## ZITA: MOST FASCINATING OF SOVEREIGN LADIES

**A** PHRASE that sums up the Zita who in Budapest is Queen and at Vienna becomes Empress has been coined by the *Paris Gaulois*: fascinating and French. As she approaches her thirtieth year, this Bourbon princess, now but twenty-seven, verifies, we are assured, all that Balzac affirms of the women of his native land at that wonderful age. The Empress-Queen has quite outgrown the lankiness which so impressed all beholders on the day she was married to the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph at the château of Schwarzaau. She seems taller also, thanks to the skill of the Viennese shoemakers and the art of the Viennese milliners. She dresses herself with extreme severity, and there are no birds in her hat. Neither does she affect the extreme pompadour that rolled her dark hair so plentifully back from the smooth young brow in days gone by. She has lost the sallowness that was so remarkable on her wedding day, lost the timidity that left her mute in days gone by, but she has lost nothing of the Bourbon charm, for she is

Bourbon to the tips of her fingers, a descendant of Louis XIV. in the most direct line, a granddaughter of Charles X. She has the graciousness of the family, concedes the French organ, and its inexpressible majesty at the same time, that august and overwhelming fineness of attitude which goes with Versailles, with the pomp of processional progress along grand galleries, with the throne and the right divine. Yet a few short years ago she was a thin and anemic little brunette with no arms and no legs worth mentioning, buried in an English convent. She learned English on the Isle of Wight.

The unexpected transformation of her Majesty from a gawky girl into a fascinating woman is having political results of such consequence that more than one European daily displays great interest in her personal appearance. The feature of the face which triumphs over French journalists is the eye, described in the *Figaro* as very dark, penetrating, curtained by long, sweeping lashes. She has the wide nostril that denotes temper. The photographs fail to do justice to the aquiline of

## Irresistible Personality of the Empress-Queen of Austria-Hungary

the nose, which is delicate, a nose long enough to suggest intelligence, and narrow, like that of Anne of Austria when she was young and subdued a great court with her beauty. The face of Zita, in fact, looks out from the royal portrait gallery at the Louvre again and again, proclaiming her origin. The mouth of Zita is wider than one might wish, but it is full and firm, significant of intelligence. The chin is strong yet beautiful, another detail in which the published photographs do the Empress-Queen injustice. The neck and shoulders are statuesque, making one regret that so fine a figure is not a taller one.

In putting the question now most frequently upon her lips—"shall we have peace soon?"—this royal lady reveals her whole soul in her face. Ecclesiastics returning to Rome from a visit to the Austrian court bring with them, Italian dailies note, vivid impressions of the sorrow stamped upon the lady's face by disappointment after disappointment, chagrin following chagrin at the prolongation of the war. When she appeared in public on the

occasion of the last visit to Vienna of the German Emperor with his consort, says the *Giornale*, her eyes showed obvious traces of tears. The Hohenzollerns were much disedified, it appears, by Zita's preference for the silhouette of Paris in her tight-pleated skirt, softened by a slightly draped effect and developed in a hat swathed in gray tulle and surmounted by upstanding foliage effects. The Germans went back to Berlin with complaints that the lady was dressed as if she were going to a French restaurant. It turns out that Zita designs her own dresses in French style. She is obediently followed by the Archduchesses and the whole court circle, in spite of German entreaties to avoid the vanities of the enemy. The episode has had unpleasant effects upon the relations of the two courts, seeing that imperial Berlin frowns upon the feminine vanities in which Zita indulges, and even forbids tulle, of which the Viennese are so fond. The Empress-Queen is also accused of reflecting upon German taste in dress and to have set her court in a roar with drawings of the skirts and feet of exalted ladies in the suite of the Hohenzollerns. She has flatly refused to tolerate a practice of dispensing with stockings after the new Berlin mode. She is likewise accused of wearing a corset smuggled into Vienna from Paris, a thing forbidden to the German Empress herself.

Another source of discord is the persistence of Zita in using French as the language of the nursery. Her own German has too Italian an accent to please the Junkers, according to the *Giornale*, and she is said to speak French so fluently as to be too much at home in that language. She uses it in the education of her oldest boy, now about seven. She prefers it in corresponding with her brothers now fighting with the Allies. Even the cooking at the palace in Vienna is French, for Zita can not, we learn, endure sausage, and the mere name of pumpernickel gives her indigestion. An embarrassing episode was narrowly averted on one of the Hohenzollern visits by her ignorance of the words of "Deutschland über Alles." Another

patriotic hymn was substituted, but the lady did not know that either. As she is noted for the sweetness of her singing voice, which was carefully trained at the convent, the goldstick from Berlin was eager to know where she had been educated. It transpired that the British Isles, Italy, France and Switzerland divide the honor of having formed her mind. The language spoken in her childhood home was French. These biographical facts still further distress the court of Berlin, from which in due time was sent a teacher with instructions to initiate the Empress-Queen into the mysteries of "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz." Zita sang them for dynastic reasons only, if we are to believe the *Avanti*, which understands that when she sings her youngest child to sleep it is always to the tune of "Fais dodo, mon enfant!"

Early in her married life, the Bourbon Zita discovered, the *Figaro* informs us, that her youthful consort, altho charming, is no intellectual prodigy. Her efforts to atone for his deficiencies in this respect out of her own mental gifts is responsible for the course of recent political history at Vienna. She is said to have begun a correspondence with the Pope which had not gone far when it leaked out that her letters were intercepted, some of them never reaching his Holiness. It was a great shock to the pride of Zita to discover that her actions were spied upon in this fashion. She threatened to take refuge in the curious chateau of Brunnsee, where her sister spent so long a time, or to fly to the nunnery in which another sister is immured. However, these declarations were as impossible as that of the German Crown Prince when he announced that he would live in England to escape the authority of his father. The Empress Zita soon had her own faction at court, a faction understood in Italy to be distinctly hostile to the Hohenzollern interests. Berlin took drastic measures. Three of her ladies in waiting were dismissed. A French governess for the children was retained only after a prolonged contest. There was actually some talk of her banishment

to Bohemia, a punishment disguised with the usual official flourishes regarding royal fondness for rural life. All this is Italian newspaper gossip, sustained by meticulous accounts of the ascetic mode of existence at the court of the Hapsburgs to-day.

Zita is thus watched night and day. When she arises in the morning the German spy, our Parisian contemporary says, is duly informed. If she writes a letter, it is opened. When she visits the hospitals of Vienna her formidable escort is always on the alert lest she slip a note to a person in her confidence. The dishes that leave the kitchen of the Vienna palace must pass two inspections on their way to the dining room. The system has scarcely cowed her Majesty. She has not only will but the mentality to guide it with effect. This is the critical consideration to the Prussian Junker and to the Magyar who works with him. Zita turns out to be remarkably like that Empress Elizabeth of Austria who in her lifetime was accused of sympathy with liberal, not to say radical, views. Like Elizabeth, Zita became a student after her marriage, but the present sovereign lady is of the type which does things instead of dreaming about them. Zita is intensely practical, whereas Elizabeth was a romanticist. Zita, in the opinion of the French student of her character already cited, has that "will to power" which Charles lacks. She will drag him with her along the path she seems already to have chosen, which is a path of rebellion against the dominant Magyar-Teuton combination. It is the old Bourbon rebellion against a territorial aristocracy breaking out at a time when Europe is in a fever of democratic revolution. Zita is already a symbol, an incarnation, a combination of Elizabeth of England with Maria Theresa of Hungary. To the democratic masses in revolt she stands for the peace they demand so eagerly.

It remains to be proved whether Zita has the force of character to make the most of such a crisis. All that can be inferred definitely from the press comment abroad is that she will not allow her husband to go the way of Louis XVI.

## THE GREATEST INVENTOR OF GUNS IN THE WORLD

IT was the late Lord Kitchener who first made practical use of the machine gun in warfare. He used the Maxim gun at Khartoum. Then the Lewis gun came into existence and was the "white hope" and "last word" in rapid-fire artillery parlance until the recent announcement that the Government at Washington had tested and enthusiastically adopted a gun

which already has given the name of Browning a prominent place in the sun, if not in "Who's Who." It was one of the most critical times in history when this announcement was made—a time when the very best in firearms was needed. And because the Lewis and Maxim guns were well known and the Browning gun was not, it was but natural that most people

## Upon John M. Browning and His Work Largely Depends the Defeat of the Germans

should look a trifle askance at the news. Everyone felt that it was no time for experiments, no time for guesswork. Up to the time that John M. Browning, of Ogden, Utah, perfected this new machine gun, his name had not appeared on any firearm. Yet, we read in the *Forum*:

"Every Winchester rifle; every Remington shotgun; every Remington auto-



matic rifle; every Colt machine gun; every Colt automatic pistol (such as our army officers carry); every one of the million army pistols manufactured by a Belgium concern—every one of these, and more, was a Browning gun. He invented all of them! And of the millions upon millions of these firearms, known and carried in every quarter of the globe, not one bore his name. There was a time when Wilhelm, Kaiser of the German Empire, proudly carried a handsome pistol presented to him by Albert, King of Belgium. John M. Browning invented it. When Admiral Robert E. Peary planted the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole he had a Winchester repeating rifle, model '92, in his hand. Browning invented it. When, on that fatal summer day in 1914, a Serbian fanatic shot an Austrian Archduke to death and precipitated the world-war, he did it with an automatic pistol of Browning invention. An Englishman of title, on a government mission to this country, had occasion to call on Browning at his home in Ogden. The English official bowed. 'Sir John M. Browning?' he asked. 'John M. Browning, sir,' snapped the inventor. . . . However, the Englishman was correct. Browning has every right to be addressed as 'Sir,' because, early in 1914, King Albert of Belgium conferred upon him the decoration of *Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold*."

One might paraphrase Elbert Hubbard's saying, usually attributed to Emerson, and remark that if a man can fashion a better gun than anybody else, the world will find him regardless of his factory address. Which, incidentally, is something that Browning has never had—a factory address. At Ogden, it is true, there is a well-equipped shop where the inventor "putters around," as he puts it, but he does not manufacture firearms. He simply invents them, has been doing so since he was a boy, sells the inventions and collects his royalties, which in thirty-seven years have aggregated millions of dollars. We read:

"At the age of twenty-five he perfected a single-shot rifle that was soon in considerable local demand. One of them fell into the hands of officials of the Winchester Arms Company, and a man went out to Ogden with all speed to find the man who made it. They found young Browning. 'Will you show us how it is made?' he was asked. 'Certainly,' he responded, and the official was amazed at the manner in which Browning turned out these rifles by hand. 'Is it patented?' It certainly was patented. 'Will you sell us the patent?' Young Browning didn't know. He had made a good thing out of it. He was working early and late trying to fill orders. It seemed rather poor business to sell a patent that was keeping him in all the work he could attend to. But the Winchester man named a figure that made the young inventor blink. He sold his patent, and that design was the basis of the first Winchester single-shot rifles of all calibers."

Only one acquainted with the guns of two generations ago can fully ap-

preciate the genius of Browning. For many years the bright nickel barrel and the round revolving chamber marked the revolver, which has been supplanted by that ugly, flat, sinister-looking weapon, the automatic—the most powerful single-hand weapon made. It is the work of Browning, and regarding its invention John Bruce Mitchell goes on to say in the *Forum*:

"One day Browning took a square piece of oak, bored a hole exactly the size of a .40-caliber bullet in it, placed the muzzle of a .40-caliber rifle against it so that the bullet would go through the hole, and tried an important experiment. He had figured out that there was a great deal of wasted force in the gas caused by the

time, and so on until he soon had a gun that, with a single pull at the trigger, would fire six hundred bullets in less than a minute."

This greatest living inventor of guns and his half-brother, Matthew, have incorporated themselves as J. M. and M. S. Browning, Inc., reports Fred C. Kelly in the *American Magazine*, and everything that they own they own together. Their royalties have long exceeded a million a year, they have vast mining and ranch interests in Utah, and are among the heaviest stockholders in the Union Pacific Railroad. At the usual royalty rate, their share in the two Browning guns with which our armies are now being equipped would have amounted to more than \$8,000,000. But the brothers agreed to take a lump sum of only \$1,250,000. In this connection, we read, J. M. Browning, who does the inventing, while M. S. Browning does the financing for the firm, did an unprecedented thing in deciding to accept this sum without first consulting his brother. Here is a pen-picture of the modest gunsmith:

"Tall, slender, bald on top of his head, short gray hair; cleanly-chiseled little stubby gray mustach; face a fascinatingly complex system of fine little lines, caused by attentively examining small bits of mechanism; sixty-two years old—that, in brief, is a picture of the John M. Browning of to-day. . . . If he were at his shop one would find him in overalls and jumper, at a bench, softly whistling as he worked away on some new device for improving a gun or pistol. If at home one would quite likely find him in a plainly furnished living-room, sitting back in an armless chair, playing 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' on a banjo. Those are his chief indoor occupations—tinkering with firearms and playing the banjo. For sport he prefers a mountain stream and a hatband full of trout flies in summer, or up in Wyoming in the hunting season after 'b'ar' and other worthy game. He has never taken to 'citified ways,' and doesn't bother a tailor, preferring ready-made garments. A very narrow straight collar, half a size too large—worn for comfort and not for show, he says—any sort of a suit handy, and he's ready for the first emergency call."

With him an emergency call is generally a wire from some firearms concern asking him to come on and help with a model. One concern, we read, had experts working a year to make a smaller caliber for a Browning rifle. Being sent for, Browning examined the drawings, looked over his model to refresh his memory—he has made so many that they are difficult to classify at a glance—and started to make a few drawings himself. By night he had completed the work, was handed a check for \$10,000 and a certain agreement concerning royalties, and he went back to his little shop and his banjo.



WHEN HE ISN'T MAKING GUNS HE PLAYS THE BANJO

John M. Browning is so modest that he hates to see his name in print and abhors photographers.

combustion of the powder. He wanted to make sure how much force there was to this. He took no chances, but fastened the rifle against the board, attached a cord to the trigger and yanked. Fortunately, it was a long cord, because the force of the gas knocked the rifle back half way across the room. This was the basis of his automatics, the basis of his famous Browning gun, which is now being turned out wholesale and shipped across to France. At the time Browning made his test he was asked about it. 'I'm trying to harness the kick,' he declared, solely. They laughed. It was 'one of John's jokes,' they said. It was a mighty important joke. Soon he had utilized the power of the gas in such a manner that a part of this wasted pressure was transferred to the breach mechanism and made to operate the gun. One pull of the trigger and the rebound of the force fired the weapon a second time, this rebound fired it a third



## GIOLITTI: THE MAN BEHIND THE ITALIAN MYSTERIES

**H**AD Giovanni Giolitti become Prime Minister in Rome last spring, Italy would have been taken out of the war. If the scheme to restore him to power should succeed this summer, he will go over to the Central Powers. Such is the substance of many an indictment of the subtle statesman who has been at the head of a cabinet in Rome more than once, whose fame as "the dictator" still fills the land. He is held up to scorn in the British and French press as another Caillaux, with talents transcending those of the Frenchman. Giolitti, in the opinion of the *London Post*, is the world's greatest master of intrigue, the arch plotter, smiling with an appearance of simplicity that is wholly assumed, posing like Iago as the honest man while he plays the traitor, endowed with every talent for indirection, another Machiavelli. Venerable in years, a profound student of the seamy side of human nature, experienced in playing upon the ambitions and the weaknesses of his kind, in perfect control of his own temper always, he suggests Mephistopheles not only in his methods but in his aspect. He has the smile of the fiend, the ready retort, the persuasiveness. Those whom he means to destroy he embraces. The keen eyes—Giolitti is an old man, but his eye flashes still—gaze unshrinkingly into the countenance of him whom most he misleads. He is artful but he looks artless. One would have to go back to the Middle Ages and read the secret history of the Medici for his parallel. This is the man, we are asked by his European press critics, to believe, who lurks behind the scenes of the most far-reaching pacifist plot yet contrived by those whom the French call "defeatists." He has thrown the Quai d'Orsay into panic and sent a shudder through Downing Street.

Giolitti is accused in the *London Outlook* of taking Tammany Hall for his model. His political career has been one series of bank scandals, deficits, sudden disappearances and back-stairs sensations. Now he is alleged to be conniving with the Socialists. Again he is inferred to be hand and glove with the Vatican. The story goes that he went disguised to Switzerland not so long ago to talk peace there with Prince von Bülow. He knows so much about the politicians of Italy, of their hidden pasts, their fortunes of dubious origin, that the mere prospect of his displeasure inspires thrills of terror in a certain type of deputy. His deportment reflects a universal philanthropy. He is everybody's friend. He will urge the nomination as

Senator of a statesman who may be landed the next day in the penitentiary, whereupon Giolitti will be overwhelmed with amazement. His trump card is confidence in human nature. He trusts everybody, he explains, and no one is so easily imposed upon. In certain political circles at Rome he is referred to as the fox.

Giolitti emerged into politics out of the lower ranks of the bureaucracy, having got elected to the chamber, it seems, because the people whose secrets he had ferreted through the official files of his department were afraid to oppose him. He displayed from the first, the *Temps* says, that narrowness of view, that deficiency in culture and that fertility in combinations which have always characterized him so conspicuously. The words that best fit him, according to the British paper, are "active, persevering, cunning, false." He is all of these together, the virtuous severity of his general deportment being the more effective because of his professed love of honesty, simplicity and straightforwardness. He is by no means brilliant as a speaker but his favorite topic is truth, which he says will suffice for all emergencies. He has a series of stock phrases on the subject which he discharges like shots from a revolver. "I am a man of candor." Giolitti is never tired of saying that. "Let there be no deception." That does duty over and again. He has a little arsenal of phrases from the Italian poets in praise of forthrightness, of modesty, of candor and other traits which he never displayed in his life. He will weep, too, upon occasion, but his specialty is the verge of emotion. He knows how to seem torn by contending emotions, to be too full of indignation for utterance. His dramatic moment arrives when he forgives everybody. At that stage he is preparing for one of his periodical disappearances from the political scene, leaving the post of Premier in the hands of one of his henchmen. Giolitti avers in these crises that he has no political ambitions, that his one aim in life is to have a little villa in Tuscany, far from the busy hive of political intrigue. In fact, he has a small house there with a garden in which he wanders in slippers. It is said that he never reads anything and does not know how to look at a picture. On the other hand, he has the eye of the seer when looking over a financial report.

Giolitti got his first portfolio from Crispi, who was struck by the methods of the young politician. Giolitti made it a rule to promise everybody everything and he kept his word by creating

## The Subtle Statesman Who Is Accused of Treason to the Allies

one new office after another. He invented all sorts of excuses for increasing the number of employees at the treasury, over which he presided. In the meantime, he hurled charges of corruption against his political opponents. He contrived loans with which he subsidized dubious state enterprises and when the first great scandal of his career, that of the Banca Romana, proved too embarrassing, he produced documents compromising his critics. There were ever so many other documents which he did not produce at all. That, we read in the newspapers abroad which now criticize Giolitti, is his peculiar method. He holds back incriminating letters and reports in order to spread terror among his enemies. When investigations are afoot he turns up with packets of letters and waves them dramatically in front of committees. A furious fray ensues. The letters are suppressed.

Giolitti, says the *Humanité*, has had his bitter moments but he always returns from political exile. He has been forced to leave Rome by night muffled in a long cloak, lest he be mobbed. He has known the solitude of a Swiss hotel, where under an assumed name he has meditated upon the ups and downs of his stormy political career. His object was to avoid the curiosity of deputies eager to question him on the subject of the national finances. He is past master of the art of waiting for things to blow over. At the right moment he is back in the chamber, biding his time, forming little combinations, precipitating the fall of a ministry, making bargains with the Socialists, leaning to the clerical side a little and in the end fashioning a new ministry. As long as twenty-five years ago he headed the cabinet that ruled Italy with a rod of iron, the period of his prolonged dictatorship, when loans were floated upon the most prodigious scale and offices were multiplied until every henchman of his was drawing a salary.

He controlled the elections by the simple device of disfranchizing his political opponents. In districts where they proved too numerous he adopted the policy of knocking down and dragging out. In extremities he calmly adopted the bills introduced by his enemies even after he had proclaimed his bitter opposition to any measures of the sort.

Giolitti is fond of saying that he takes no interest in world politics, knows nothing about the subject, never concerns himself with it. Nevertheless, if we are to believe the *Temps*, he was responsible for the last renewal of the Triple Alliance.

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# MUSIC AND DRAMA

## "THE COPPERHEAD"—A DRAMA OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

**T**WO features at least of John D. Williams's production of Augustus Thomas's new play, "The Copperhead," render it notable. Its patriotism, in the first place, is thoroly American. It is an eloquent tribute to the spirit of Lincoln. All of the characters portrayed by Mr. Thomas are infused with his indomitable courage and loyalty. They are of Lincoln's race. With his experienced skill in building plays, Mr. Thomas has subtly suggested this spirit throughout the play, but has kept Lincoln in the background until the end, when his intention is eloquently emphasized, and the timely significance of the play is brought out with clean-cut strength.

The second feature is the acting of Lionel Barrymore as Milt Shanks, the Illinois backwoodsman. Concerning this performance, Frederick Landis, author of "The Glory of His Country," from which the play was derived, has written:

"It does not seem quite fair to say he 'acts' the part, because he *lives* it. He immersed himself in the colors and shadows of the period, and so just grew into the rôle. He has such a store of subtle values, little unconscious movements, gestures, inflections, glances, that illusion forgets to be illusion. He seems to have stepped out of the old family album that used to repose in state upon the marble-topped center table in the 'parlor.'"

The first act of the play reveals the exterior of Shanks's farmhouse in Illinois, at the outbreak of the Civil War. The uncouth pioneer characters are painted against a background of sturdy, invincible patriotism. There is Grandma Perley, the pioneer woman whose memory of wars extends back to 1812. There is her daughter, "Ma" Shanks, busy, like all the women of the neighborhood, making uniforms of blue. There is sixteen-year-old Joey, her son, impatient to enlist. There is Captain Hardy, who comes to commandeer for the northern army the horses and wagons of Milt Shanks. Finally there is Milt Shanks, a farmer of 36, a man of Lincoln's build, but whose opposition to the war is a puzzle to the family and the neighborhood. He has earned the title of "Copperhead" because of his apparent sympathies with the South. Lem Tollard,

another Copperhead, a tough scowling farmer, brings Milt the news that the troops are going to march in a day or two, and Milt advises him to get word to the Confederate authorities at Camp Jackson.

Milt is non-committal when his wife questions him about his failure to enlist with the 75,000 volunteers the President has called for. Either he or his son Joey, who is already drilling, must go. The first act rises to a splendid climax when Newt Gillespie and Andrews, the preacher, enter carrying uniforms and break the news that the local troops are to depart that day. Gillespie tries to press Milt Shanks into the service, but Milt stubbornly refuses. Captain Hardy also urges him: "Come on! Remember who's calling—our own candidate, our own neighbor, our friend—Lincoln." Shanks remains obdurate.

Finally Milt Shanks is left alone with Andrews the parson. The first act concludes:

SHANKS. Brother Andrews, see here! You brought me a letter this month.

ANDREWS. Yes, Milt.

SHANKS. Callin' me to Washington. (Andrews nods.) I don't know if you guessed what was wanted of me, and my wife ain't, nur Joey, nur anybody. (Andrews starts to speak.) Yer mustn't hint it if you do, not even to me. But I was told down there at the Capitol that, in a pinch, I could turn ter you and you'd take orders from me. (Andrews nods.) Lem Tollard's gittin' the evenin' train fur St. Louis ter give warnin' ter secess troops there in Camp Jackson that Union reinforcements is comin'! You kin beat him by buggy or horseback to Mattoon and the regular express from there on!

ANDREWS. I understand.

\*SHANKS. At the St. Louis arsenal our Union troops air under Captain Lyon L-y-o-n. Git to Lyon personal. He'll know what ter do, whether to move faster hisself or jes' ter head off Lem.

ANDREWS. Do I say you told me?

SHANKS. (Nods.) A farmer by the name of Shanks.

ANDREWS. I'll follow instructions minutely. (Reenter Sue Perley, a girl of 14.)

SUE. Mrs. Shanks! Mr. Shanks!

SHANKS. Yes, Sue.

SUE. Joey wants his other shirt and a pair of socks.

SHANKS. What's the matter?

SUE. The company's going. He's going with 'em. (Milt and Andrews exchange glances.)

SHANKS. His shirt and socks! Mama!

## The Spirit of Abraham Lincoln Vitalizes this Significant Play by Augustus Thomas

(Reenter Grandma. A drum heard in distance. Shanks stops and listens.)

SUE. What's them? (Exit Andrews.) GRANDMA. He called for 75,000; but we're comin', Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong! (Fifes heard.)

SHANKS. God A'mighty! (Exit. Sue runs to fence. Enter Mrs. Bates.)

MRS. BATES. Where's Mrs. Shanks?

SUE. Inside. I've told 'em, Mrs. Bates.

MRS. BATES. (At gate.) My Henry's in the Company, and they're going without supper! (Enter Ma.)

MA. They're just drillin', ain't they?

SUE. No'm, they're really going. Mrs. Shanks, Joey sent me. (Enter Shanks with small bundle.)

MRS. BATES. Here they come. (Fife and drum in the distance, increasing as they come nearer.)

MA. Where's Joey? He can't be with 'em!

SUE. I can see him, Mrs. Shanks. I see Joey! He's with 'em. (Shanks gives bundle for Joey to Sue.)

MA. (Excitedly.) God! Dear God! (Raises her hands.)

GRANDMA. Ye'r his mother, don't forget that! Let him see you givin' courage to him as he goes by. (Shanks comes down from road and goes off stage with a haunted look. Chorus of approaching Company breaks into "John Brown's Body.") You nursed him an' you brought him into the world. Come, keep up his heart! (The women and Sue indicate approach of company. Grandma waves her kerchief and encourages Sue and Mrs. Bates. Shanks sneaks on above well and hides in bushes. Presently Joey passes, stops, kisses Ma. Sue gives him bundle. Ma leans against the fence and the women fan her. Sue goes to well, brings gourd full of water. They start to give Ma drink, as the curtain falls.)

The second act shows us the same scene two years later. It is July 3, 1863. In the oppressive heat, the lonely women of the Shanks family are nursing the three-year-old child, Elsie. Rumors of the war come to them and of the boy Joey's bravery. Grandma Perley and Ma Shanks had hoped that the news of the father's trial and imprisonment had not reached the boy. We learn that Milt Shanks and Lem Tollard are both in the penitentiary for life at Joliet, as the result of their alleged activities in obstructing the movements of the Union army. Then they learn that Joey does know of his father's terrible disgrace and that his heart is broken by it.

Andrews, the minister, appears, bringing the women news of the fall



HE GIVES MORE THAN LIFE

Milt Shanks (Lionel Barrymore) repulses the entreaties of his wife (Doris Rankin) to join the Union forces under Abraham Lincoln.

of Vicksburg. Joey will have a furlough now, they hope. The atmosphere of depression is lightened by this feeble hope of the boy's possible homecoming. Andrews tells them, moreover, that General Grant has recognized the boy's bravery. But Andrews brings them also news of an unwelcome character. Milt Shanks has been pardoned by the governor. He has returned home. Andrews tries to persuade Mrs. Shanks to join him. Milt has told him of Joey's bravery. Finally she consents to see her disgraced husband:

MA. You pardon?

SHANKS. Yes, by the governor of the state.

MA. (Points after Andrews.) He says 'count o' Joey.

SHANKS. Yes.

MA. Well, don't that mortify you completely?

SHANKS. 'Twould if I didn't believe Joey'd understand my side of it—some day.

MA. Your side was peace, wasn't it?

SHANKS. As fur as I could make it, yes.

MA. Yer empty revolver showed two of the shots was by you.

SHANKS. I panted over their heads. Besides, I know I didn't hit nobody.

MA. You didn't tell that at yer trial, did ye?

SHANKS. What use? And then I couldn't strive to throw all the blame on to Lem and the others.

MA. Yer don't it now, ain't you?

SHANKS. I reckon I am—come to think of it—but—(Pause.)

MA. But what? (He turns.) Ef you've got anything to say fur yourself, fur Gawd's sake, Milt—

SHANKS. I'm doin' it now 'cause I care

more fur what you think about my bein' a murderer, Martha, than what the law court thought.

MA. I'd like ter believe yer, Milt.

SHANKS. (Looks front.) If ye could it'd be mighty fine.

MA. Ye've been untruthful so often.

SHANKS. (Looks at her.) Ter you, Martha?

MA. Yes, to me, about nearly every trip you made after you turned Copperhead. Somethin' didn't gee. Where was you and Lem Tollard an' your crowd takin' them stolen horses?

SHANKS. Kentucky.

MA. Fur rebel guerrillas, if the truth's known, wasn't it?

SHANKS. (Nods.) Confederate cavalry, yes.

MA. And when the Sheriff's posse headed you off, you killed two of 'em?

SHANKS. (Shakes head.) Our crowd, not me.

MA. Am I to try an' make the neighbors believe that?

SHANKS. For God's sake—no—no—(Pause. Goes up to her.) I ain't talkin' fur the neighbors. Besides, they won't be neighbors o' mine. . . .

SHANKS. (Drinks, puts glass down. Hand on letters.) What d'ye hear from Joey?

MA. Here's his letters. (Sorts them. Gives him three letters.) T'would do you no good to read these.

SHANKS. Where's the last one? (Handing letters. Lays others on board.)

MA. I'll get Grandma Perley out the other way. (Exit. Shanks watches her. Drinks tea from bucket, opens a letter and reads. The village-bell tolls very distantly. Shanks adjusts himself to its novelty and resumes reading. The sound of a man approaches. Milt moves from light to shadow. Sam Carter, a soldier, comes on, stops back of fence, passes.

Soldier enters yard to light, calls into house.)

SAM. Hello!

SHANKS. Good evening.

SAM. Shanks?

SHANKS. Hello, Sam! (Report of cannon heard. Flash. Cheers.)

SAM. That's fur Vicksburg's surrender.

SHANKS. Yes?

SAM. What are you doin' round here?

SHANKS. Well, I have been away, but—

SAM. In trouble, so we heard in the army.

SHANKS. Yes, considerable; but somehow, 'count Joey doin' so well, I—I—was released.

SAM. He did do well. (Flash. Cannon report. Cheers.) Come up by the gate. (Shanks looks toward house, then goes up to gate.)

SHANKS. Where air you from now?

SAM. Vicksburg; but I left there two days ago with some prisoners and wounded—steamer *Forest Queen* to Cairo. When did you hear from Jo?

SHANKS. (Looks at letter.) Last week.

SAM. How was Jo?

SHANKS. (Turns letter over.) All right, an' mighty hopeful about Grant's winnin'.

SAM. Jo—Jo's dead!

SHANKS. Dead! (Looks slowly at letter and back.)

SAM. Yes. Awful sorry!

SHANKS. (Looks at letter. Inhales deeply. Looks toward house, looks at Sam.) Who told you so?

SAM. I saw him.

SHANKS. Saw him killed?

SAM. No, but afterwards—in his coffin.

SHANKS. You mean they buried him?

SAM. We fetched his body home on our boat to Cairo, and box car over here.

SHANKS. Kain't be no mistake? Joseph Taylor Shanks?

SAM. (Nods.) Son o' Milton Shanks.

SHANKS. (Nods helplessly.) That's right! That's right! (Reenter Ma.)

MA. Yer kin come in now, but walk on yer toes.

SHANKS. Er, Sam Carter's here.

MA. Oh. How are you, Sam?

SAM. Good evening.

SHANKS. With bad news, Martha.

MA. (Quickly.) Bad news! From Joey?

SHANKS. Yes.

MA. Give me the letter. (Takes letter quickly from Milt.)

SHANKS. That's the one you gave me. Joey—couldn't write hisself. My God, Martha, it's terrible.

MA. Terrible? Hurt bad?

SAM. He's dead, Mrs. Shanks.

MA. Oh Gawd! Oh Gawd! (Crosses in agony to corner of well. Falls kneeling on it. She sobs a bit, then, realizing that Joey had that place before he went away, she caresses the curb and weeps. Village band plays, "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.")

SAM. Yer oughta say somethin' to her.

SHANKS. Joey wouldn't want yer ter do that, ma. (Bends over her.)

MA. (Shrinking from him.) Fer Gawd's sake, Milt Shanks, don't tech me! Yer' unclean, yer' unclean! (She rises, crosses to ironing board, picks up Jo's let-



ter, presses it against her face, gets o-ner letters and exits.)

SHANKS. (Goes toward house, turns.)

You said, in a box car?

SAM. (Shakes head.) Unloaded. In the depot now.

SHANKS. I'll go there.

SAM. I wouldn't, Milt.

SHANKS. Why not?

SAM. Newt Gillespie's with it. He's wounded himself slightly.

SHANKS. Well, 'twon't hurt fur me to be there too, by his coffin.

SAM. 'Twon't be pleasant, 'cause that's one reason Gillespie come along. 'Fore he died Jo said: "Don't let father see me, even in my coffin." Boy was kind of feverish, but Gillespie takes it serious, and he wouldn't 'low you even if you went there. My advice is to take it as comfortable as you kin. (Shanks watches him off, looks at sky, comes into light, looks painfully into house, stands irresolute, goes into road with intention of going to Jo, feels the pull of the stricken wife, stops, looking into house. In distance, he hears "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.")

The second part of the play carries us forty years nearer to the present day. Milt Shanks is seventy-six years old, white and bowed. The third act shows us the same home, the lilac bushes now as tall as the house itself. Milt Shanks has lived on in that house filled with so many bitter memories. He is ostracized by the aged veterans of the war, the Grand Army men,—in fact, by all the townsfolk whose memories extend back to the stirring days of the '60s.

Madeline, his granddaughter, who is the only other surviving member of the Shanks family, has just returned home from a Normal school, and, in order to be near her lonely grandfather, is anxious to become the village school-teacher. Her chance is jeopardized owing to the prejudice against Milt Shanks. Her opponent for the place is the daughter of Newt Gillespie, a Grand Army man, and Colonel Hardy, the Captain Hardy of the first act, is also opposed to Madeline. But the mother of the young man who is in love with Madeline, Philip Manning, is fighting for Milt's daughter.

We learn further that for thirty years Milt Shanks has bent all his efforts toward securing a pardon for Lem Tollard. "The pore feller's been in there thirty-eight long years; and night and day I've thought about him—been workin' on his case thirty years—fifteen different legislatures." The pardon has finally been given. Shanks has planned to give Tollard a home upon his return. Just as Gillespie is informing Milt that he intends to prevent the election of Madeline as school-teacher and will, if necessary, make a public revelation of Milt's connection with the Copperheads of the Civil War, Lem Tollard appears. He is now 78 years old, sullen in his plans for

revenge. The three old men face each other:

LEM. Listen ter this, Gillespie, 'cause it's gonna be important and short. (Pause.) I've come here 'cause you lived here, 'cause I've figured out who fixed it so the cavalry was in them especial bushes waitin' fur us. I've figured why I was invited ter the arsenal in S'Louis and shet up till Camp Jackson was captured. I've figured why several plans of ours come out the little end o' the horn. (Shanks attempts to talk but Lem goes on.) Figured it. Listenin', Gillespie?

GILLESPIE. I am.

LEM. Now listen, and watch too. When I hand you what's comin' to you, Milt, it's gonna be in the guts. (Draws gun.)

SHANKS. You low-lived Kentucky coward. (Enter Philip and Madeline followed by Dr. Randall and Mrs. Manning. Philip grabs Lem from back.)

MADLINE. Gran'pa! (Runs to Shanks.)

PHILIP. Give that to me! (Quickly gets gun and throws Lem to ground.)

MRS. MANNING. Philip, Philip, what's the matter?

RANDALL. Tollard, what's this mean? Your pardon's conditioned on good behavior. (Lifting up Lem.)

GILLESPIE. I've heard his case. (Comes to Shanks.) And he ought a killed you, by God! You're more a murderer than he is. You was sentenced to be hung and they ought o' hung you forty years ago. (To Mrs. Manning.) School board! This is the kin o' scandals you're trying to introduce with your Boston idears.

MADLINE. (Goes to Shanks.) To be hanged? Why, Grandpa! Philip!

GILLESPIE. Damned old jail-bird—fire-brand and horse-thief and Copperhead. Once a Copperhead always a Copperhead. Come on, Lem. (Goes through gate. Lem starts to follow.)

SHANKS. Hold on, I'll talk to you.

LEM. To Hell with you! (Follows Gillespie.)

MADLINE. Grandpa!

SHANKS. Maddy, Maddy dear, it had to come sometime. (Goes to her.) You got ter gimme a minute ter collect my idears. (Philip picks up gun.) I ain't afraid o' death, Philip, but I couldn't leave her like—like this.

The last act shows the interior of the Shanks home that same evening. An oval frame of walnut molding over the fireplace contains a daguerreotype of Joey Shanks in his federal uniform. Volk's lifemask of Lincoln hangs on a mantel panel. Lincoln's hand is in a bookcase desk. Already the whole town is gossiping about the scandal of Lem Tollard and Milt Shanks, and its bearing upon the appointment of the new school-teacher.

To save his granddaughter, who is now engaged to Philip Manning, Milt Shanks has decided to break his long silence. Therefore he has sent for Newt Gillespie, Colonel Hardy and others involved to his house. "I don't care about myself," he explains to the young folk. "Two other fellers was convicted 'long with me. One of 'em's gone now; you saw the other one in the yard to-day. So I don't have to say anything for them. Folks called 'em Copperheads, but they thought they was workin' for their country, same as folks on the other side. Grant understood. He gave every feller his side-arms and his hoss at Appomatax. Grant said: 'You'll need the hosses, boys, to plant yer crops.' That's what Abe Lincoln would o' said, too."

When the old Grand Army men finally appear, Milt goes to his old desk, gets out his revolver wrapped in paper, and unwraps it. He hands it over to Newt Gillespie. They learn that the revolver has contained only



FORTY YEARS LATER

After forty years of suffering and ostracism Milt Shanks finally receives recognition for his services

wads and powder, and that there never were any bullets in it. "I didn't say that at the trial, 'cause I—didn't want to lay the blame all on the others. But your Grandpa ain't a murderer, Madeline." Finally Milt Shanks makes a complete confession of his activities in the Civil War:

SHANKS. Colonel Hardy and me was boys together. Our congressman give me an appointment to West Point, but Tom Hardy ought o' had it. Besides, 'twasn't convenient fur me to go to West Point jest then, so I resigned it fur him. 'Fore that, we went together to a school where Abe Lincoln come and talked to us. We both knowed him from that time on until he was elected President. Ain't that so, Colonel Hardy?

HARDY. (Severely.) Yes.

SHANKS. (Gets mask from mantel, blows dust from it.) Lincoln! We was together at his house, 'fore he started for Washington. A sculpture man was there to take a plaster-Paris model of his face. Most folks think this is a after-death thing; but Colonel Hardy and me saw it took—jes' throwed the soft plaster on his face and let it get hard. Lincoln was sittin' in a armchair, like you are. (To Mrs. Manning.) In this box (Goes to desk and gets box from it), where I have my letters and keepsakes, is a model of Lincoln's hand, the hand that wrote the emancipation of slavery. (Pause.) The sculpture man sent me these hisself, so they're genuine. That stick's a piece of broom-handle Lincoln sawed off while Volk (Reads name on cast)—that was the sculpture feller's name—while Volk was mixin' plaster in a washbowl. (Shows hand by his own.) Bigger man'n me, everyway. (Pause. Goes to table.) All of the statues of Lincoln nowadays is copied from this. (Places cast on table. Pause.) So, you see, we knowed him. (Pause.) Then the war broke out. Hardy tuk a vow to support his country. I took one to destroy it. Hardy's Company marched off—my Joey, only sixteen, along with 'em. . . . I was peekin' from some bushes—cud o' almost teched him as they marched by. (Pause.) Blue eyes! (To Mrs. Manning.) His mother never said a word—cried quite a spell. Well, us Knights o' the Golden Circle—

GILLESPIE. Copperheads!

SHANKS. (Pause.) Golden Circle, sent help to the South, all we could, and we pizened cattle, and I went to Richmond—Virginny—twict. Time went on an' Vicksburg come and one night a feller came into hyar in a box car and came up to the gate. "Hello," he says. "Good evening," I said. "When'd you hear from Joe?" sez he. "Last week," I sez. I was holding one of Joey's letters in my hand. "How was he?" sez he. "All right," sez I. And he sez: "Joe's dead." (Madeline weeps. Pause. To Madeline.) I kin see yer gra'ma yet, a cryin' by the well, pectin' the corner of it where Joey'd been. Bym by I leant over to tech her, but she drawed away a-tremblin' and a-sayin': "For Gawd's sake, Milt Shanks, yer unclean!" (Pause.) His mother. (To Mrs. Manning.) Two or three days she was pinin', with her face agin the letters

he'd wrote home; and then— (Pause.) —at the church, instead of the trouble I expected from the neighbors, they was all strange like an' kind, 'cept when I went to look in the pine coffin under the flag where Joey was. Newt Gillespie took me by the arm and said—(Pause)—You tell 'em, Newt, what you said to me.

GILLESPIE. I hev told 'em, more'n once. SHANKS. Tell her. She never heered it.

GILLESPIE. I'd give my word 'fore he died.

SHANKS. (To Madeline.) His word to Joey!

GILLESPIE. Yes. He said: "If you take me back, don't let him see me. If he only fought on the other side, I'd o' bin proud, even if he'd been the one that shot me; but no Copperhead." An' I did. Right in the church, I jes' tuk him by the arm and said: "It was his particular last request"—quiet like, as I'm talkin' now, and led him out o' the church. An', by God, I'd do it again!

MADELINE. Oh, grandpa!

SHANKS. That left only little Elsie—an' she was so little I couldn't leave her alone, and I was carryin' her on my arm. Newt Gillespie was the only man 'at spoke to me, and in the whole world only one man wrote to me. (Pause.) I kep' his letter—natural. (Gets letter from box.) I'm gonta ask Colonel Hardy ter read it. (Takes letter from old flag and hands it open to Hardy.) Careful, Colonel. It's a keepsake with me, an' then that's all I've got to say. If 'twasn't fer Madeline and Philip, and I know they're lovin' each other, and separatin'—

HARDY. My God! Who's crazy, you or I, Milt Shanks! Milt Shanks!

RANDALL. What is it, Colonel?

SHANKS. Read it, Colonel Hardy.

HARDY. (Reads.) "Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., April 11, 1865. Mr. Milton Shanks, Millville. Dear Milt: Lee's surrender ends it all. I cannot think of you without a sense of guilt, but it had to be. I alone know what you did, and, even more, what you endured. I cannot reward you. Man cannot reward anything worth while. There is only one who can. I send you a flag handkerchief. (Shanks unconsciously touches the flag.) It is not new, but you will prize it the more for that. I hope to shake your hand some time. Your friend, A. Lincoln."

SHANKS. (Holding hand for letter.) Colonel, do you recollect the time you druv me to the train in March o' Sixty-one?

HARDY. (Goes to Shanks, gives him letter, and returns.) Very well. You went to look at cattle.

SHANKS. That's what I told you. I wuz called to Washington by Lincoln, an' two days later, at night, in his library—White House—he walked over to'erd a winder, and, without turning round, he says: "Milt!" (Pause.) Funny, I remember a clock tickin' on the mantel-piece. (Pause.) I sez: "Mr. President!" (Pause.) "Milt, how much do you love yer country?" (Pause.) "I cahilate I'd die fur it," I sez. (Shakes head.) "Thousands o' boys is a-cryin' to do that." Then he turned round. "Would you give up sumpin' more'n life?" (Pause.) "Try me," I sez. The President run his hands

through his hair and went on: "It means to be odious in the eyes of man and women—ter eat yer heart out—alone—fer you can't tell yer wife—ner chile—ner friend." (Pause.) "Go on," I sez. (Pause.) "The Southern sympathizers are organizing in our State, really worse than the soldiers. I want you ter jine them Knights o' the Golden Circle—ter be one of them—their leader, if you kin. I need you, Milt. Yer country needs you." (Pause.) Hadn't been two minutes since he was laffin', but he lifted his hands, and it seemed we wuz the only folks in the world. (Pause.) And that clock— (Pause)—funny I remember that. (Pause.) "I'll do it," I sez. (Pause.) He tuk a little flag out o' his pocket—like as not this very one—put it on the table like I'm puttin' it. (Pause.) "As Chief Magistrate of the Nation, I'll muster you inter the Nation's service," he said. He took my hand and laid it where the blue is and all the stars, and put his hand over mine, only open, of course, and said nuthin'. (Holds one hand over other.) Jes' looked in my eyes, an' looked. (Pause.) Well, I jined 'em. (Pause.) It was terrible when I couldn't tell the boy—when he marched off. (To Mrs. Manning.) Sixteen, you know! Blue eyes! (Pause. His hand on box. Madeline takes his hand and kisses it. He puts right hand on her head: the action startles him a little.) It ruined the Governor that pardoned me out o' Joliet, where I was convicted to; but I've allers figured he had his orders from Washington, same as me, an' couldn't talk about it. An' even when Vicksburg come, and Joey was dead, why, the war wasn't over!

HARDY. But, damn it, in all these years we've despised you, why haven't you told?

SHANKS. Told who? Couldn't tell Joey or his mother, and, with them gone, everything else seemed so—so useless. Only now, when it's separatin' her an' Philip an' spoilin' her election—in the School Board.

HARDY. Her election! Why, damn it, that story'd elect a wooden Indian! (Gillespie grabs Shanks's coat.)

RANDALL. What are you doing?

GILLESPIE. Take that off. (Gets Milt's coat off.) This coat don't belong on me.

SHANKS. Newt! Not yer Grand Army coat!

GILLESPIE. Git in it! Git in it! You ought to have worn it more than forty years. Here's the hat. (Goes to door, carrying Shanks's coat.) Bring him to that meetin'. I'm a damn fool, but, by God, I ain't no skunk. (Exit.)

MADELINE. Oh, Grandpa!

SHANKS. (Loving the coat.) The blue, Madeline, the blue!

RANDALL. The hat, Mr. Shanks!

SHANKS. (To Madeline.) An' a cord round it! If they was only a lookin' glass.

MRS. MANNING. Come, Colonel. (Hardy crosses to Shanks, returns the letter. The two men join hands in speechless emotion a moment.)

SHANKS. Tom! (Hardy pats Shanks's shoulder and moves on with flag.) All right, now, to carry this, ain't it?

PHILIP. I should say it was.

SHANKS. God! It's wonderful— (Pause)—to hev friends again!

## MOBILIZING MUSIC AS AN AUXILIARY OF THE WAR

For the First Time in Our History the Federal Government is Accord-  
ing Official Recognition to Music

OUR reputation as a songless nation will not survive the war unless all present signs fail. One of the most surprising developments incident to our preparation for the great struggle is a new reciprocal relationship which has sprung up between the art of music, the government and the people. This relationship, fraught with important consequences for our future national life, has furnished the answer, as far as America is concerned, to the much-asked question as to what effect the war will have upon music. This conclusion may be drawn from the multifarious comment of the press.

This development, which has been called a "miracle" even by those most vitally interested in it, has come about through the accident of a peculiar chain of circumstances and the conscious coordination, by a group of individuals, of various isolated manifestations. When America entered the war, music was practically ignored as a factor in our military preparation. For a while it was tolerated as a sort of traditional encumbrance, and in civil life overzealous persons, bent on "hooverizing" in every direction, openly advocated its temporary suppression as a non-essential in war time.

The war department's recognition of music came through the Commission on Training Camp Activities, under the chairmanship of Raymond B. Fossdick. The navy department organized a similar commission later on. A member of both commissions, Lee F. Hanmer, specifically assigned to music, organized the National Committee on

Army and Navy Camp Music. This committee, after conducting extensive experiments, finally standardized the musical activities of the various camps. With the authority of the war department it assigned a "song leader" to each. These leaders, of whom there are now about sixty, act as "civil aides" to the camp commander, are maintained by the government and even have a special uniform,—green instead of khaki.

These song leaders, we learn from an article by Miss Frances Brundage, executive secretary of the Committee, are musicians of recognized ability. They conduct singing at certain times during drill periods, on hikes, at rifle range, etc. Aside from these strictly military duties, they organize musical events during "off duty" periods, and

by means of these help to lay the foundation for musical taste in the men.

No unit now departs for France without a repertoire of at least a dozen or fifteen songs and its own song leader. Recently the First Army Headquarters Regiment started for the front—3,600 men picked from all the camps for special attainments. Miss Brundage relates how they left America:

"At six o'clock, their last night in America, they marched with their band for an hour singing under their own song leader, Sergeant Howard D. Barlow. Sergeant Barlow, formerly song leader for the Commission on Training Camp Activities, had enlisted in order to go with the men. It would be conceded in musical circles that Mr. Barlow is capable of conducting the most compli-



TEN THOUSAND VOICES

Here is the "Depot Brigade" of the 91st Division, singing under the direction of Robert Lloyd, army song leader at Camp Lewis, Washington.



SONGS IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

Under the leadership of George Mitchell these boys in blue are singing "good music" as well as the merely popular.

cated orchestral score and the band of the First Army Headquarters is doing splendid things under his guidance. However, this is what the regiment sang: 'La Marseillaise' (in French as a matter of course); 'The Star-Spangled Banner' (each of these songs repeated from sheer enthusiasm); 'K-K-Katy'; 'Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip'; 'The Long, Long Trail'; 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag'; 'Good-by Broadway, Hello France'; and 'Over There.' Let me say that 'Good-by Broadway, Hello France,' and 'Over There' will never again sound cheap or banal—they became sacred hymns that night."

If the government has thus embodied music for the first time into its official vocabulary, it is for the purely material reason that it has recognized it as an aid in winning the war. Yet music is bound to profit none the less from its new association. Mr. Andrew Simpson Haines, writing in *Etude*, already senses a reaction upon the people:

"The present war has given to America an impulse to sing. Stimulated by gov-



ernment encouragement, thousands of boys in the training camps are heartily voicing a variety of patriotic and home-tic sentiment; in the large cities hundreds of people are awakening to the beauty of our well-known but too frequently neglected folk-songs and national melodies, and are singing them with all the enthusiasm that any new fashion in America generates. Smaller towns in the middle West are frankly competing in the effort to show the greatest attendance at community 'sings.' All America is coming to know the satisfaction that results from enjoying, in cooperation with others, that forgetfulness of trouble and losing of self in whole-souled, earnest singing. And it's a healthy practice—the expression of a valuable democratic, nationalizing force,—a practice which will undoubtedly develop in America, after the war, if not during the war; a heretofore unknown appreciation and love of music. For if a million men are singing to-day, and later find their souls vibrating to the best in life when singing their home songs

in a foreign land, those who return will remember the joy and solace of song when the war ends. Singing as a medium for letting go of pent-up emotion will have become such pleasant recreation that each man will be ready to further the practice in his own community."

That "singing" rather than "listening" is the foundation for a true love of music is now recognized by most musical educators. Yet beyond the recognition of the beauties of our own simple folk-songs this method does not reach. The appreciation of the more advanced forms of "art music" is, however, following close on the heels of this beginning. Not only through the song leaders and bandmasters but also the entertainment committee of the War Council of the Y. M. C. A., the soldiers are being inducted into the mysteries of "classical music." Charles D. Isaacson, of the New York *Globe*,

who has organized concerts at several camps, gives an account of his experience at Camp Dix:

"In the audience, which packed the main auditorium, were men from farms, factories and stores, from little towns and villages—men who had never in their lives before heard one soft phrase of great music played by a great artist. Their musical experience had been confined to phonographs and harmonicas, and most of them have not even these. These men had never before known the pleasure of an evening's entertainment such as they enjoyed during this concert.

"They listened to the strains of the violin playing the graceful 'Spanish Melodies' of Sarasate, and, given the clue to its significance, they were able to interpret and understand it to the fullest extent. They listened to the works of Grieg and of Chopin, and smiled and grew sober and tender in exact accordance with the composer's and the pianist's emotion."

## HOW EXPERIMENTAL THEATERS MAY AVOID THE PITFALLS OF PROFESSIONALISM

**F**UNERAL orations over the financial failure of the Washington Square Players have been delivered by many of the New York dramatic critics.

They point out many of the pitfalls and traps into which unwary dramatic experimentalists may fall. The critics disagree, as usual, concerning the significance and the value of this experimental theater. But certain facts seem evident: the "little theater" should not enter into professional competition with the so-called Broadway theaters. It should remain unorganized, amateur, purely experimental. It should steer clear of the Broadway point of view. It should avoid theatrical "best-sellers." It should not even aim to house itself in a regular theater. It must create its own conventions, the rules of its own game, and attract its own audience, an audience of friends and its own workers. It must not be tainted with commercial aspiration. So much we gather from those wise critics who usually display greater perspicuity in analyzing failure than in interpreting success.

Upon such foundations the Provincetown Players have built up an enviable reputation, if we may believe its interpreters in the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the Boston *Transcript*. Their "Playwrights' Theater remains," according to the *Eagle* critic, "the best and most sincere exponent of the little theater idea in the city." Its directors, we are told, have little money, but that does not bother them. Plays cost them next to nothing to produce, so they can experiment as freely as they wish, and they do so with little prattle in the public

press. Writing in the Boston *Transcript*, Edna Kenton explains the efficiently inefficient workings of this amazing group:

"Made up from the beginning by a group of writers, playwrights, painters,



AN EXPERIMENTAL BERNHARDT

The new theater is discovering histrionic talent in all vocations. Ida Rauh, a star of the Provincetown Players, has been a sculptress, lawyer, poetess and social reformer, and brings keen intelligence to the interpretation of her parts.

poets, producers and actors, they have not perhaps so much by real design as by urge of temperament kept their group very loosely hung together. They have few laws and by-laws. They have a producer to whom goes a larger share of their technical success than most of them

know. But in production and at rehearsals the word of the producer is never law. There is usually present the author, refusing to cut a precious line or rhythm; interested members of the group with ideas of their own to try out in lawless attempts at synthetic production; more than one actor who scorns a suggested gesture as 'unnatural,' and argues 'crosses' until convinced he will be stepped upon if he does not cross out of the way of the oncoming player. Much time is wasted always in the a-b-c of experimentation, because authors, actors, members, amateur electricians and intense scenic and costume designers must prove out the worthlessness of the great idea before it goes into the discard. Time is wasted, and the professional refuses to linger. But the play-spirit has been kept remarkably alive; and the spirit of play and the waste of time seem to have united to keep the Playwrights' Theater a really experimental stage."

The results have been of value. Two of their playwrights, Susan Glaspell and Eugene O'Neill, have been revealed as dramatists of indubitable achievement and fine promise, "whose work has been directly inspired by the existence of such a stage as the Playwrights' Theater. It has also brought out the talent for acting that lies dormant in people of busy professions—lawyers, journalists, artists, writers and cooks. It is a stage that is nothing if not democratic. To follow Miss Kenton:

"Because the Playwrights' Theater is really an experimental theater for, first of all, the production of unproduced plays by experimenting playwrights, it has done less for the development of actors than of playwrights or scenic artists. Given the Players' loose organization and their

## First Aid to the Injured in the Realm of Dramatic Experiment

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almost deliberate resistance against any organization that may snap the spirit of play; with their actors all amateur, and most of them busy people; with only three weeks' interim between bills; with earnest authors collaborating with the producer in the production and inevitably holding it up to a desperate degree; with authors and actors alike untrained in short cuts to ends, the large amount of time wasted in trying out inchoate ideas seldom admits of time enough left to work up finished performances. Some of the very worst acting on any stage has been done on the stage of the Playwrights' Theater—and some of the best. Ida Rauh has been with the Players for two years and has created some notable parts. Susan Glaspell is an instinctive actress and usually plays some part in her own plays. I have seen several productions of 'Suppressed Desires,' and have yet to see a Henrietta as fine as hers. The amateur actors in the Players, with the exception of a small group, come and go, as desire or duty call them. Some of the one-part actors, who never appear again, have done the finest work. So far the Players have not built up anything approaching a playing company. In some ways this is bad; in other ways it is very, very good. In any case it is a state of affairs inseparable from unsalaried players who are in the main busy people."

The audience, necessarily, is patient, sympathetic, benignly ironical. It shifts uncomfortably along the hard bench in front of the little stage (the theater is a parlor floor of an old New York house). "There is no more uncomfortable playhouse in the world to sit in, for the benches are long and narrow and very hard, built in layers, like those under circus tents. They have backs, and this year the backs are inclined, which helps. But at the best they are no more than seats to sit on. Yet the audiences come, seven nights every month, and continue to come—the same audiences. The Players know them, and have them classified like beetles in a case."

There has been no effort to conciliate the press. There is no press agent; yet after three summers in Provincetown, in their "Wharf Theater," and two winter seasons in New York, Miss Kenton claims that the Provincetown Players have proved several things:

"They have proved that a theater can exist in New York without a press agent and without critics. Critics are welcome when they come, but as a class they are not invited and they are on no free list. They have proved that audiences—the

same audiences—can be held by plays not chosen to please an audience but an experimenting group. They have proved—and their manuscript books show it—that plays are being written all over the country—good plays by Americans known and unknown. They may take to themselves the credit of having given the needful impetus to a belated movement here, which has long existed in England, the printing of single plays in inexpensive form. Through the Washington Square Bookshop they have published a dozen or fifteen of the plays they have produced, and this has stimulated the taking over of other one-act plays from other little theaters for publication. They have two indubitable playwrights to their credit and several promising playwrights; they have unearthed several scenic artists of originality and ability and half a dozen fine amateur actors. But their finest achievement is this, that, beginning as a purely experimental theater of amateur playwrights, scenic artists, actors and the like, they have, after two years, which is usually more than time enough to sink amateurism and experimentalism into the sodden ruts of organization, remained an unorganized, amateur and purely experimental theater. It is surely something fine achieved to have given this much of permanency to experiment."

## BATTISTINI—GREATEST OF EUROPE'S VOCAL ARTISTS

AMERICA has never had an opportunity to hear Mattia Battistini, acknowledged to be not only the greatest living baritone but the greatest operatic artist of our time. This is due only to his unconquerable fear of the sea. Small fortunes have been offered to him, by American managers year after year, but the experience of a single trip to London has placed him beyond the power of persuasion. In the meantime his name has become a household word in practically every country of Europe. At sixty-one, according to Dr. O. P. Jacob, a correspondent of *Musical America*, he sings and acts with the freshness and power of a youth in his twenties, while in his make-up he carries out the illusion perfectly. Altho a true baritone, he is said to take a high b-flat with the ease of a tenor, and his repertoire covers all shades of technique and expression. The beauty of his voice is considered to be unmatched in the present generation, his command of the vocal mechanism perfect, and his genius for dramatic interpretation without limitations. Above all he is essentially a musician, for every phrase he sings is delivered with consummate taste and a complete comprehension of its tonal value.

For many years Battistini has appeared as star in the leading opera

houses of Europe—in Rome and Milan, in Paris and Madrid, in Germany and in Russia. In the Balkan capitals, an artists' Eldorado, where salaries approach those paid in Mexico and in



HE SCORNS THE GREAT AMERICAN DOLLAR

Mattia Battistini, the greatest living operatic artist, has never appeared here, because, it is said, he is afraid to cross the ocean.

## Dread of Ocean Travel Has Kept the Nestor of Baritones from Our Shores

South America, he has reaped a fortune.

During the past season he has reappeared in Paris for the first time since the war, and comment on the occasion was widespread. The *Courrier Musical* (Paris) greets him as the "illustrious" baritone, as "the master of tradition," and the "image of art eternally young." Reviewing the revival of Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII.," with Battistini in the title rôle, the critic of that journal points out especially those qualities which escape all but the greatest vocal artists. Aside from perfect technique he credits him with the mastery of the art of exact accentuation—"the proper placing of the 'punctuation' based on a careful study of the musical 'text,' giving every 'verb' its true value, and altogether placing the intellect at the service of the music." According to this writer he overcomes the obstacle of operatic "grandiloquence" through his concern for "truth" rather than for the effect to be gotten by mere sonority. M. Tenroc concludes:

"He achieves, without stress, without affectation, a true lyric declamation, from which he departs only to expend the full resources of color and technique upon melodic passages which require the mechanism of *bel canto*, such as the grand duo [in Henry VIII.], in which the artist fairly brought down the house by the sheer splendor of tone, style and expression."



# MOTION PICTURES

## GIANTS OF THE STAGE ARE PYGMIES ARTISTICALLY ON THE SCREEN

**A**RTISTIC failure on the part of many big dramatic stars as motion-picture actors is a matter of curious fact. Uncomfortable in their new environment, hampered by being compelled to act in competition with the ordinary conditions of life, they miss the illusions of their art, the result being disappointment both to their audiences and themselves. And William A. Brady believes the audiences have a right to be disappointed, because "these really great artists, disfranchized from the quality of their art, are placed in an unfair relation to the public." Long ago, he adds in the *Forum*, the audiences which filled the motion-picture houses began resenting an attempt to displace the real limitations to artistic endeavor and went back more eagerly and heartily to a lot of actors and actresses who could not achieve any distinction in the theater. They have, he maintains, simply been creations of the directors of motion-pictures and "there is scarcely a popular [woman] favorite among them whose voice could penetrate to the third row of the orchestra in a theater."

"It is an obvious question whether these exceptionally successful motion-picture stars have been at all inspirational to any ideals. There are immense audiences

in motion-picture theaters who applaud vigorously, and are made very happy when their popular favorite steps before them on the screen. But they are pleased, I think, in the same ratio of entertainment that used to apply to the days when cigaret pictures of well-known actresses decorated the hall-room of a very young man. The photograph of a very pretty young girl is a popular appeal that can never fail to please. Add to this the pleasure of seeing this young woman pass through a series of crude emotions, and you have supplied the romantic ideals of most people."

On the other hand:

"It is a question whether artists of distinction in the theater have contributed ideal conditions to the screen. There was in the beginning great curiosity to see how they would conduct themselves in silent drama. There was also a very large percentage of the public who had never been able to afford the regular theater prices to see them at all. As a commercial enterprise it was enormously successful; as a contribution to the ideals of motion-pictures it was not so distinguished. The adjustment of the dramatic scenery of well-known plays to the broader scope of the screen made frequent artistic mud-dles of good plays. A play that had told its story in four acts and seven scenes was elaborated to perhaps a hundred and fifty scenes in its motion-picture counterpart. The artistic subtlety, the intimate revelation of character, was entirely lost,

## It Is Not Their Fault So Much as the Fault of the Camera Itself

and in its place the story of the play became either a struggle for good photography or a struggle to transplant it from stage tradition to the open air. . . . As a result, it has been necessary to secure directors for motion-pictures who knew more about the camera than about the artistry of the theater. Their application of photography to the motion-picture drama may have been excellent, but their understanding, their vision of the dramatic opportunity of a scenario, frequently has been far from artistic. While they struggled for good photography, they lost the values of good acting."

What then, asks this producer, who has had experience in both fields, are really the ideals of motion-pictures? He answers:

"Primarily the moving picture should preserve in the continuity of the story the sentiment, the inspiration, the acting beauty of the play. We are approaching better conditions than we have ever had. Nothing is more important to human appreciation of emotion than the sound of the voice, however, and the voicelessness of the moving picture is its chief embarrassment. There is a wireless communication in the tones of the voice of a man or a woman experiencing an emotional crisis that establishes their sincerity to life."

In this respect, of course, the motion-picture is lifeless and its charac-



NO, THIS IS NOT IN SYRIA OR PALESTINE, BUT IS NEAR JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND, U. S. A.

Motion-pictures are ephemeral in more than one way, as witness this scene from the million-dollar production, "Daughter of the Gods." The setting, depicting a Moorish village, was erected especially for the photoplay and afterwards scrapped.



ters can only hope to make an audience forget that it is witnessing a shadowy presentation of human fact. The result is that "the situations are piled one upon the other too rapidly," due to the limitations of the camera. Therefore:

"The ideal motion-picture is the one that deals with a small cast, a slow development of story, many close-ups to convey the inner consciousness of the situations, and a closer attention to the detail of dress, of scenes, of true feeling. The motion-picture actors and actresses are permitted so little opportunity to develop their emotions that it is not their fault. The reason the great stars have failed in the motion-picture plays has been chiefly on this account. They could not adapt themselves to the emotional speed of the picture-camera. With the progress of improved inventions, it is possible that we shall eventually accomplish a more ideal registering of emotions than we have so far been able to make."

Ideal motion-pictures, in other words, do not rely upon great actors or well-written scenarios so much as they depend upon a new mechanism in the camera itself. This well-known producer is hopeful that the inventors are even now working toward a solution of the problem. As to just what form



UNCLE TOM AND LITTLE EVA AS SEEN THROUGH CAMERA EYES  
An ancient cotton packet boat on the lower Mississippi was bought and fitted out to make a Paramount picture, featuring Marguerite Clark in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

the solution will take, he frankly confesses is a conundrum of the workshops. He intimates, however, that it

will consist of giving pictures a quality of depth and expression that is denied them to-day.

## WHY THE FILM DOCTOR IS MORE POWERFUL THAN A RINGMASTER

ONE of the statements most frequently heard concerning motion-picture productions is to the effect that fifteen thousand feet of film are actually consumed in taking a picture which, when finally exhibited, may measure only five thousand feet, or five reels. One hears of forty thousand feet of film being used to obtain an eight or nine-reel photoplay. Upon whom devolves the duty of deciding just what portion of the fifteen or forty thousand feet shall be exhibited and what shall be discarded? It is the film doctor—laboratory superintendent—working in conjunction with the director of the picture in question. Incidentally, he has not been on the spot when a single scene has been taken and he, therefore, does not carry any mental picture of any given scene in his mind. He looks upon each episode as it flashes before him with the cold eye of a critic and judges it solely by its effectiveness on the screen itself.

If Mary Pickford should come running into a scene backwards, or Marguerite Clark were to appear in some ludicrous invented position, such as that of Douglas Fairbanks or a fly walking on the ceiling, and all the furniture in the setting were apparently hanging from the ceiling while a chandelier sprouted from the floor like

a huge mushroom, it would mean, says the *Photo-Play World*, that the film doctor of the Famous Players studio, who presides over the ultimate screen fate of these stars, after the scenario editor and director have done their work, had put a scene into the film upside down or wrong end first.

"For reasons of economy and efficiency, all the action which transpires in any given setting is taken at the same time, regardless of the relative positions of the individual scenes in the final production. Moreover, if any star is to appear in more than one costume in any one set, the scenes which are all in the same costume are taken together, if possible, in order to avoid the loss of time incidental to many changes of dress. It is this fact which led to many amusing inaccuracies on the part of the movies in the early days before a system was perfected for guarding against errors. Frequently, one saw a man start through a door with a hat on his head and appear on the other side of it with bare head, tho he had not had time to remove the hat. Players have started out of a house without any overcoats but, after turning a corner, have been adorned with top coats of the finest texture. Suits have changed color in the twinkling of an eye. The director of to-day has an assistant who tabulates every costume worn by his players, with a record of what articles, if any, they are carrying in their hands in every scene. These scenes are all numbered and a big number is photographed right into the

## Can Make Stars Walk on Their Heads and Do Other Circus Tricks

picture at the end of every scene. When the laboratory receives the negative and develops these strips—there may be fifty or sixty for a five-reel production—the film doctor can tell at a glance just where the particular strip of film he is handling belongs."

It is tedious work, but of foremost importance—that of cutting the film down to its final form and inserting the proper sub-titles. For, we read, it is physically impossible for any director to so gauge his work that the picture, as first linked together, is in its strongest possible form. It is for the film doctor, after threading his way through intricate mazes in joining several thousand feet of film, to revise the entire picture to a point where it shall have attained the height of dramatic effectiveness.

"When he has developed the negative, he must determine just how the best results can be obtained in printing each individual strip, for despite the use of an almost constant voltage in the photographing of scenes in the studio, every scene taken out-of-doors is subject to the infinite varieties of sunlight and cloudiness. Even the position of the sun plays an important part in the result obtained on the screen. Aside from the very complex matter of black and white printing, the film doctor must tint many of his scenes various hues. Night scenes must be bathed in blue, firelight scenes in red and sometimes a golden tint can be imparted to sunset and sunrise scenes. The

chemical and technical knowledge involved in these various processes must all be at the finger-tips of the laboratory superintendent, for they all fall within his province."

## WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE IN MAKING THE MOVIES MOVE

**T**HINK of a motion-picture player who never complains about his or her part, never tries to monopolize a scene, never has a burning desire for publicity and, instead of demanding an enormous salary, works for nothing! It sounds improbable, but Chicago has a company of such players of whom much is expected in the near future. They are dolls—protégés of Howard S. Moss, a Chicago director—and the first of a series of pictorial pantomimes in which they are the stars is soon to be released. Their novel movie studio, writes Robert H. Moulton in *Everybody's*, looks more like the toy-shop of Santa Claus than anything else. Probably never before has there been in one place such a marvelous collection of dolls, toys and miniature stage-settings. All of them are made to order, for they must of necessity be of the finest construction, with a great many joints. They have real hair and have wardrobes that cost scads of money and, above all, they look and act like human beings. Of course, all the acting is done with the aid of the director and his assistants, but:

"Just imagine moving Bobby Doll's head some thirty or forty times, a fraction of an inch at a time, when it is designed that he shall nod in acquiescence to Agnes Doll's request for an ice-cream soda, at the same time making a single picture between the movements, and being very, very careful to see that the whole action is performed naturally. That is exactly how the whole thing is done; but it isn't as easy by many miles as it sounds. Furthermore, it can not be done at all without months and years of preliminary experimenting, and that is why it requires a sort of monumental patience. Every time one of the dolls is put through a movement, it means that

In short, there are so many queer things that a film doctor could do to a picture if he were eccentric or absent-minded that it is most fortunate

for everybody concerned that this obscure, unadvertized official is, like a circus ringmaster, a very businesslike individual and not a practical joker.

## Chicago Has a Studio Literally Filled With Tiny Tads in Toyland

three-quarters of an hour, and as no well-regulated flesh-and-blood actor could conveniently keep his feet still that long, it was necessary to nail the pseudo watchman's shoes to the floor. Sometimes, too, the real actors must move about at the same time with the dolls, and then the difficult problem of synchronism enters into the matter."

While all this may sound mechanical enough, the effect when the scene is projected on the screen is marvelously realistic, we are told. There is nothing whatever to show that the puppets are supported by anything—pins and invisible wires being some of the props used—and a scene that may take half an hour to photograph is usually projected in a few seconds. Six months of highly-concentrated effort were required to produce the initial five-reel picture.



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AN ACTUAL FRONT LINE TRENCH BEING HELD BY THE AMERICAN FORCES  
IN PICARDY

In "Pershing's Crusaders" are bona-fide pictures that tell at a glance what "our boys" are doing a few hundred yards away from the similarly entrenched Huns.

## LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.** Paramount, 5 reels: Marguerite Clark accomplishes a novelty in playing both Little Eva and Topsy in this effective interpretation of the famous story by Harriet Beecher Stowe. The picture faithfully follows the original story, even in detail, and it is of interest to note that Frank Losee, as Uncle Tom, played Simon Legree in the first stage play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced.

**RESURRECTION.** Famous Players-Paramount, 5 reels: This adaptation of Tolstoy's great novel follows the original with remarkable fidelity and affords Pauline Frederick,

as Katusha, an opportunity to do perhaps the best work of her screen career. The exposé of Russian court life before the revolution is subordinated to the immediate tragic fortunes of the heroine as shown in a series of melodramatic scenes which at times reach artistic heights.

**PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.** First Nat'l Exhib. Circuit, 6 reels: Made famous in this country and England by the acting of Forbes-Robertson, Jerome K. Jerome's stage play is repeating its success on the screen. Forbes-Robertson plays his original part of the Stranger with some-

what less effectiveness, insofar as the acting on the screen is silent and his chief asset in the stage play was his expressive voice.

**A DOLL'S HOUSE.** Arctcraft, 5 reels: Among all versions of the Ibsen drama which have appeared on the screen none seems to approach more nearly the Ibsen idea than this in which Elsie Ferguson interprets the character of Nora. It becomes merely historical, however, in depicting a social condition which no longer exists, and its theme, which would be powerful if advanced to present-day ideals, loses vigor to exactly that extent, on the screen.

# SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

## SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT AMONG SCIENTISTS

NEVER in the history of the sciences have so many departments of research been so crowded with quacks and the incompetents as now, according to discussions appearing of late in papers like *London Nature*, the *London Lancet*, *New York Science* and their contemporaries. The reason for this state of affairs has been discussed by experts of established reputation in important lay periodicals, the evil itself being generally admitted. The evil, according to a recent utterance on the subject in *The Scientific Monthly*, will grow greater before it is remedied. The Anglo-Saxon world is the worst off, owing to the disorganized state of the sciences there as compared with what we see in the Latin world and in Germany. Ignorant biologists speak with the voice of authority. Quack chemists rise to renown. Incompetent physicists air their imbecilities as if they had a right to be heard. In all directions the voice of the charlatan rises in volume, now with a theory first propounded in the eighteenth century, again with an obvious absurdity about radium, or, it may be, with a report of some preposterous experiment unverified and inconclusive. Medical practitioners reap fortunes by stealing ideas from obscure specialists and misapplying them with disastrous results. How such an evil as this could attain its present proportions is a great mystery to the layman who hears of it for the first time, declares Professor F. W. Twort in *The National Review* (London), and in order to throw some light upon the subject he explains one important point. It is necessary to consider the different classes of workers that are encountered in science, for here is the root of the evil. This aspect of the subject has received very little attention and is but vaguely understood by the unscientific. Nevertheless, it is essential to know this detail before acquiring an appreciation of the causes of the triumphs achieved by incompetent scientists to-day.

Scientific workers, then, may be divided into different classes. Of these there are five that may be fairly well defined: The first, which will be called class A, is small but very important. It contains first-rate men who possess special qualities. The first of these

qualities is a knowledge of their subject, which enables them to do ordinary routine work; the second of these qualities is a knowledge of research work or the methods that are employed when attempting to gain fresh knowledge; and the third consists of originality or the ability to strike out on entirely new lines of thought and make distinct discoveries.

In a different category belongs class B. This B class contains men who are efficient in every way except that they lack originality. Men of this class are not suitable for the direction of any big piece of research work that requires real originality. They are, however, able to assist class A in working out their original ideas. They also make good teachers, they can carry on any routine work and they are able to do systematic investigations in their particular specialty. In fact, they form a very useful and important body of workers. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that most German specialists in science belong to this type.

The next three classes are troublesome:

"Class C contains men who possess a text-book knowledge of their subject, but lack the necessary training to do research work, and have little or no originality. Men of this group make imperfect teachers because they are unfamiliar with all the intricate problems connected with research work; but they are able to carry out any routine work that does not involve research. The fourth class, or class D, consists of men who have a knowledge of their subject but have received no proper training in research, altho they may possess, or fancy they possess, originality. This is a very dangerous group, for altho men of this class lack the necessary training, they nevertheless attempt to make profound discoveries and nearly always drop into some pitfall or fail to interpret their results correctly. These men grow the viruses of vaccinia and smallpox in broth, they cultivate the microbe of rheumatism and discover the cause of cancer, and, moreover, may even advocate such things as violet-leaves as a cure. Of course such men cannot impose upon their more efficient colleagues, but they are capable of impressing all who are not experts in the subject, and so gain a reputation which they do not deserve and a power and influence which is contrary to the interests of science. The fifth class of worker, or class E, contains men who have had no proper training at all. They possess

## How the Second-Rate Biologist, the Incompetent Chemist and the Ignorant Physicist Rise to Greatness

none of the special qualities mentioned, and are only capable of impressing those who are quite ignorant of the subject, such as politicians and most other public men. These, then, are the main divisions into which scientific workers may be grouped. A man is usually correctly placed by the leading men of his science, but it is not surprising that he is often quite incorrectly grouped by the rest of the world. This is a very important point, as the unscientific in this country so often act as judges and are in a position to bring the wrong work and the wrong men to the fore, to the extreme detriment of science. Unfortunately, classes C and D are comparatively large, and both contain men who are incompletely trained, and these men are responsible for lowering the standard of science."

It should be observed by the layman that it is those who utilize discoveries for purposes of exploitation rather than those who make discoveries who come to the fore as "scientists" in the Anglo-Saxon world. An example is afforded by the state of medicine, where consulting physicians build up great reputations by treating the public according to discoveries made by the exertions and the intellect of an obscure and ill-paid biologist of genius. Again, in the field of chemistry a pioneer discovery is sometimes made by a worker of whom the laymen have never heard, whereas the exploiter of the discovery is hailed by the public as the genius. This evil has attained proportions so great as to constitute a threat to the progress of science as a whole by bringing industrialists into such departments as chemistry. These industrialists have no interest in science as such. They are interested only in discoveries that can be exploited. The result is that the very principle upon which discovery alone can be made is violated and research grows sterile. A little-known aspect of this evil is dealt with at some length in *The Scientific Monthly* by Professor William Allen Hamor of the University of Pittsburgh. From all our prominent institutions of learning, he complains, the combined lure of research opportunities and of much larger financial returns has taken from academic life many of the promising young men on whom the country has been depending for the filling of university chairs



as the older men now holding them gradually age and retire. Unless prompt measures are taken there will result in a few years such a dearth of first-class tried material for professorships that second-rate men will be placed where the national welfare needs the best and third-rate and fourth-rate men will be occupying positions wherein there should be young men of the highest promise in the period during which they are reaching full maturity. The evil can be corrected only when it is understood that discoveries susceptible of exploitation are by-products of pure science. A discovery out of which millions in money can be made seems to the lay-

man important, whereas it may be but a by-product of research in pure science. Instead of encouraging pure science, however, the exploiter urges discoveries out of which money can be made and thus defeats his own object by filling the world of science with second-rate specialists, incompetents and quacks. Perhaps the "pure" scientists are in part to blame:

"Pure research, the morning dream of the scientist, has been referred to as the region of the scientific sublime; for, high and clear above all the necessary but prosaic activities of technology, far removed from the pettier aims of mere financial betterment, investigational accomplishment in pure science may be said

to point one way to a goal of academic loftiness. Indeed, in the past those devoted to pure research encouraged the impression that pure science, 'a sort of preserve for intellectual sportsmen,' was esoteric and distinctly apart from the ordinary affairs of life, and made no effort to disclaim the implication that pure scientists necessarily brought to their inquiries a higher and subtler intellect than those who were engaged in applying science to the needs of the community.

"This adopted aloofness and lack of sympathy with respect to municipal and industrial practice have undoubtedly been prominent in retarding the solution of a number of the great problems of both chemical and mechanical technology, and have, moreover, acted as a barrier to needed cooperative effort."

## PHYSIOLOGY OF FOOLISH CONDUCT

THE functions of the higher nervous centers in man may for all practical purposes be divided into two groups.

These are the intellectual and the affective. The functions of these two departments of the mind are executed by a great number of systems of neurones in each department. It can therefore be inferred that intellectual activity and emotional activity are both exceedingly complex processes. From a close observation of many cases it appears to Doctor M. G. Schlapp, professor of neuropathology at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, who writes in *The Medical Record*, that either the intellectual or the affective side may be disturbed independently of the other. The disturbance may be expressed by over-activity or under-activity. Again, both the intellectual and the affective sides may be simultaneously disturbed in the same individual. In other words, when the intellectual side is seriously affected so that its functions are not normally executed, we may have an intellectual deficiency without affective disturbance. On the other hand an affective—what doctors call psychopathic—disturbance may be present without intellectual deficiency. Both these groups are, however, classed as mental deficiency.

The intellectual centers may be disturbed in three ways: First of all the brain may not be normally developed and those neurones which are concerned with the intellectual processes may be deficient in number. This is formative disturbance. In the second place, the intellectual centers may be unable to function normally because those cells or some of the cells have been injured by some process of destruction. This is the so-called "trau-

matic" type. Finally, the neurones may be present in sufficient quantity and anatomically normally arranged and yet be incapable of functioning in a normal manner because the threshold of functional activity has been raised so high that the neurones can not respond to stimulation.

The affective side of the mind may be disturbed in the same manner. Those centers which are concerned with the affective mentality may not be normally developed. This a formative disturbance. Those neurones which function for the affective side of the mind may have been injured or destroyed. Again, the neurones may be functioning excessively or deficiently because of the lowering or raising of the threshold of functional activity of the various neurone systems of this group.

"Many individuals suffer with emotional instability (a disturbance of the affective side of the mind) because the threshold of functional activity of many of the neurones of this group has been lowered to such an extent that it is on the 'hair trigger.' The emotional make-up of such individuals is temporarily (or permanently) in a state of chaos; under the influence of appropriate stimuli, which are insignificant to the normal person, they will cry out, fly into a fit of temper, commit unprovoked assault, and, altho intellectually conscious of the folly of their acts, are totally unable to control these psychic discharges.

"On the other hand, many persons are almost entirely devoid of emotion; they display no love, pity, grief, or joy. The thresholds of these specific neurone systems are so high in these individuals that they cannot be emotionally aroused—the whole mentality is occupied by the ego.

"In this group of cases with affective disturbances are found most of the criminal types—individuals whose mental make-up is disturbed in one of its many

## Why Some of Us Fly into Tempers while Others Never Show Pity, Grief or Joy

aspects, e. g., the sex pervert, the kleptomaniac (in many instances), the person who, in an uncontrollable fit of temper, commits some act of violence toward another, and many other instances which limited space will not allow the writer to enumerate.

"These two departments of the mind present no sharp line of demarcation. There may be an equal disturbance of the intellectual and affective departments, or the intellectual disturbances may be greater than that of the affective, or *vice versa*, while in still other cases one department may be normal and the other absolutely defective."

Our knowledge concerning stimulation and inhibition of the life processes in the animal and vegetable kingdom is still very limited. All efforts directed at the solution of the problem of mental deficiency must ultimately converge upon these questions:

"What are the factors which stimulate the formative process to activity during a certain period of an individual's life (from the conception of the ovum to the period of maturity)?"

"What are the factors which may inhibit this process during the growth period (pathologically) and do inhibit this process after that period normally? Why does the physical growth of an individual cease, after maturity, in nearly every other department of his economy and yet persist with unremitting vigor throughout life in the hematogenous [blood-forming] organs; what determines this selectivity?"

"What are the factors which keep the 'threshold of functional activity' of a living cell at a constant norm so that this cell will respond normally to external stimulation? And, on the other hand, what are the factors which may raise or lower the threshold of functional activity of cells?"

"The present state of our knowledge is insufficient for a definite solution of these intricate problems."

## THE MOST BAFFLING FACT OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE

**W**HATEVER kinds of life may have originated on the planet Mars and other bodies in our solar system, the kind we observe on earth is so closely and so intimately interwoven with the peculiar local conditions of our planet that we are forced to believe it originated here. This point was impressed by the famous American scientist, Henry Fairfield Osborn, upon the New York Academy of Medicine recently when he dealt with the origin and nature of what is called "life." Life, affirmed Doctor Osborn, did not, according to the available evidence, come from afar through space, a point regarding which he takes issue, apparently, with the distinguished Arrhenius. All the earliest efforts and trials of life, vestiges of which still survive among the existing nomads or bacteria, point to the origin of our kind of life on our own planet, not in the primordial ocean which was fresh water but in shallow continental pools or moist earths. From geologic or chemical evidence we judge our planet may have been ready for this momentous event between ninety and a hundred million years ago, altho there are advocates of much greater as well as of less antiquity.

A theory that the explanation of life should be sought in the physical and chemical terms of motion and matter was avoided for long as pure materialism. There was a battle royal over materialism in the scientific world not many years ago. The more modern term, in contrast to vitalism, is mechanism; but in Dr. Osborn's opinion ideas of mechanism no less than of materialism should be abandoned because these are words borrowed from other sources which do not in the least convey the impression which the activities of life make upon us. This impression is not that of matter nor of a machine but of a limitless and well-ordered energy which is even more perfectly regulated in the living than in the lifeless world. For it is an energy unceasingly fitted and adapted to new conditions. If we must have a physical term, let it be "energistic." Doctor Osborn, whose paper appears in the *New York Evening Post*, amplifies:

"In respect of order and law, both the lower and the higher forms of the activities of life, as we see them to-day, give a very rough jolt to the pure Darwinian hypothesis, when applied to life, namely, that life originated through the survival of the fittest out of a number of trials and combinations. This theory of fortuity, like the theory of vitalism, dies hard, for we find it voiced by such ad-

vanced and highly expert mechanists as Jacques Loeb. Protoplasm is perfectly adjusted, even in its simplest existing forms, as seen among the prototrophic bacteria, which are able to feed directly upon lifeless chemical compounds and are just within the limits of vision under the high powers of the microscope. These nomads are none the less highly and perfectly organized to derive their protein food-supply from the nitrogen of ammonia compounds, and their carbon from the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere. Moreover, the visible structure of the simplest forms of life, as shown by optical and chemical technique unknown to Huxley, is the revelation of a well-ordered cosmos in which from a very early stage, if not from the very beginning, matter is divided into two kinds, namely, the protoplasm, the seat of all bodily growth and activity, and the chromatin, the seat of heredity. In protoplasm the molecular activities of the older chemistry are chiefly displayed; in the chromatin we may think in the terms of the infinitely more minute atoms and even electrons of modern physical chemistry. In other words, while the existing higher forms of life are to be studied as biologic phenomena, the origin of life must be sought in terms of chemistry and physics, of matter and motion."

The first step in this direction was that of Lavoisier in demonstrating that sunshine, combining solar light and heat, is a perpetual source of living energy, showing that what had previously been regarded as a special vital force in the life of plants is an adaptation of physico-chemical forces. This pioneer discovery has led to the interpretation of most of the phenomena of life as chemical processes operating under the physical laws of energy. In the bodies of plants and animals, in the organism itself, we have made great advances in the energy conception. We perceive

## We May Have to Give Up Matter and Form Conceptions or Be Unscientific

that the earliest adaptations we know of are especially designed for the capture and storage of energy. Energy appears to be the chief end of life. Form is relatively simple. In fact, the lowest organisms seem to be almost formless, while energy is everything.

"These experiments and discoveries, however, apply only to the protoplasm. They have not extended either to the structure or to the evolution of the most complex chromatin, the germ, the seat of heredity. While the chemistry and physics of the body are relatively understood, and while the evolution of the outward and visible form of the body has been traced with a marvelous degree of com-



THE PALEONTOLOGIST

Henry Fairfield Osborn is said to know prehistoric man as intimately as if he had lived with him and to have acquirements that would render him at home and at ease in the primeval forests through which roamed the mammoth, the dinosaur and the pterodactyl.



pleteness, the germ evolution is still the most incomprehensible phenomenon which has yet been discovered in the universe, for the greater part of what we see in animal and plant forms is only the visible expression of the invisible evolution of the germ.

"Here it appears that we must abandon the matter and form conceptions which have prevailed among naturalists for over a century, and even the purely

chemical conceptions which have developed since the time of the initial steps toward an energy conception of evolution and an energy conception of heredity; in other words, we must think in terms of motion of some kind of electricity, of radiant energy, perhaps of some form of energy peculiar to life, rather than of matter and form.

"This energistic idea is embodied in what is termed the theory of action, re-

action, and interaction of energy, not in any sense an explanation, but a way of thinking which may lead us out of the *impasse* to which the way of thinking of all the great naturalists, from Buffon to De Vries, has brought us. For it is generally agreed among biologists that, while we more or less clearly understand the *how* of evolution, we are still far away from the *why* of evolution, from its causes."

## EFFICIENCY POINTS OF AMERICA'S NEW MACHINE GUN

**T**O the tests held by a board of ordnance officers at Springfield a little over a year ago there came John M. Browning and his brother Sam with a new water-cooled machine gun. They had also a new air-cooled automatic rifle, merely a still lighter machine gun but adapted to the use of the front wave of infantry as the French Chauchat is used by the French poilus. The army, after the tests at Texas City in 1914, had adopted the light Vickers rifle in place of the Benet Mercie, and its manufacture had started on a small scale. But the great war had shown that the light Vickers, weighing thirty-eight pounds for gun alone and seventy-five pounds for gun and tripod, was not enough. The explanation is given in *National Service* by the distinguished ordnance expert Edward C. Crossman. There had to be, he writes, guns which could be easily carried, easily moved out of bombproof in the short time between lifting of barrage and arrival of the attacking infantry. There must be guns still lighter, less than twenty pounds in weight, to be carried by the front wave of the infantry, to be hastily set up in shell-holes in case the resistance proved stiffer than was expected, to spray the opposing trench to keep down the enemy infantry between the time of the lifting of the barrage and the arrival of our own troops at the enemy trench when we are on the offensive:

"Browning's brother, the mechanic of the family, had worked out a rough model of the great machine gun, and another member of the family had taken it down to the Colt plant, where it was built in regular fashion on the Colt tools: Before it left the Colt plant for the test the great gun had fired 20,000 shots!

"When it got to the test it fired 20,000 shots more, with just two jams! One of them was due to a cartridge with a faulty bullet, refusing to feed into the chamber. The other was a cartridge with no vent between flash-hole of primer and the powder charge.

"No Lewis ever equaled this record—neither did any other machine gun.

"This, the latest child of Browning's brain, was a water-cooled gun, but, unlike most water-cooled guns, it weighed

no more than did the air-cooled and ergo quickly-heating Lewis. The 'heavy' Browning weighs 25 pounds, water jackets and all, and is a belt-feed gun, like the old Colt, and like the Vickers and Maxim, in which the cartridges are carried in woven belts not unlike waist-cartridge belts, but holding 250 rounds."

The light Browning, the automatic rifle, the missing link between infantry rifle and true machine gun, weighs but fifteen pounds and is the lightest weapon of the sort ever turned out. The Chauchat weighs nineteen pounds.

"This is a gas-operated gun, while the heavier Browning is recoil-operated. It is fed by a detachable magazine of 20 shots, and it is air-cooled. According to the position of an indicator, it can be fired either one shot for each pull of the trigger like the ordinary auto-loading rifle, or else automatic fire like a machine gun—in which case it empties its 20-shot magazine in just two seconds!

"This high rate of fire, however, according to the French machine-gun expert, a lieutenant sent over to instruct our troops, is too high, and must be slowed, merely because the gun will empty itself without giving the soldier a chance to rectify his error in pointing. The Chauchat fires but 150 shots per minute. Altering this is merely a matter of changing gas-vent size, and possibly tension of retractor-spring."

No other machine gun ever submitted to a board of our officers passed the tests with such success as that achieved by the new Browning. Our board asked Browning to redesign the heavier gun for air-cooling for aeroplane work—the constant flow of cool air in the moving plane making the air-cooled gun entirely practical where it might not be practical on land. This also was adopted by our Government.

"The heavier gun ejects through the bottom of the receiver, doing away with the danger of shells striking an adjacent man or getting mixed up in the machinery of the airplane. It can be dismounted and assembled—for cleaning or reducing the inevitable jams of human-made ammunition—in less than two minutes without tools other than a cartridge.

"The automatic rifle is made with a wooden stock like an ordinary rifle and can be fired from the shoulder. The cartridges are carried in a detachable box magazine.

## What It May Do at the Front Compared with the French Machine Gun

"After the details had been worked out, orders were given to the practically Government-controlled plants of Winchester and Remington and Colt and Marlin factories to make this gun and make it in a blame big hurry and make a lot of it. So work commenced on the necessary tools just as work would have commenced on the tools for the Lewis in case we'd adopted that gun and ordered a few hundred thousand. And so, with the flow just started, but in ample time for real use in Europe, the highly-informed specialists writing for the public prints rave about the nine Browning guns as yet in existence—fondly thinking, probably, that machine guns and rifles are made as the carpenter makes a chair—one at a time, by the aid of a set of carpenter tools instead of by the aid of wonderful jigs and gauges and millers and profilers and things that go madly round and round and back and forth, and grind out machine guns—when they are finally set to run—as a rolling mill turns out rails."

The delay in making guns is not, paradoxically, in the making of them. It is in getting the tools ready. When at last we were ready it was almost as easy to make five hundred as to make five. The M 1917 rifle (army) was adopted in May, 1917, but altho the tools were mostly already in the plants manufacture could not be started until July. We are now making fifteen thousand a day:

"The new Browning guns will be familiar figures before things are over. Compared to the French Chauchat, used in our cantonments for training our machine-gun detachments, the Browning gun is the Colt pistol compared to the thing little Willy uses on the glorious Fourth for shooting paper caps.

"Efficient tho it may be in the hands of our gallant allies, the French Chauchat automatic rifle is the clumsiest and the crudest and the most sensitive weapon I have ever seen adapted to the art of war. Operating by recoil in practically the same fashion as the Browning-Remington self-loading rifle, this one differs from the Remington in that if you don't hold it firmly against recoil, it won't work. Instead of the recoiling parts recoiling far enough to complete the action, they merely push back the gun in your grasp. I tried a dozen times to get them to fire more than one shot when using it from the hip as the Frenchmen do, merely because I didn't hold it firmly enough under my arm."



## MYSTERY OF THE GREAT DRAGON OF GUATEMALA

**L**ORD KELVIN had an idea that one of the greatest of the sciences must have perished, got lost, in the period of the Arab invasion of Europe. Just as there are lost arts so there are lost sciences. One of these has to do with the building of the pyramids. Another relates to ship-building. The only works dealing with the mysteries were in the Alexandrian library and they all perished. Yet there is a mystery infinitely greater than even these—the mystery of the dragon of Quirigua, in Guatemala. What kind of engineering could it have been that achieved such great triumphs over nature? The technical history of the great stone in Central America begins with its removal from the quarry and its transportation to the present site. It is quite impossible to say whether the removal was by land or by water. If by land, a road had to be constructed over ground now rough, now yielding and unstable, and a great force of men with rollers and ropes would be required. If by water, a broad and deep canal had to be dug, and a raft of great proportions constructed and launched to sustain the immense weight.

The designing and carving of the

monument, says Professor W. H. Holmes (of the Department of Anthropology at the National Museum, in a report to the Smithsonian Institution), the methods and means employed in creating the great dragon, are matters of great scientific interest on which we have but meager light. It was not a task within the capacity of an uncultured people. The complicated conception had to be clearly in mind, the design had to be worked out in minute detail, and the application of the drawings to the irregular rounded surface of the stone was a matter of no little difficulty. As a preliminary step the shape of the stone had to be modified to suit the purpose, the surface smoothed before the outlines could be applied in pigment, and the many features adjusted to their several places preparatory to the beginning of the sculptor's work:

"The execution of the work is a deep mystery and its successful completion a great marvel. A lump of coarse sandstone—according to Maudslay 'a breccia composed of feldspar, mica, and quartz, very absorbent, and weighing about 130 pounds to the cubic foot'—had to be attacked with tools the nature of which remains to-day a matter of conjecture.

It is generally believed that these people were without hard metal tools, and altho stone tools were probably equal to the task, few traces of such tools applicable to the purpose have been found. We thus pause before a second mystery, for had stone tools been used in the arduous and prolonged task of crumbling with pick and hammer and smoothing by abraders, they would still exist and ought to be found frequently in the work of clearing and excavation, for it seems highly probable that the carving of the various monuments was carried on not only on the spot where they now stand but after final placement upon their foundations. If bronze were used, it may have disappeared by decay. However, there are no traces of the use of this metal in any form and no documentary testimony supporting the hypothesis of its use by the Mayan peoples. . . .

## Modern Engineering Outdone by a Feat More Tremendous than the Pyramids

"The design is adjusted perfectly to the shape of the stone, and there is no suggestion of incompetence on the part of the sculptor and no indication of the lack of effectiveness on the part of the implements used. The forms, shallow or deep, simple or complex, are all carved with equal directness and vigor. The chisel may not have accomplished all that the conception required, for ideals may rise entirely above the capacity of material embodiment, but there is no suggestion of hesitation or inefficiency in the completed work."

The date inscribed in hieroglyphic characters on this monument occurs on the left shoulder of the southern front and seems to correspond with the year 525 of the Christian era. Certain groups of the Maya race, including the people of Quirigua, had made such advances in culture as to justify the claim that they had attained the state known as civilization. Glyphic writing was well known and well advanced, and students are pretty well agreed that a phonetic method of writing or of record, the achievement which best marks the close of the barbarian and the beginning of the civilized state, was an accomplished fact—not the perfected representation of elementary sounds, perhaps, but rather symbols for words and syllables. In many of the arts as well as the sciences the Maya had made remarkable progress—in architecture, sculpture, pottery, textiles, metallurgy, they could compare favorably with the several countries of central Europe at corresponding periods down to the year A. D. 525.

"The great stone structures of Quirigua crumbled beneath the attacks of destructive climatic agencies, aided possibly by earthquakes and other natural forces, and were deserted by an impoverished and disheartened people; and it was not long before the shattered walls were deeply buried beneath their own debris and covered by the quick-growing tropical vegetation. The monolithic sculptures scattered about the courts and plazas remained entirely hidden from view by the thick veil that nature had spread over them. To-day all are brought to light again and stand exposed in the open, the delight of students and the marvel of the visiting world. In this condition they are unfortunately subject to the attacks of wind and rain, the wear by repeated cleaning, and injury by vandal hands. Nature, after disaster had fallen upon the city, spread over the ruins a mantle of protection, but to-day the explorer has exposed them to further ruin. No wall, howsoever strong, will stand exposure in the open in this climate for a single generation. The restored walls of the principal building of Quirigua, from 4 to 6 feet in thickness and not exceeding 12 feet in height, laid up in 1910 with Port-



HOW DID THEY DO IT?

This is a sculptured human figure seven feet high seated in the mouth of the great dragon of Guatemala and made so many centuries ago that it suggests an astonishing period in point of antiquity for the civilization of this continent.

land cement, are to-day in a state of ruin as complete as the original walls were when first brought to light by the School of American Archeology. In this state they are ready to welcome, as did the original ruins a thousand or more years ago, the quick-growing veil of vegetation.

"The question of the future of these monuments thus becomes a matter of interest to the whole civilized world. So precious are they to history and science and so valuable as a material asset to the

people of Guatemala that steps will certainly be taken to shelter them from the dangers with which they are beset. Is it better, then, considering impending obliteration, that they should have remained forever entombed in the forest? Certainly not, for the stage of civilization has now arrived in which the historic value of such monuments is appreciated, and their story, so far as archeological science can reveal it, will soon be written into the literature of the world."

The mass of prehistoric monuments in this field is so great that when the excavations are completed the world will have the most sensational archaeological find in human annals. Savants of judgment have said this before now. Central America was the seat of a civilization more advanced than that of the Incas and of an art comparable with that of the Chinese in their great days.

## A STUDY OF WOMEN AS INVENTORS

NOT long ago the insignia of the British Empire were conferred on a woman for an invention which, declares *London Engineering*, required exceptional courage and self-sacrifice. The official account said no more. Has the war, asks our contemporary, which caused women by the thousands to flock into industry and there to grow familiar with engineering, led to an increase of the inventive faculty among them? Before the war woman's most successful invention was the curved hairpin with turned-up ends. It was patented by a woman who studied the shapes of fifty human skulls at the Royal College of Surgeons before she hit upon the proper scientific curve. Since the war there have been Miss Hallé's papier-mâché splints and surgical appliances. Last year a nurse in Devonshire took out a patent for exercising the limbs of wounded soldiers. A collapsible stretcher has been invented by a woman. The British patent office compiles no classification of women inventors. It merely enumerates applications from women and puts the result in the general report. Thus for the three and a half years since the war there were 268 applications for patents from women inventors in 1915, 238 in 1916, 253 in 1917 and about a third of the latter number for the two months of the present year covered by the statistics. These figures show a slight tendency to a decrease but applications to the patent office from male inventors have decreased steadily, since many of them are war devices to meet war needs and are therefore submitted directly to other bodies.

"Nothing very striking, no startling new war device, has been invented by a woman. There is nothing wonderfully new even in woman's own sphere, the domestic. Nevertheless, fully half of the 54 are mechanical contrivances, from an electrically operated police alarm to an automatic wool-winder. A man's name also figures in the specification for this latter; one suspects that he was used as a human wool-winder till in desperation he devised a machine. There are only

three other patents taken out jointly with men, and they are for hinged splints, improvements in wall boxes for electrical switches, a method of keeping glass motor screens clear of raindrops, and an apparatus for the conveyance of cotton and wool waste from the washers to the bleaching-boxes. Women's other mechanical inventions include a self-threading needle for a sewing machine, a portable electric heater, a vacuum hair-cleaner, a milk-sterilizer, an improved method of spraying paint, and a new form of coiled telephone apparatus."

On the domestic side, a rack for drying cups and glasses instead of only plates has been invented by a book-keeper. Another domestic invention is a draining-appliance fixed to the boiler to save the labor of wringing out clothes. A simpler article is a washing-board corrugated on one side and plain on the other. Dressmaking appliances account for three of these fifty-four patents, food-preserving apparatus for two and musical instruments for one.

"Perhaps the most fashionable feminine invention is an improved fork for digging potatoes, with which one is warrant-

ed to do more work than one's neighbor. The nursery inspires many patents—one is a movable seat which folds under a perambulator when not in use, and is extended by bars pivotally connected in the manner of lazy tongs. A protective railing to a baby's swing-cot is the work of an ingenious mother. Eight patents for toys form a fraction over a seventh of the total. One woman, by profession described as a physicist, has patented two different kinds of dolls, one such as can be 'elongated and telescoped' by means of a string, the other a doll with two or three pairs of eyes, which can be made to roll round and squint and change color. Another toy is a humming top made in the form of a Prussian officer, who invariably falls on his face and bites the dust when he has finished his spin and his song.

"It remains to be seen whether inventive faculty among women will increase with their opportunities for engineering and mechanical pursuits. We have had new dishes; new 'national' dresses, with saving of material and labor, are already being worn; but new devices for every possible kind of labor-saving are needed more than ever not only at home but in industry, and women should set their wits to work."

## British Experience Suggests Possibilities that Have Been Overlooked



IT DID NOT BREAK EVEN IF IT DROPPED

They carried it a long distance, too, those wonderful Guatemalans of long ago. It is the south front of the great dragon, showing the mask of the long-nosed god, surrounded by glyphic inscriptions.



## EXPLORING THE FIELD OF SUGGESTION

**A**N eminent physician in a large military hospital presides over what is probably the most remarkable ward in existence. The statement is made in the London *National Review* by Doctor Alan Raleigh, who notes that "no strident gramophone" produces in this remarkable place any sound at all. No bright flowers decorate the ward. No cheerful nurses bustle about the beds. Instead of all this, there is an atmosphere of perfect and lasting peace and a dim religious silence that soothes and pacifies the mind.

"The beds on which the inmates recline are screened like those in the cooling-room of a Turkish bath. The officers and orderlies when they converse speak in whispers, and the light that filters through the crimson-shaded blinds is like the aftermath of a tropical sunset. The silence and the color create an atmosphere of perfect restfulness that is a part of the plan of treatment. At times, however, the silence is gently broken by the sound of men walking slowly in slippers feet. These men are patients, and the remarkable thing about them is that they are *fast asleep*. They are undergoing 'suggestion' treatment, and they have been hypnotized into this condition of sleep by my colleague. Speak to them and they will not answer; shout in their ears, even shake them violently, and they still remain obstinately silent and asleep. No power of yours can awaken them without my colleague's permission, for they are under the supreme control of his brain. Thrust a needle through their arms and they will experience no sensation of pain whatever. Yet what is even more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that at one single word from the physician a limb will become as rigid as a bar of steel, so rigid that no physical effort of yours can bend it. But at another word from the physician it falls limp and flaccid to the side. The chain that binds physician and patient so that they form one being, tho composed of a subtle, intangible, imperceptible force, is complete and unbreakable."

What is the essence of this remarkable force? Doctor Alan Raleigh answers the question by homely illustration and in the simplest language:

"Every one must be aware of the fact that he is continually influenced in his thought and action by others, and that some men possess a greater influence over him than others. We call that power 'personality,' and men who possess it in high degree are said to have a magnetic personality. Napoleon, for instance, possessed it in a supreme degree; so did Gordon and Mohammed and a score of others. We endeavor to explain personality by suggesting that around each individual there exists an invisible shadow or *aura* that has the power of influencing others, either by attracting or repelling them. Nevertheless, this influence is

never complete or absolute, from the simple fact that it is a case of one mind dealing with another, which may be in direct opposition to it. It is a case of one active brain against another. Let us suppose a case, however, in which the brain of one person could be put out of action so completely that the brain of another had no opposition and could work its will unchecked. That, shortly, is what happens in hypnotism, which is the art by which the brain of one overcomes and dominates the brain of another."

But that does not carry us very far. A person so influenced, hypnotized, merely goes into a sort of sleep. We need a good deal more than this to be of any use. We summon to our aid the power of suggestion. Psychologists are aware of the fact that in each person there are really two brains and it is by taking advantage of this fact that all treatment by hypnotism and suggestion arises.

"How two brains?" you may well ask. Well, there are not two *material* brains, certainly, but there are two brains all the same, distinct and independent of each other. I would like the reader to reflect a little over this fact, and try and answer the following questions: How do dreams arise when our waking brain is asleep? How do ideas and thoughts suddenly present themselves to us when we have made no conscious effort to summon them up?—nor could we do so if we tried. Where do they come from? How is it that we are sometimes possessed with a sudden impulse which comes from something beyond our conscious self—for instance, an uncontrollable impulse to knock a man down or kiss a pretty woman? Where does an original melody spring from; or an inspired thought; or a dazzling flash of wit? How is it that, think as hard as we like, we cannot summon the memory of a forgotten name, but later it comes unbidden when we are thinking of something else? If you attempt to answer these questions you will perceive that it is *not* the brain of our reason or our intellect that is responsible for them. It is something different."

Now the source of all these ideas, inspirations and impulses is what we call the subconscious brain, our real hidden self, and it is this brain that "suggestion" endeavors, often successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, to act upon and influence. Hypnotism abolishes or throws out of action for a time the conscious brain. Suggestion then plays upon and molds the subconscious brain as a potter molds clay. It will be obvious how infinitely more powerful our influence will be on the subconscious brain when compared with the conscious brain. The latter may resist. The former can not. Whilst the conscious brain is suspended in action our influence is supreme and absolute and by frequent repetition we endeavor to

## Effects of a New Method in Dealing With the Mind of the Afflicted

make that influence still operate when the conscious brain returns to duty—in a word, to create a permanent impression by suggestion.

It is true that the effect of one single suggestion is transient. A course of suggestion is needed to produce any definite and permanent result. Repeated suggestions at short intervals tend to make the effect cumulative and permanent. This is what is done in practice.

"There is, moreover, a general impression, even amongst educated people, that feeble-minded people or those of a low degree of intelligence are easily influenced by hypnotism, and that there is a danger of these falling into improper hands with sinister intent. This view is totally opposed to fact. Idiots and imbeciles cannot be hypnotized at all, and the feeble-minded are hardly susceptible to its influence. In fact, the *higher* the level of intelligence the *easier* it is to hypnotize a subject. It is not a sign of a weak will to fall under the influence of hypnotism—the very reverse, in fact. So be comforted, my nervous friends."

Another wide field of application for suggestion lies in the many and various paralyses or loss of power due to no definite injury of the nerves:

"In these cases, indeed, miracles are worked, and I fancy that the miraculous cures reported from Lourdes and other pilgrimages and shrines where the bones of saints are said to cure various palsies are really of this nature. I have seen a man who could not walk properly for a whole year, owing to some fancied injury to his spine, jump up and run round the hospital grounds after a single séance of suggestion. 'Suggestion' is also a capital test for the malingerer. If a man who obstinately declares he cannot move a certain limb or a certain joint moves that limb or joint under hypnotic suggestion, he is a fraud, and out he goes to the Front classed A1. A good many cases of 'shell-shock' have occurred in which the power of speech has been temporarily lost, tho there is no sign of injury of the vocal cords or throat. 'Suggestion' has worked a miracle in some of these cases. The dumb speak.

"Finally, I would call the attention of the reader to certain experiments fully reported in the press which happened at a naval hospital at Chatham recently. In this instance a blister on a sailor's arm was produced by 'suggestion,' and—perhaps more remarkable still—a blister which should have appeared (for a hot iron had been drawn across the skin) was hindered from appearing owing to the same cause. This means that the process of inflammation can be altered or controlled by 'suggestion.' The vista that this possibility opens out is an alluring one. Are we in the presence of some force which may be just as revolutionary as the X-ray or wireless telegraphy? Time alone can tell."



# RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

## WHY GERMANY IS BOUND TO FAIL

**I**N a booklet entitled "The Fallacy of the German State Philosophy" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), Dr. George W. Crile, the famous Cleveland surgeon, tries to show that whether the German state wins or loses this war it stands to lose ultimately. He bases this conclusion on what he regards as the inevitable result of Germany's conduct, and he points out what he believes are the fatal flaws in German reasoning.

The German frame of mind, he notes, is the result, in part, of the implantation of the seeds of Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest, in the struggle for existence, upon an intensely religious consciousness.

The German adaptation of Darwin's conception may be expressed as follows: In nature the strongest and the most clever species of animal is best adapted for existence, hence that species survives and its competitors perish. Among the peoples of the earth the Germans, collectively and individually, are the strongest and the most clever. Therefore they have the right to exercise their higher survival qualities. In the exercise of this right they are entitled to take from other nations, by methods of peace or of war, their land, their wealth, their very existence itself, since this is the logical right of the fittest animal engaged in the struggle for survival. The German state philosophy not only assumes the right but holds it as a duty to thus extend dominion by force over other people. Its *kultur* is consecrated to this end.

For the purpose of argument, Dr. Crile accepts the German premise that, at this period of history, the German state is the most highly efficient—in agriculture, in manufacture, in learning, in art, in science, and in war. Then he asks: If in the last analysis might does give right, do the inexorable laws of evolution apply to human beings as they apply to plants and animals? Is force right? He continues:

"Let us recall the qualities that have enabled man to struggle successfully with other competing species. Compared with the animals over whom he has established his supremacy, man is not so strong, he is not so fleet, he is not so prolific, he is not so well equipped with means of defence or with means of offence. Compared with certain of these

animals he is inferior in muscular power, in the sense of smell, of hearing, of sight, of touch, and in his means of protection against cold and heat and rain. He is less protected against disease and he is shorter-lived. Man has no protecting carapace. He has no repellent odor. He has no sharp claws and no powerful teeth. He climbs a tree awkwardly. He is timid in water. In each of his several physical qualities he is outclassed by many animals.

"If survival depended only upon physical might, a band of powerful gorillas would prevail over any band of men, just as the keen senses, the powerful limbs, the prowess of the lion have made him the ruler over less powerfully equipped animals.

"As the fierce struggles during the evolution of animals progressed, man rose rapidly through the development of his master organ of strategy—the brain—and the evolution of his hands. In his brain was found the efficient substitute for teeth and claws, for fleetness and for keen senses.

"In time, the caveman, the bushman and the tribe developed.

"Up to this point there is no flaw in the German logic, for, up to this point the mightiest family and the mightiest tribe were right.

"These primitive ancestors, however, were able to dominate but a limited environment; they barely held their own against many competing animals. In time certain momentous developments in the vast history of man occurred, viz.: the discovery and control of fire, the cultivation of useful plants, the domestication of animals, the manufacture of simple tools. With these advances there developed an increasingly rapid control over the forces of nature and the human race began to multiply more rapidly. Instead of running away or fighting with his muscles, man learned more and more how to circumvent his enemies. One after another, useful additions were made to man's reactions, which, in turn, were augmented by his children.

"As the means of controlling the forces of nature increased in number and as handicrafts and machinery became more numerous and more nearly complete, as the work of man became more specialized and his needs more complex, he became increasingly dependent upon his fellows. Gradually there developed the most dominating of all the adaptations of man—the community adaptation—community behavior. The primary community reaction is cooperation through the division of labor with the exchange of the products of labor. This was the origin of

justice. There could arise no code of laws among naked fruit-eating natives. With the railways and telegraph, with the unfolding of physics and chemistry, with discovery and invention, man became increasingly dependent upon his fellow man, and the principles of justice and of mutual dependence became correspondingly intensified.

"Thus it came to pass that those people were fittest who became the most completely adapted to gregarious life, viz.: those who were most truthful and honest, just and diligent."

Even after this period, Dr. Crile remarks, primitive individualistic reaction, as against community reaction, appeared. This was the origin of what we call selfishness, stealing, murder, etc., and as an adaptation against the individualistic reaction religions evolved. The great success of the teachings of Christ, Buddha and Mohammed, we are reminded, is due to the fact that fairness and honesty and justice are the foundations of community prosperity. The argument proceeds:

"If an individual unjustly takes through stealth or by force what belongs to his neighbor, if he slays his neighbor, a protective reaction is awakened in the community against that individual. He is isolated from his fellows. He may even be killed for the general good because he is unfitted for the community stage of evolution. But he is fitted for the life of the lower animals, the life of primitive man.

"The individual who is most fair and just, most useful to his race—that individual is most fitted to survive. The successful dominance of the earth by man is due to the fact that, through experience, through religion, through training by parents and fellow men, the majority of human beings strive to make the race better and to strengthen the bonds of social cohesion, or at least they do not strive to destroy social cohesion.

"If nations are only multiples of individuals, if what is true of the individual is true of the nation, then we may find in this a possible flaw in the premises of the German state philosophy. If the same standard is applied to the state as to the individual, then Germany is less fit to survive than many other nations because she has returned to the individualism of the lower animals and primitive man, reacting among the nations as the individual robber and the individual murderer reacts within a nation. There-

"History Tells Us," According to Dr. Crile, "That Attempts to Rule by Force as Against Justice Have Always Failed"

fore she awakens a protective reaction in other nations. Other nations must deal with her as a nation as they deal with individual robbers and murderers."

In the fact that Germany, having put her state philosophy in the crucible, finds that the world is against her, Dr. Crile points to the first vindication of his argument. But he goes on to say that even if Germany should conquer the world by force, she would not have proved her philosophy to be right:

"The ephemeral success of state power based on the supreme right of the state contrasted with the lasting success of moral power based on the rights of the

individual, as exemplified by the long reign of religions and of moral codes, is one of the outstanding facts of history. The greatest source of power is that which comes spontaneously and justly from the individual; that which requires a minimum of state power for its mobilization. The least source of power is that which is compelled by the state, because from the power of the individual must be subtracted the effort of the state to extract that power. The net result, therefore, is less under coercion than under voluntary performance.

"Viewed in this light, one may readily understand why the state philosophy of Germany has failed as a colonizer and why, with their opposing individualistic philosophy, the liberal powers succeed as colonizers. Formal submission may be

compelled, but the seeds of discord grow in the damp shade of hate.

"A short cycle of success with maximum unhappiness may be achieved by a state through the exercise of sheer force. The longer cycles of success with the maximum of happiness have been and probably will be secured by a state through the philosophy of the individual as expressed by religion and by moral codes. If the Allies fail in the history of to-day they will succeed in the history of to-morrow. If Germany succeeds in the history of to-day, Germany will fail in the history of to-morrow. Rather than share the common fate of passing through a stunting cycle of disintegration following a present German success, it were better that we all now perish gloriously on the battlefield."

## FAILURE OF LEADERSHIP IN THE PRESENT WORLD-CRISIS

IN a book that is hailed by Cecil Chesterton as "remarkable and provocative" and that ex-Senator Beveridge would like to see in the hands of every thoughtful man and woman in the United States,\* Ralph Adams Cram, of Boston, an architect of national reputation, deplores the prevailing lack of leadership and names President Wilson as the one man, who, amid the figures that now throng the world-stage, deserves to be called a real leader. Dr. Cram reaches this conclusion during the course of a gloomy indictment in which he discusses the possibility of universal degeneracy. He regards democracy as "the noblest ideal ever discovered by man or revealed to him," but he says that "without strong leadership democracy is a menace"; and the tragedy of the present world is its loss of leadership. "To-day," he continues, "when men cry aloud, as never before, for guides, interpreters, leaders, there is none to answer; in any category of life, issuing out of any nation. None, that is, that matches in power the exigency of the demand." There are those, Dr. Cram continues, that honestly try to lead; there are those that increasingly lead under the grim schooling of war, slowly, painfully and toward an end still obscure and undetermined. Arduously they struggle to build up a following, "to see the insane life of the moment and see it whole; to keep ahead of the whirlwind of hell-let-loose and direct an amazed and disordered society along paths of ultimate safety." And "always the event out-distances them, the phantasmagoria of chaos whirls bewilderingly beyond, and either they follow helplessly or are sucked into the rushing vacuum that comes in the wake of progressive

destruction." Dr. Cram points to the evanescence of military reputations in the present war in illustration of his statements. "Potential reputations break down and are forgotten, in Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, Galicia, Roumania, the Trentino, the Carso, Champagne, the Argonne, on the North Sea, in the Channel, through the Mediterranean. The battle-fronts east, west, south, bury more than the bodies of dead soldiers, for reputations are interred with them in a quick and merciful oblivion."

The years just before the war, as Dr. Cram sees them, were "tumultuous with the petty machinations of the degenerate political and diplomatic successors of the masterly manipulators of destiny of the nineteenth century." Noble or cynical, "they were leaders, these men of a dead generation: Metternich, Cavour, Disraeli, Bismarck, Gladstone, Gambetta, Lincoln," and "they have left few successors either to their glory or their infamy." Can there be honest comparison, asks Dr. Cram, between the political leaders in Great Britain to-day and Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury, between "the flotsam and jetsam of French parliamentary turbulence" and Thiers, Gambetta, de Freycinet?

"Contrast the men now controlling the destinies of Italy with those of the epoch of the Liberation; match the present politicians of Germany with those to the front from 1870 to 1895; place in one column the members of President Wilson's Cabinet, the leaders in Congress, the Governors of the several States, and in the other the American political forces from 1860 on for the space of a generation. Whether you like them all or not, these men of an elder age, one thing you must concede, and that is their capacity and their dominance as leaders."

The trouble to-day, Dr. Cram proceeds, is not so much that men now

## President Wilson, According to Ralph Adams Cram, is Perhaps the One Exception to "Universal Mediocrity"

reject all leadership as that they blindly accept the inferior type: the specious demagog, the unscrupulous master of effrontery. In default of the true leader, the man who sees beyond the obvious and draws others after him by force of vision, the mob create their leaders in their own image and out of their own material. "Girolitti and Cailiaux, Ramsay Macdonald, Lenin and La Follette are the synthetic product of a mechanical process of self-expression on the part of groups of men without leaders, but who must have them and so make shift to precipitate them in material form out of the undifferentiated mass of their common inclinations, passions and prejudices." The argument proceeds:

"A generation that contains such a group as Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Bismarck, Disraeli, Cavour, Wagner, Browning, William Morris, Tourgenieff, Stevenson, Leo XIII., Cardinal Newman, Karl Marx and von Moltke is a generation that lacks nothing in leadership, and when is added a further century and a half of names, all practically of the same grade and class, we can only look back on those astonishing years with admiration, and then around at our own time, with the greatest issues in a thousand years clamoring for solution and almost none to lead in the solving, appalled and despairing, while we reach out blindly for some explanation of the cataclysm that has occurred.

"There are those who will claim that the leadership has not been lost but only changed in direction. They will say that the leaders are now to be found in the ranks of applied science, of industrial exploitation and organization, of high finance and economic 'efficiency.' They will offer as their contribution Edison and Marconi and Krupp; Sage, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie and the great Hebrew financiers of Europe. They will offer Ford, Harmsworth, Hearst; the packers of Chicago; the mill magnates of

\* THE NEMESIS OF MEDIOCRITY. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., LL.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

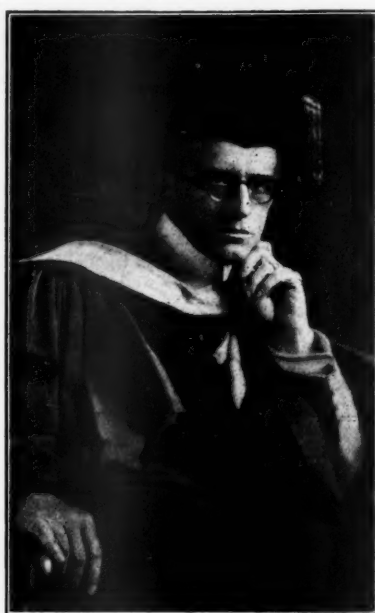


New England, the coal and iron barons of Pennsylvania. Their contention may be admitted; the leadership exists, and it *has* changed direction; the point is, however, that this leadership, while it may conceivably supplement that of an earlier day in other fields, may, under no circumstance whatever, be assumed to serve as a substitute.

"Mr. Abraham Flexner may well be held to contribute something (its essential value is not for the moment in question) to the idea of education as it was expounded by Cardinal Newman or Arnold of Rugby; Mr. Carnegie's vision of culture is not one that came within the purview of Emerson or Matthew Arnold or William Morris, while the original and varied, if not always edifying, religious cults of the last generation open up possibilities not indicated by Dr. Martineau or Bishop Brooks or even Cardinal Manning. Certainly there is something in *vers libre* and post-impressionism and the products of the cubist sculptors that escapes one in Browning and Burne-Jones and Saint-Gaudens. Considered in a supplementary sense these protagonists of modernism may be an extension of the principles of their immediate precursors (even of all antecedent creators and leaders during the entire range of recorded history); but when it is assumed that they take their place the argument needs fortifying by something other than either the dictum itself or their own accomplishments."

With the exception of Cardinal Mercier, Dr. Cram sees no outstanding figures in contemporary Roman Catholic life. Religion, he says, has become "a negligible factor." Nor in philosophy is the condition more hopeful. There were not wanting, in the immediate years before the war, men of light and leading, such as Bergson, James and Chesterton; but James is dead, Bergson almost completely silent and Chesterton fails to meet the standard of his earlier period. Bernard Shaw has "silenced his philosophical cynicism," and "Wells alone insists on his own narrow vision, brought over from the ante-bellum epoch, with all its mechanistic formulae and indeterminate determinism."

Of all the ruined sanctuaries, that of statesmanship is pronounced the most desolate. In France, Dr. Cram states, the prolonged crisis of war has produced—Briand, and no more, "a small man, strengthened by responsibility and opportunity, who bore himself with firmness and honesty." Briand has given place to "the venerable but neither stimulating nor convincing Ribot, the colorless Painlevé and the superannuated Clemenceau." England offered Asquith, "a somewhat sinuous and agile mediocrity now smashed by an extraordinary journalistic phenomenon who has also been largely responsible for Lloyd George, another small man, essentially the middle-class demagog of the first decade of the century." In the Balkans Ionescu and the Cretan



A MODERN PESSIMIST

Ralph Adams Cram, the distinguished Boston architect, sees in the present condition of the world "the nemesis of mediocrity."

Venizelos have not measured up to real statesmanship. As for the Teutonic Empires, "from Kaiser to Scheidemann," says Dr. Cram, "there is only mediocrity masquerading in the tarnished regalia of Bismarck and Andrassy." Precariously, "von Bethmann, with phantasmal Austrian nobles, insecure Hungarian magnates and Osmanli pashas, struggles to meet increasingly impossible problems at home and abroad." Leaping suddenly into the Russian limelight come Miliukoff, Count Lvoff and Kerensky. "The revolution is effected, the exaltation of the 'Oath of the Tennis Court' is repeated, and at once, from far down amongst the submerged majority, anarchy and insane folly rise up, insistent, not to be denied, and already their power is in eclipse, extinguished by the rising tide of nihilism and dishonor—leaders who could not lead."

Even America inspires in Dr. Cram the most pessimistic reflections; but in America, he points out, there is one ray of hope—President Wilson.

"When the war broke out, we had three potential leaders, the President, Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, together with the untried forces of Cabinet, Congress and the State and municipal governments. What has been the result on these varied personalities of the unexampled stimulus of a world in chaos if not in dissolution? Thus far, apart from the President, the three and a half years of universal liquidation have neither produced a leader unknown before nor raised the standard of individuals or of the general mass of politicians. On the whole the average has been lowered. . . .

"Of the three conspicuous figures first named, one appears to have forfeited the position open to him of great construc-

tive leadership while honorably refusing to follow up the sinister opportunities revealed in the earlier days of the war, and has retired into an oblivion only broken in the beginning by sheer force of ingratiating oratory. The second strove for a renewal of that popular confidence and to restore that popular following he so eminently deserved, and failed, tho in this failure was less of discredit to him than to a public somewhat defective in its powers of perception and in its standard of comparative values. And the third, the most august figure of all? Here, if anywhere to-day, is revealed the argument against the thesis I adduce—perhaps as the exception that proves the rule. The most astute politician America has produced since Andrew Jackson (if not since Jefferson), with an infallible sense for apprehending the unexpressed will of a working majority, he pursued for three years the standard method of contemporary politics, gauging this will by impeccable instinct, making it his own, and so becoming the acceptable type of leader who does not lead but obediently follows on where the majority-will indicates the way. Then almost insensibly this method changed; little by little as the inclusive incapacity of the democratic method revealed itself it was relegated to the background while a very real and equally constructive leadership took its place. Step by step the advance has been progressive and explicit; miraculously the nation as a whole acknowledges and accepts, while the influence of this novel and reassuring leadership daily reaches further and further into the other nations of the earth. It is a single leadership: Cabinet and Congress are granted little part therein and only the mysterious influences of unofficial and personal advisers shyly reveal themselves from time to time. It is a real leadership, of the old and almost forgotten type, and increasingly is it bringing coherency out of the debilitated confusion of democratic methods and parliamentary incapacity that have hampered our allies and imperiled their cause since the beginning of the war. And now opportunity opens before him; opportunity not only national but world-wide. If he wills he may become the coordinating, the directing, and the constructive force in the world, Arbiter of Democracy, recreator of the true democracy of ideal. The old tradition of politics, the sensitive appreciation of a vacillating majority-will and the subtle following thereof in all its tergiversations, has been abandoned in favor of a daring and therefore true leadership prefigured by some of the finest verbal pronouncements of high principle the Republic has thus far heard. The old days when we were told of a 'peace without victory,' and that we as a nation had no quarrel with the German people; the days when we were assured that the aims of Germany and those of the Allies were apparently much the same; the days of experimental adventures in compromise are now very far away. Does this mean that from now on the course followed will be increasingly exalted, high-spirited and courageous? It may well be; if so, and to that extent, the present lack of world-leadership will be corrected."



## PURE DEMOCRACY, SAYS MR. MALLOCK, IS IMPOSSIBLE

**T**O a nation that has sprung to arms to "make the world safe for democracy" it may come as something of a shock to be told that pure democracy is an unrealizable ideal. Yet that is exactly the conclusion at which Mr. Mallock, the well-known publicist and writer, arrives in his latest book.\* His argument is that democracy is workable in small and primitive communities but becomes impractical as states increase in size and industry becomes complicated. It must then connect itself with its complement—oligarchy—and complete its activity in direct contact with that principle. Some of the most effective illustrations in support of this argument are drawn from the Russian revolution.

What is democracy? Mr. Mallock asks in his first chapter. He looks to democracy's champions for his definitions, and he finds what to all intents and purposes is the working conception of democracy at the present day. It is a conception of government determined solely by the mass of inconspicuous men—by what Whitman, the poet of democracy, celebrates as "the divine average."

Now this conception, Mr. Mallock concedes, has much to commend it. For, ideally considered, the average man represents common honesty, common sense, common neighborly goodwill, and the common family affections. Unless average men in this sense formed the majority of mankind, no tolerable social life would be thinkable.

But the principle of government by "the divine average" suffers from the defect that either it loses the guidance of those superior intelligences that are above the normal, or, if it takes advantage of their superiority, it violates a primary principle of pure democracy—the equality of influence of every unit. If, for instance, ninety average men allow ten supermen to guide them, the ten supermen, in reality, have the votes of the ninety in their pockets. That such is the case when the judgments which votes express are changed from what they otherwise would be by brutal and direct bribery is a fact which all democrats admit; but results essentially similar, Mr. Mallock contends, are producible by other methods.

There is, however, Mr. Mallock continues, a deeper difficulty involved in the democratic principle. It resides in the fact that if the judgments of the people are to be so united as to acquire a force that is cumulative, and thus constitute a will which deserves to be called "general," these judgments must

be, in all important respects, identical. So far is this from being the case that, in many complex questions, the people are bewildered and unable to arrive at any definite convictions.

Mr. Mallock instances questions on which the masses are able, and other questions on which he conceives them to be totally unable, to reach intelligent judgments. There is the question of protection from murder. All men, even murderers themselves, so long as they are left at large, desire that the government, by laws and a police force, should minimize the risks which any citizen runs of being struck in the ribs when he is asleep or enjoying an evening stroll. There is the question of a declaration of war. On certain occasions the inhabitants of some one country become so exasperated by the behavior and the menaces of another that all conflicting judgments as to the complex facts of the situation give place to a common passion, and there is thus developed a cumulative will to fight. These questions are fundamental and relate to the maintenance of certain primary conditions in the absence of which no society could exist. But when it comes to a discussion of

## Oligarchy, He Tells Us, Plays a Part in Society No Less Essential Than That of Democracy

questions such as the respective merits of monometalism and bimetalism, of free trade and protection, when it comes to a formulation of elaborate economic programs, there is a Babel of voices. Average human beings are unable to devote to such subjects the special study that they require. Mr. Mallock speaks of a typical question which first arose during the great European War, of how the British Islands should protect themselves from attack by invading aircraft. "In a case like this, all that the units of the average mass can do is to cry out for somebody whose talents exceed the average, and who, presenting them with some plan or mechanism by which the end in view may be accomplished, asks them to say 'Yes' to the proposal that this mechanism shall be adopted."

It is time we recognized, Mr. Mallock asserts, that except in primitive and minute communities, "pure democracy is not, nor ever has been, nor ever can be." It is not and never can be, he says, a system of government of any kind. "It is simply one principle out of two, the other being that of oligarchy, which two may indeed be combined in very various proportions, but neither of which alone will produce what is meant by a government, any more than saltpeter or charcoal will itself produce gunpowder." The argument proceeds:

"In proportion as communities increase in size, advance in civilization and come to have chronic dealings with communities other than themselves, the problems of government multiply. With regard to most of them there is room for endless differences of opinion. The mere task of considering them carefully is congenial only to men whose mental energy is somewhat above the average, whilst the task of solving them successfully calls for talents and knowledge of special and unusual kinds. For these reasons, two results are inevitable: In the first place, the business of dealing actively with political problems at all tends, from the mere fact of its being laborious, to pass into the hands of the more energetic minority, this body being thus a sort of oligarchic nebula. In the second place, since the solution of these complex problems is not only laborious but difficult, out of this large and nebular oligarchy smaller oligarchies nucleate themselves, which represent not energy only but energy combined with various unusual talents, until at last some group is reached (or on critical occasions some one individual) under whose will the wills of the nebular oligarchy range themselves, and are transmitted by oratory or by other means to the mass.

"Such is the process which, in every highly-civilized country possessing a popular constitution, is taking place under our very eyes."



THE CHAMPION OF OLIGARCHY

Lacking the help of the expert few, the "people," Mr. Mallock tells us, almost invariably bungle social affairs.

\* THE LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Dutton.

## IS THE INFLUENCE OF KARL MARX WANING?

**T**HE celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx, which fell on May 5th, has led to widespread discussion of the present status of his philosophy and economic doctrines. His position as the outstanding figure of modern Socialism can not be denied. But the questions arise: Is his influence growing or waning? Is his message to be welcomed or combated? It happens that the commemoration of his centennial has come at a time when a hundred million Russians, occupying one-half of Europe, are living under a Socialist government. That Government, which is held responsible for the Russian withdrawal from the world-war, is probably more execrated than any other government in the history of mankind. Lenin, Trotzky and their associates freely acknowledge the inspiration of Karl Marx, and on May Day unveiled a monument to him in Moscow. The curses that are falling on their heads are falling on his head also. He is still, as in his lifetime, a storm-center.

Three critics, from three different points of view, have lately given their reasons for believing that Marx's influence is decreasing. The first is John Spargo, who resigned from the Socialist Party of America because of the Party's opposition to the war. He has written a biography of Marx. He still declares (in the *New York Times*) that "few men have more profoundly influenced the life and thought of their own and succeeding generations than the great author of 'Das Kapital.'" But he goes on to say:

"For many years the terms 'Marxism' and 'Socialism' were regarded as synonymous. The great Socialist leaders in the Parliaments called themselves 'Marxists,' and the words of Marx were held to be almost infallible. The movement has, indeed, been more Marxist than Marx himself was. Indeed, Marx was fond of saying 'I am no Marxist.' In recent years this Marx-worship has declined. Close criticism of the Marxian theories and generalizations has revealed many flaws. The rise of the Revisionist school of Socialists, led by Bernstein, in 1899, marked the beginning of a conscious abandonment of Marx by a considerable part of the Socialist movement. The great war seems destined to mark the close of the era of Marxism in Socialist history. The Socialist movement will be rehabilitated; peace and the demobilization of the armies will certainly bring a great growth of Socialism in all countries, but it will not be the doctrinaire Socialism of Marx. It will not be concerned with theories of social evolution or abstract economics. The centennial of Marx's birth may be regarded, at the

same time, as the end of Marxian Socialism."

A second critic, M. W. Robieson, in an article entitled "An Autopsy of Marxism" in *The New Age* (London), attacks Marx's philosophy on the ground of its Hegelian origin and its economic inflexibility. He says, in part:

"The world of industry is, after all, different from what it was when Marx wrote 'Capital' with the Lancashire cotton trade in mind. The capitalist system, we may be reminded, is yet with us; and capitalism, like the Church of Rome, never changes. To most people the existence of new working-class movements like Syndicalism or Industrial Unionism or National Guilds would be sufficient to suggest that some new thing had come about. But the believer will no doubt wrap himself in his mantle and marvel at the simplicity instead of the strangeness of things; and pass them by as fresh devices of the middle-class devil to entice the saints and corrupt the world. Nevertheless, by various incorruptibles it is now declared and admitted that the Marxist doctrine had been made of little effect in its relation to the reality of things by the development of the joint-stock company, which permits the concentration of capital to proceed without diminishing the number of possessors of the same; that the development of Trade-Unionism, especially in its militant and industrial forms, has finally set aside the allied doctrines of Increasing Misery and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat; that capital has shown a capacity for self-preservation quite unprovided for by official Marxism."

A third critic, Arno Dosch-Fleuret, the Russian correspondent of the *New York World*, thinks that the Russian revolution has dealt a death-blow to Marxism. He writes:

"The Socialist policy in Russia has brought us all to the edge of an abyss. I do not refer to the menace of German military autocracy—tho they backed that up behind us too; I mean the terrible chasm—class war.

"All Socialism is responsible for class war. It is the very basis of Marxism. Either a Socialist believes in class war, believes, really, in Bolshevism, or he is no Socialist. Since the failure of the Russian revolution no Socialist anywhere in the world can escape the issue. Either Socialists are ready to go on to Bolshevism or they are something else. And if they are something else, they must decide what they are.

"For the Russian revolution, opening the way for democracy in February, turned its back definitely on democracy in October. The revolutionists were forever mouthing the word 'democracy,' but they refused to have anything to do with democracy.

## Some Commentators are Performing an Autopsy on Marxism, While Others Pay Tribute to its Deathless Vitality

"The Soviet form of government is a refusal to the entire population to have a hand in the government. The dictatorship of the proletariat is—well, a dictatorship. It is anything but democracy.

"The Bolsheviks contend theirs is a higher democracy. They admit it does away with a large portion of the population. The basis of their philosophy is that every one who does not work with his hands—or form revolutions for those who work with their hands—is a parasite. Even those who have trained their hands—skilled workmen—are parasites. All the vast, complicated machinery of modern life is to them simply capitalism. They want to tear it all down. They are in a mad frenzy of vengeance. Translate that into terms understood by the ignorant Russian masses they led, and to them revolution becomes pillage and Socialism revenge. . . . When Karl Marx wrote 'Proletarians of the World, Unite,' did he have any idea of what a misery he was preparing for the whole world, the proletariat included?"

The Marxian retort to Marx's critics may be found in almost any Socialist paper. One of the ablest of such recent retorts appears in the *New York People*, a paper edited for years by that Daniel De Leon who has inspired Lenin in many of his revolutionary policies. The *People* says:

"Despite the destruction and prostration of the International Socialist movement, with its separate groups lying severed and disjointed, Karl Marx is more alive to-day than ever. That fact is unwittingly testified to by his opponents.

"When the ruling classes looked forward expectantly to working-class revolution in the Central Powers of Europe—and we all know how longingly they have wished for that—what did their attitude and expectancy betoken but an unconscious tribute to the Marxian doctrines?

"When Russia sought to utilize the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk for the purpose of encouraging and stirring up rebellion in Austria and in Germany, who was there that did not wish they might be successful in their aim? What was that but an unwitting tribute to the movement that has grown up around Socialism?

"When the Entente Powers last year interfered with the holding of a Stockholm conference of Socialists, what was that but rendering unwitting homage to the movement?

"It matters not, in this connection, that the International movement of Socialism lies prostrate at the present time. That movement has suffered from inherent weaknesses. Behind it all, however, the force of Marxism will rise anew to reassert itself, and a more thoro revolutionary movement of the workers will take the place of the old."

# MAN'S WAR WITH THE UNIVERSE IN THE RELIGION OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

"Man is Yet Free to Examine, to Criticize, to Know, and in Imagination to Create"

**M**AN is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving. His origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms. No fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought or feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave. All the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system. The whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins. Only within the scaffolding of these dire assertions does Bertrand Russell attempt to build, "on the firm foundation of unyielding despair," the soul's habitation. The idea of Man's microscopic importance is one of the motivating ideas which runs through a new collection\* of his essays in "scientific philosophy." It is eloquently elaborated in the essay entitled "A Free Man's Worship," awarded, by the London *New Statesman*, a high place in the general literature of recent years, and which should secure for Mr. Russell "a larger circle of genuine and intelligent admirers than has been collected by any philosopher since Professor William James."

The ethical problem for the human race, to follow Bertrand Russell, is to discover how, in such an alien and inhuman world, to preserve its aspirations untarnished. Upon the basis of a seemingly pessimistic disillusion and a completely lugubrious despair, this "scientific" philosopher invests his gloomy belief with so much nobility and courage that it becomes stimulating and inspiring instead of depressing.

"When, without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learned both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate and to recognize that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last so to transform and refashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. In all the multiform facts of the world—in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of man, even in the very omnipotence of Death—the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own thoughts first made. In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces of Nature. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the

## Bertrand Russell



THE MOST FASCINATING PHILOSOPHER SINCE WILLIAM JAMES

Bertrand Russell's heresies have proved themselves to be more revolutionary and dangerous, however, than those of our American pragmatist. He is described as a thinker of almost Buddhist calm.

greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the pageant of its triumph. Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very center of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain; from its impregnable watch-towers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeing eminence."

In the spectacle of death, the philosopher continues, in the endurance of intolerable pain, and in the irrevocableness of a vanished past, there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow:

"In these moments of insight, we lose all eagerness of temporary desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that, to

a superficial view, make up the common life of day by day; we see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks in on our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what of courage it can command, against the whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory, in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom and charity are born: and with their birth a new life begins. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, and the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them."

Outwardly, the life of Man is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything

\* MYSTICISM AND LOGIC. By Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.



he finds in himself. . . . But great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendor, is greater still.

"Such thought makes us free men; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves. To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things—this is emancipation, this is the free man's worship. And this liberation is effected by a contemplation of Fate; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time."

The life of Man, this exalted prophet goes on, is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may stay long.

## HUMANIZING THE DISMAL SCIENCE

**H**UMAN nature riots to-day with ridicule and destruction through the economic structure of American life.

The academic and conventional economist looks on helpless and aghast. His anxiety should be produced not by the cracking of his economic system but by the poverty of his own science. This warning to American sociologists was given by the late Carleton H. Parker at the last annual meeting of the American Sociological Society. Professor Parker emphasized the importance of an understanding of human nature in all problems of social control. He gained his knowledge of labor not in academic study, as *Collier's Weekly* points out, but by working in mines and woods, in shops and farms. He fought on the economic front. His last message to American sociologists was to come out of the swamps of the "dismal science," and to turn their attention to human motives, and to forget the "economic man" of the old political economy. In his address\* before the American sociologists he declared:

"We economists speculate little on human motives. We are not curious about the great basic fact which dynamic and behavioristic psychology has gathered to illustrate the instinct stimulus to human activity. Most of us are not interested to think what a psychologically full or satisfying life is. We are not curious to know that a great school . . . called the Freudian has been built around the analysis of energy outbursts brought by society's balking of the native human instincts. Our economic literature shows

"One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, instil faith in hours of despair. Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their need—of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindness, that make the misery of their lives; let us remember that they are fellow sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves. And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they failed, no deed of ours was the cause; but wherever a spark of the divine fire kindled in their hearts,

we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

"Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and all his race, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gates of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power."

## Economists and Sociologists Should Realize the Fundamental Truths of Human Nature and Human Motives, Said Carleton Parker

that we are but rarely curious to know whether industrialism is suited to man's inherited nature, or what man in turn will do to our rules . . . in case these rules are repressive. The motives to economic activity which have done the major service in orthodox economic texts and teachings have been either the vague middle-class virtues of thrift, justice, and solvency, or the equally vague moral sentiments of 'striving for the welfare of others,' 'desire for the larger self,' 'desire to acquit one's self well,' or lastly, that labor-saving deduction that man is stimulated in all things economic by his desire to satisfy his wants with the smallest possible effort."

Sociologists have rested on their oars fatuously unconscious of the great achievements of the students of human behavior. Great economic psychologists like Veblen, Taussig, Patton, Dewey and others have contributed criticisms touching the springs of human activity of which no sociologist or economist can afford to plead ignorance.

"The stabilizing of the science of psychology and the vogue among economists of the scientific method will not allow these psychological findings to be shouldered out by the careless *a priori* deductions touching human nature which still dominate our orthodox texts. The confusion and metaphysical propensities of our economic theory, our neglect of the consequences of child labor, our lax interest in national vitality and health, the unusableness of our theories of labor unrest and of labor efficiency, our careless reception of problems of population, eugenics, sex, and birth control, our crass ignorance of the relation of industry to crime, industry to feeble-mindedness, industry to functional insanity, industry to education, and our astounding indiffer-

ence to the field of economic consumption—all this delinquency can be traced back to our refusal to see that economics was social economics, and that a full knowledge of man, his instincts, his power of habit acquisition, his psychological demands and endurance, were an absolute prerequisite to clear and purposeful thinking on our industrial civilization."

It was, to some extent at least, in the opinion of Dr. Parker, under the influence of the nineteenth-century economics that "big business" in America established its extensive efficiency systems, its order and dehumanized discipline, its caste system, all of which has developed among its highly paid men a persistent unrest, a dissatisfaction and decay of morale which is so noticeable and costly that it has received repeated attention. "I suggest that this unrest is a true revolt psychosis, a definite mental unbalance, an efficiency psychosis, as it were, and has its definite psychic antecedents, and that our present moralizing and guess solutions are both hopeless and ludicrous." He concludes:

"The dynamic psychology of to-day describes the present civilization as a repressive environment. For a great number of its inhabitants a sufficient self-expression is denied. There is, for those who care to see, a deep and growing unrest and pessimism. With the increase in knowledge is coming a new realization of the irrational direction of economic evolution. The economists, however, view economic inequality and life degradation as objects in truth outside the science. Our value concept is a price mechanism hiding behind a phrase. If we are to play a part in the social readjustment immediately ahead, we must put human nature and human motives into our basic hypotheses."

\* SOCIAL CONTROL. Publications of the American Sociological Society. Volume xii. University of Chicago Press.

# LITERATURE · AND · ART

## "THE GENTLE READER"—THE MOST OBVIOUS ILLUSION OF THE WRITER

AT last the "gentle reader" is thrown on the scrap-heap of literature. He is an anachronism, a relic of bygone days. He had become an illusion and a delusion. He is a specter of the writer's fevered imagination. He is no longer the "necessary illusion of the artist." So declares that most brilliant essayist and esthetician, Violet Paget, whose pen-name is Vernon Lee. In a contribution to the London *New Statesman*, she sets about to destroy that "most obvious of the writer's illusions, namely, that *I am writing for a reader*." "You seem never to have the feeling of the *reader* at the end of your pen," so Vernon Lee had been told years ago by a witty French friend. Many popular writers, says Vernon Lee, can sense their readers as an actor feels his audience; but there is another closer and more definite relationship:

"The only reader one is sure of nowadays is the 'publisher's reader,' and he can scarcely be called gentle, or be the sole inspirer of one's Muse. . . . Apart from this, my reason for disbelieving in that reader at the other end of one's pen is that some examination of myself in my writing and reading capacity, and certain weary studies of syntax, rhetoric, and literary composition in general, long since led me to discover that the reader is . . . how shall I put it?—well, the material of all the writer's operations. He is not so much the audience as the orchestra; or, rather, he is the set of strings, more or less numerous, richer or poorer in overtones and resonances, which are set vibrating by the keys and hammers we call *words*. And whatever we do with that instrument, whatever stops we pull out or pedals we put on, whether we thump or trip or trail in sticky *legatos*, it is the mind of the reader we play upon. It is his conscious or unsuspected memories and associations, his habits of mental motion, the gait and gesture of the spirit inherited from his forefathers and inherent in his human nerves and muscles, which constitute the living mechanism wherewith the writer makes his music."

You cannot make the reader see other sights than he has seen already, at the most giving him the order to unite impressions he has had into groups and sequences he has never witnessed in reality.

"If the words of Mr. Conrad can make me picture to myself tropical seas and

vegetation, it is because they are ordering about whatever reminiscences of intolerable hot-blueness and of sweltering forest shadow have been deposited in my memory by the southern countries I have really known, or by the colored posters of certain steam navigation companies. And I suspect that the vision of the frozen Yukon evoked by Elizabeth Robins's delightful 'Magnetic North' is not unconnected with the splendid blocks of ice I have admired at opulent fishmongers. It is with images thus stored up in the reader (and I am taking 'image' with the psychologist's meaning of any mentally revived sense impression) that the writer has to operate. And what we call his 'art' is in great measure his happy eking out images and associations which the reader may be poor in by others which are cognate or equivalent. For literature, in a far subtler manner than painting, is an art dealing in what painters call *values*. Now what do *values* of any kind really mean unless it be a *valuation*, a scale, of our own response? And, whenever preference comes in, a scale of possible goings forward and possible recoils on our own part, of actions only the more dwelt on in feeling that they are not accomplished in fact. Thus what the writer does in arranging his words is not merely to revive and regroup the images of memory, but to extract the values things may have for us and order about the feelings attached to them."

In short, the writer rearranges the previous contents of the reader's mind. By his especial chemistry, he creates compounds with brand-new qualities. But this is only half his business. He orders the reader to think. Such thinking, when he who orders it is a great writer and he who obeys a worthy reader, is a whole drama of expectation, fulfilment, disappointment, hope deferred, sudden realization, of stealthy stalking or open approach, prepared spring or sudden recoil; "in fact, a whole drama of every possible manner in which the human mind conquers new fields and points of vantage, and surrenders honorably and gladly, vanquished by the power of genius."

"A page, a paragraph, nay, almost a sentence, means not so much what you are told as *how* you are told it; and *how*, for our feelings, is two-thirds of *what*. Now this *how* you are told is in reality how you are ordered, in whatever measure you can fulfil such orders, to tell the thing to yourself. Literature, like

## Some Significant Facts Readers and Writers Ought to Know Concerning Themselves

any other art, is not a wretched *pas seul* or ballet performed before an idle spectator. It is a dance, sometimes a great ritual dance, in which the reader becomes the writer's partner. And for this reason a dance entirely superior to our poor fumbling or automatic every-day movements; a dance wherein our spirit dances to something venerable and eternal as the music of the spheres. And it seems to me that in this fact, and not merely because we require vicariously to increase our experience or release our sympathies clogged by daily life, tho that is surely important work—it is in this fact of the reader being made to participate in the finer, swifter, stronger, more complex and harmonious motions of the writer's spirit that lies the supreme use and dignity of writing."

There are too many conventional myths and unnecessary lies surrounding the profession of writing, suggests Vernon Lee. The writing brotherhood itself wallows in any number of fallacious beliefs about its importance and its power. There is a great need, we are led to infer by this penetrating and experienced student, of a thorow knowledge of the new psychology in its relation to authorship. The true writer must be looked upon as an alchemist of the imagination, converting the baser metals of the reader's imagination into the pure gold of literature. To accomplish this literary miracle, he must know a great deal more than is revealed in the current text-books on "English composition."

The reader is thus no mere Tom, Dick, or Harry whom the writer can see sitting outside himself, to be cajoled into an acceptance of his views, into paying him money or compliments. He cannot be the "gentle reader" at the other end of the writer's pen. Vernon Lee concludes:

"Now I come to think of it, I have at times a queer sort of feeling that my reader is, if anywhere, at *this* end of my pen. Indeed, is only a nicer, more intelligent and decent kind of myself. Not the myself which, as Dante said, *lives and wears clothes* and makes the two ends meet for that double purpose, but the myself which . . . well, which *writes*. Since, who knows, it is possible that, like those split creatures mentioned by Plato, the writer and the reader are originally one; and that is why nothing can come of them until they are reunited."



## THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF A SOUTH AMERICAN MASTERPIECE

THE pursuit of the "great American novel" is as keen south of the Rio Grande, in Latin America, as it is to the north. South America has recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of a classic masterpiece that has been acclaimed by most authoritative critics as the chief South American novel. This is Jorge Isaacs's Colombian romance, "Maria," a new Spanish edition of which has been published in this country by Ginn and Company. This novel, writes Irving G. Ormond in the Boston *Transcript*, unassumingly yet none the less tenaciously clings to the affections of the catholic reader. "Maria" lives to-day as much as ever. It has been published eight times in South America and Spain, and times without number serially in the newspaper *folletines*. Professor Keniston, who writes the illuminating introduction to the new edition (a translation was published some years ago by Harpers), says of it:

"It is in no sense a fanciful picture of a world which is interesting because it is exotic; it is a faithful image of the world that Isaacs knew best, the valley of the Cauca, with its grave mountain peaks, its smiling plains and its tumbling cascades, and the simple country life of his youth with all its intimate, homely details. Isaacs is not wholly a Spaniard; he is half a Jew, and he brings to his task not only his mother's power of realistic portrayal but also the delicacy of feeling, the chastity and the intensity of his

father's people. It is this rare combination which gives to his work its unusual atmosphere; an exquisite devotion to detail coupled with a singular sentimentality."

In this book, Mr. Ormond believes, Isaacs sublimated his own passionate grief. "Once again a writer has distilled his own personal sorrow into the pleasure of a multitude." He summarizes the simple theme of the novel:

"Efrain comes home after a long absence, and love is awakened within him by his father's ward, Maria, who has been his childhood playmate. His love is returned, nor do the youthful pair (she is but fifteen) meet with objection from Efrain's parents. For more than one reason, however, the father would wish to postpone the marriage. The boy is destined for the medical profession and must finish his studies abroad; Maria, too, shows signs of having inherited a tendency toward epilepsy. What is there to do, with so fair a father, but consent to his proposals? Efrain and Maria are betrothed to each other, and then he sails for Europe. Once he is gone, however, Maria grows steadily worse; only the boy's return may save her. They write for him, but he comes too late.

"Such an outline does violence to the beautiful tale. It can give no idea of the chaste simplicity with which the story is unfolded, of the charming pictures of home life and country diversions. The poetic descriptions are not, for example, that botanical cataloguing which sometimes mars the pages of Eden Phillpotts; Isaacs's pen communicates the very aroma of the scene. The lovers at times impress

## "Maria" by Jorge Isaacs is a Novel of Perennial Popularity in Latin America

one as being of the Sunday-school variety; theirs is a restrained passion—not a flame, but a glow. The hurried return of Efrain from London, after being notified of Maria's critical condition, is a masterpiece of narrative suspense."

Compared with "Innocencia," by the Brazilian, Afred d'Escagnolle Taunay, which the critic Mérou declared to be the greatest novel of South America, "Maria" strikes its American interpreter as the better novel of the two. He explains why:

"Its heroine is more a woman, less a child, than Innocencia, hence the fate of the Spanish girl is tragic where that of the other is pitiful. 'Innocencia,' on the other hand, is stouter in texture. In 'Maria' there is no love struggle; the struggle is with life and circumstance; in 'Innocencia' there is not only the element of rivalry in love but in addition to this there is the rigid parent who sternly, and at last murderously, opposes the natural desires of the child whom he has promised to another. Where 'Maria' is idyllic, poetic, flowing smoothly along on the current of a realism tempered by sentimentalism, 'Innocencia' is romantic, melodramatic, rushing along turbulently to the outcome in a death as violent as Maria's was peaceful. There is in each book a similar importance of the background; the milieu, however, is a greater feature in the Spanish book. In 'Innocencia' the 'point of honor' is as strong and as vindictive as in any play of the Spanish Golden Age. In both tales there are relieving touches of humor and excellent bits of character description."

## MARK TWAIN'S UNEDITED AND UNPUBLISHED SATIRE

IF it were possible to force the publication—the unedited publication—of Mark Twain's unpublished satire, "3,000 Years Among the Microbes," critics fifty years hence might agree, declares Edna Kenton in the N. Y. *Evening Mail*, that in this posthumous satire the author of "Innocents Abroad" had given America its first new note in literature following the great war. "Because his '3,000 Years Among the Microbes' is yet unedited, and because his 'Innocents Abroad' wrought such splendid devastation in America's literary output when it appeared, I should like to see this satire of his ripe years given to the world as he wrote it, for the chance that there is in it of that 'new note' for which we are waiting," writes his critic. Mark Twain was a martyr to "editing," she declares. His true greatness has been permanently pruned by the prohibitions of publishers and

friends. Miss Kenton describes the work:

"'3,000 Years Among the Microbes' was written about 1905: 'By a Microbe. Translated by Mark Twain from the Microbic.' Twain was ill at the time and worked on this unfinished satire for his own delight. It is the autobiography of a microbe that was once a man, who was turned into a cholera germ by a self-amazed scientist who was earnestly trying to transform him into a bird. All the subtle material for a vast satire on humanity and the gods lies in the twist of that satiric concept. So this microbe, once a man, longing to be a bird, changed into a cholera germ, lived upon the vast person of Blitzowski, an unwashed and opprobrious tramp. His unmapped areas are the microbes' world, where their nations take form and their personal and social problems develop. Albert Bigelow Paine, in his biography of Mark Twain, calls it a 'scientific, sociological, mathematical jamboree.' He also derogates it and its 'printability' so hastily, after such

## "3,000 Years Among the Microbes" is Described as a "Scientific, Sociological, Mathematical Jamboree"

a huge and reminiscent laugh, as to make the apperceptive feel that his sense of censorship is working after the usual Anglo-Saxon manner, not for himself, but for others. He says it would require great editing before publication. But the greatest joy of Gulliver and Pantagruel lies in the unpruned mass of them."

Satire is usually too salty for the American taste, continues Edna Kenton. We might not care for our history as translated from the microbic by Mark Twain. Yet we yearn for the "new note," which, we are warned, "will not be the flaccid optimism that passes for vision in the current cant." Mark Twain is too great to be edited. Like Cervantes, Rabelais, Swift and Meredith, he saw through shams and sentimentalities. Like that of another arch satirist, Henry James, his was a cry for civilization:

"With 'Innocents Abroad' he dealt, like Cervantes to chivalry and Rabelais to any



human civilization so far achieved, the death-blow to the Brahmin cult whose Mayflower prides and Harvard cultures had controlled the narrow American way to art. Brahmin and low caste had already met at Gettysburg when Edward Everett, statesman and scholar, and the wood-cutter Lincoln consecrated to the dead the memorial battle-field. Everett's Gettysburg address may be found by searching—but why! Lincoln's is briefly

printed every 12th of February, and while the Anglo-Saxon tongue endures, will not perish from the earth.

"Innocents Abroad" was the first American characterization worth the name. It was truly the new child of a new land, looking with serious child's eyes at set old wonders, and saying, like Kipling's Kim, when the Indian fakir tried by 'magic' to make him see the broken bowl take shape before his eyes:

'But the jar has been smashed—twice three is six and thrice three is nine—the jar is smashed—smashed—smashed!' Once quite likely the old masters had been beautiful. If he had not been lied to about the beauties of the Lake of Galilee, its gauntness might not have appalled him. And his comment on the courier's legend of a medieval castle was merely: 'Splendid legend—splendid lie—drive on!'

## ARTHUR RIMBAUD—THE BOY WHO INVENTED VERS LIBRE

**T**O whom do we owe *vers libre*? First of all, so Remy de Gourmont answers this question, to Arthur Rimbaud, whose "Illuminations" appeared in 1886, tho written many years before. The French critic's opinion is quoted in Ludwig Lewisohn's new anthology, "The Poets of Modern France" (Huebsch). In his study of French modern poets, recently published in the *Little Review*, Ezra Pound also emphasizes the significance of Rimbaud and his place as a pioneer of the new poetry. Altho Rimbaud died in 1891, at the age of 37, and altho he wrote practically nothing the last fifteen years of his life, it is only recently that French poets and critics have awakened to the precocious achievement of this most mysterious figure of modern French literature. "The thing that stuns me," Ezra Pound confesses, "is how so much could have escaped me when I read him five years ago. . . . I wonder in what other poet will we find such firmness of coloring and such certitude." Mr. Pound continues:

"Laforge conveys his content by comment, Corbière by ejaculation, as if the words were wrenched and knocked out of him by fatality; by the violence of his feeling, Rimbaud presents a thick suave color, firm, even. . . .

"Rimbaud does not endanger his intensity by a chuckle. He is serious as Cézanne is serious. Comparisons across an art are always vague and inexact, and there are no real parallels; still it is possible to think of Corbière a little as one thinks of Goya, without Goya's Spanish, with infinite differences, but with a macabre intensity, and a modernity that we have not yet surpassed. There are possible grounds for comparisons of like sort between Rimbaud and Cézanne. . . . The actual writing of poetry has advanced little, or not at all since Rimbaud. Cézanne was the first to paint, as Rimbaud had written."

About the time his first volume of poems appeared, in 1873, Jean Arthur Rimbaud disappeared, never again to take an interest in poetry. His life is summarized by Professor Lewisohn in this manner:

"Arthur Rimbaud was born at Charleville in the Ardennes. Tho the son of an army officer he passed his childhood in a sheltered home. Fresh from school the precocious lad ran away, was brought back, escaped a second and a third time, formed the connection with Verlaine, and, having recovered from his wounds, traveled in England, Germany, Italy, volunteered with the Carlist army in Spain,



A LITERARY MYSTERY

Arthur Rimbaud, as a boy-poet, was one of the great sensations of literature. The problem of Rimbaud is not yet solved.

with the colonial troops of Holland, deserted and wandered through Java. He returned to Europe, traveled with a circus, but finally, helped by his family, departed definitely for the Orient, oblivious of the life of letters, living his literature, merchant in strange lands, purveyor of weapons to the Negus of Abyssinia, dying of a tumor of the knee in Marseilles whither he had gone to visit his family."

This brief summary, unfortunately, gives the American reader no adequate idea of the amazing mystery and the fascinating problem of Jean Arthur Rimbaud's strange life. Recent revelations published in the *Mercur de France*, however, recount the story of his amazing precocity. Marcel

## A Great Poet at 16, He Sowed Poetic Wild Oats and Then Buried Himself in Africa

Coulon states that the boy seemed to assimilate knowledge and languages in half the time of a normal child. At ten his mind was as mature as that of a youth of twenty. He was heartily disliked by his teachers and the townsfolk of Charleville. His nature was diabolic. He sent his poems to Paul Verlaine, who replied to the boy in enthusiastic terms. Arthur planned to run away and join the Parnassian poets in Paris. At last he succeeded. He tried to "beat his way" on the provincial train and was arrested. Once he was sent home.

But finally the boy-poet did appear before Verlaine's group. They had expected to see a man. Instead, a boy looking as tho he had escaped from a reform school stood before them. To follow the account of M. Coulon, Rimbaud "sponged" on the Verlaines, was silent, caustic, and scornful, and often, at the gatherings of the poets, impudent to his "betters." It is recounted that the great Hugo praised him as "a child Shakespeare." Rimbaud, with his characteristic surliness, called Hugo an "old windbag."

A large Rimbaud literature has been produced in recent years. His old schoolmaster, his townsfolk, Madame Isabelle Rimbaud, Madame Verlaine, and innumerable others have spread information and misinformation about this boy-poet who in the early twenties deserted literature and civilization. At the time his name was introduced to the English public by George Moore the Rimbaud myth had grown to enormous proportions. He had become a *bête noire*, an imaginary figure of uncanny diabolism. Lepelletier called him Verlaine's evil genius. It is true that Rimbaud started the quarrel between Verlaine and his wife. Verlaine and Rimbaud went to London together. Both were born tramps. They starved, but soaked themselves in alcohol. When they returned to Brussels and Rimbaud decided to go his own way, he was shot by the drunken Verlaine, who served a term in the prison of Mons for the crime. Yet, as Paterne Berrichon points out in his biography of Rimbaud, the

most beautiful of Verlaine's poems were written after he had felt the vibrant influence of Rimbaud, who was a miraculous alchemist in words. All of "*Sagesse*" was written in this prison. Verlaine willingly admitted his debt to Rimbaud's originality. In literary disputes, whenever his opponent exclaimed, "Dante, Shakespeare, Racine! Goethe!" Verlaine would reply: "But you forget Arthur Rimbaud!"

Having sown his literary wild oats, Rimbaud returned home and then entered into a number of vocations. He was for a time a teacher in Germany. It is said that he sold key-rings in Paris and was even a longshoreman in Marseilles. This Gavroche of literature became truly, as a recent biographer notes, a sort of Peer Gynt—a more complete and more perfect Peer than Ibsen's. Finally he buried himself in Africa. Before the age of twenty-three he had already joined the Dutch troops and had gone with them to Java and Sumatra. He had acted as interpreter for a French circus touring Scandinavia. His literary and poetic originality had completely transformed itself into daring adventure and vagabondage. In his twenty-fifth year, we read, he mocked at the literary achievements of his adolescence. Rimbaud never confessed why he abandoned poetry, tho many explanations have been offered. His sister, Isabelle Rimbaud, declared that poetry was part of her brother's nature, but that it was only by prodigious will-power and for superior reasons that he held himself indifferent to literature. He was completely disdainful of fame. Neither his talent, his family, the charm of his native land, nor the attractions of European society held him.

Years after his disappearance the faithful Verlaine collected his verses and published them. Rimbaud, buried in the dark continent, had thought these follies of his youth were lost. He went into a towering rage upon hearing that his name was attracting attention in Paris. Until 1880, he was a trader in coffees and perfumes, with

headquarters at Aden. Later he moved to Harrar, after a twenty-day horseback journey across the Somali desert. He wrote in a letter:

"Day by day I am losing all taste for the climate and the customs and even the languages of Europe. But alas! of what use are all these comings and goings, these adventures among strange races, of these languages which overflow in one's memory, these nameless sufferings, if I am not able some day after several years to



FAME DISGUSTED HIM

As a young man, Rimbaud fled from civilization and literature and hid himself away in Africa.

find repose in some place that pleases me. . . . But who knows how long my life may drag out in these mountains? And then to disappear among these tribes without ever being heard of again. . . . You speak to me of political news. If you only knew how indifferent I am to all that! For more than two years I haven't seen a newspaper. All those debates are incomprehensible to me at present. Like the Mussulmans, I know that what happens happens, and that is all."

In 1886 Rimbaud organized a caravan to carry guns and munitions into Abyssinia, to be sold to the emperor Menelik. The expedition was a failure. The hardships he was forced to

undergo then and afterward resulted in the tumor of the knee which finally brought about his death in a Marseilles hospital, whither he had hastened in 1891. His complete poetical works were published four years later. Subsequent revelations of the extraordinary genius of Arthur Rimbaud have practically wiped away the sinister reputation the earlier critics had given him. Paterné Berrichon claims that he used the thirty-seven short years of his life in a superhuman and miraculous manner. At 16 he was a great poet and esthetic pioneer, the greatest stimulating influence of Verlaine's poetic genius. Later in Africa, in an entirely different rôle, he won the love and respect of primitive tribes, mainly through his uncanny power of language and understanding.

Few of Rimbaud's poems have been translated and published in English. Paul Scott Mowrer and Ludwig Lewisohn have both chosen "The Sleeper in the Valley," written at the age of 15, as an example of Rimbaud's mastery of the sonnet. Here is Ludwig Lewisohn's version:

There's a green hollow where a river  
sings  
Silvering the torn grass in its glittering  
flight,  
And where the sun from the proud mountain  
flings  
Fire—and the little valley brims with  
light.

A soldier young, with open mouth, bare  
head,  
Sleeps with his neck in dewy water cress,  
Under the sky and on the grass his bed,  
Pale in the deep green and the light's  
excess.

He sleeps amid the iris and his smile  
Is like a sick child's slumbering for a  
while.  
Nature, in thy warm lap his chilled limbs  
hide!

The perfume does not thrill him from  
his rest.  
He sleeps in sunshine, hand upon his  
breast,  
Tranquil—with two red holes in his right  
side.

## SIMEON STRUNSKY'S SATIRE MASQUERADES AS FICTION

**T**HE war got into Mr. Britling's soul; it got upon Professor Latimer's nerves." In this sentence, William Stanley Braithwaite, of the *Boston Transcript*, sums up the difference between H. G. Wells's famous war-novel and the recently published "Professor Latimer's Progress" (Holt). The distinction is well taken and gives the key-note of a book which describes itself as "a novel of contemporaneous

adventure." It has been issued anonymously, but it is identified as the work of Simeon Strunsky, of the *New York Evening Post*. Some of its chapters appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Professor Latimer is an elderly gentleman who has retired from his academic labors, but, in his home in New York City, keeps closely in touch with world affairs—too closely for his well-being. Since August, 1914, he has been hard to live with. From the first the

## In "Professor Latimer's Progress," He Veils His Wisdom with a Transparent Anonymity

war has laid hold of his soul's peace and put it to the rack. "Every campaign in the three continents and on and under the seas had been fought simultaneously somewhere in Latimer. His heart was seldom out of the trenches. The war had mobilized him more completely than if it had placed a rifle in his hands and sent him to the firing-line." It would sweep upon him and empty all life of its meaning. It would descend upon him on bright

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summer mornings, as he was shaving or lacing his shoes. "He woke nights, lest Russia conclude a separate peace. He hurt his digestion by thinking suddenly of Bethmann-Hollweg."

His physician and his wife decide that drastic measures are necessary. They take him in hand and pack him off to the country with instructions to walk, to loaf and to refrain from reading, thinking or talking about the war. He acquiesces in the plan, but his mind is restless and he finds himself, at the very outset of his journey, violating his instructions and tormenting himself with his old problems. "The trouble with me," he thinks, "is that I have no measuring-stick for life. I have no formula. I am just a sentimental old fool. I go about saying, 'What does this mean, what does that mean, what does this whole idiotic, booming confusion of a world mean?' Because I have no standards and no formulas to explain away things as they happen, they shatter me and keep me awake nights. Why should I always be agonizing over Russia and over General Nivelle and the submarines and American democracy after the war? The trouble is, I am a clumsy amateur of life."

He spends one night in his boyhood home. Then he takes to the open road and his real adventures begin. A moving-picture star is waiting for him at one turn of the road, and presses him into service as an irate, noble Castilian father in a film on which she and her associates are working. After a while he falls in with Manning, a newspaper man, who has wearied of the strain of journalistic life and has come to the country to raise chickens and invite his soul. Then there is the efficiency expert, the "tinker," the capitalist, the pacifist, the amateur anarchist, the playwright, the exuberantly happy young lady who believes that the world is going to the dogs, and her friend who maintains a Studio for Spontaneous Self-expression. With all and sundry Professor Latimer engages in discussion. Insensibly he casts off some of his maladies of mind and body. He sees how futile it is to attempt to carry the burdens of a world on his own shoulders, and he comes to this conclusion: "I think, perhaps, I understand the war better, and what I don't I am willing to take on trust. As I see it now, the trouble with me in town was that I looked at the world through an opera-glass, as if I were the only spectator, for whom the whole show was set. The eye-strain gave me a headache. I have learned to look at smaller and nearer things and with a narrowed vision, and it's been good for me."

The quality of "Professor Latimer's Progress" can perhaps best be conveyed by direct quotation. In the fol-

lowing passage Manning, the newspaper man, tells why he gave up his profession. No one but an experienced newspaperman such as Simeon Strunsky could have so completely epitomized American journalism:

"The good reporter dies when his soul is born. Sooner or later it comes to most of us—the longing to stop writing things up and to begin to understand them. Sometimes it comes all at once. Hits you between the eyes. . . .

"When I worked on a morning paper I was a fiend on life from the First Edition to the 4 A. M. Metropolitan. And when I was with the afternoon papers there wasn't very much in life that got away from me between 8 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. I saw so much of life that, before I had rushed one piece of it up



HE IS SHY

Simeon Strunsky, who writes such clever things, is so modest that his new novel, which is really not a novel, but a riot, is published anonymously.

the copy-tube, another chunk would be pawing at my elbow. . . .

"I've been through the mill. Police court, police headquarters, magistrate's court, city-hall, copy-desk, rewrite, city-desk, legislature, dramatic, sport, legislature again, Washington, managing editor, and sometimes 'Fashions and Hints for the Home.' I've hobnobbed with gangsters and shirt-waist strikers and cabinet-officers in rapid succession. The owner of the paper on which I grew up was death on stagnation. He was always punching us up by shuffling us about, and one week I would be rewriting press agent's dope and the next I would be flashing special correspondence from the capital. . . .

"It's not so bad the first two years, until you have graduated from police and the criminal courts. There, I admit, you touch on what is called life, tho touch it is about all you can do. The only sin-

cere stuff in the business is crimes and accidents. A man doesn't usually snoot his wife for publication, or fall under a motor-truck with his photograph ready for 64-screen reproduction. Everything beyond that is just formula and make-believe, acting and speaking for publication—politicians this way, and strike-leaders that way, and woman suffragists their own way. We are the family photographers of the world, and people come to us in their Sunday clothes. If they didn't we'd retouch them anyhow; make them, every one,—gangsters, society leaders, shop-girls, Secretaries of State,—say what we want them to say; which is what they want us to make them say. . . .

"I didn't put in much sleep during that first night of the war. I planned my campaign. Special correspondents, photographers, contracts for the London *Times* dispatches, the *Matin* service, the *Novoye Vremya*, Washington; reorganizing the staff; half the fellows in the city-room would have to be fired—it would be nothing but war news—and the price of white paper!—You have said it, Dr. Latimer. It was the biggest job I had ever faced, the biggest newspaper opportunity since newspapers were invented. What copy, my God, what copy! what headlines! A thousand years thrown into the stereotypers' cauldron and coming out fat, new metal—'Russ Army Enters Constantinople'; 'French Crush Teuton Host'; 'Kaiser Holds India'—that's what was ahead of me.

"And then all at once things turned sour in the mouth. My soul, I said to myself, what will happen to the soul of John B. Manning? Was it to go through the same dizzy dance through this biggest thing ever? And I knew that if I held out another day, the game would get me and there would never be another chance to stand aside, to try to understand. So I rang up the old man and resigned."

The reviewer of his own paper, the *N. Y. Evening Post*—does he by any chance happen to be Mr. Simeon Strunsky?—gently chides the deeply disguised anonymous author for presuming to think that he has written a novel. He has, we may infer, written editorials, essays, dialogues, but not a novel. The *Post* critic comments:

"We are not without our doubts as to his being sixty-two, and even as to his being a professor. We doubt another thing. Over a hundred and fifty pages before the end, the professor announces that he is cured. We submit his book as evidence that he is not. Surely, never before did such a mixture get itself classified as a novel. It has no plot, and hardly has continuity. Its considerable number of really interesting episodes and spots of very clever talk alternate with trivial detail. It takes the reader careering about the country without giving him the sense of being in the country, and leaves him he knows not where. It has flashes of humor and reasoning and style that make one think of Hilaire Belloc, Wells, and George Borrow. Its good parts would have made up easily into essays or dialogues. But a novel! It isn't a novel; it's a riot."





FIGURES OF THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

The first is the observer; the second the joiner of the lines. It was the bravery of this type of soldiers, as here depicted by Lieutenant Jean Droit, that expressed itself in the great drive.

## FRENCH INFANTRY TYPES AS SEEN BY A LIEUTENANT ARTIST

A YOUNG lieutenant of the French infantry, Jean Droit, who, like so many French soldiers, is a skilled artist, has recently completed a striking series of drawings showing ten different types of French soldier. At a time when the French army has been revealing new and seemingly inexhaustible resources of valiance and endurance, Lieutenant Droit's vivid characterizations (lately reproduced in the *Paris Illustration*) accomplish more than the words of war correspondents in visualizing the risks and chances the modern infantryman must take in "No Man's Land." Explanations made by the artist accompany these drawings, which, tho "stylized," are nevertheless

the result of a close study of French soldiers in the recent drives.

Traits useful in one department may be a man's undoing in another. Thus the *observateur* (the "lookout"), Jean Droit explains, may be an educated man or a peasant, but he must never be an emotional one. Here is a duty requiring the sharpest sight and the utmost patience. To him, the seeming quiet of a desolated plain is only apparent. A human watchdog, he peers into the distance and gathers data of the enemy's movements. Nothing escapes him. Hour by hour, minute by minute, he accumulates his invaluable information. At night he waits for tell-tale sounds. Then there is the *agent de liaison*, who takes the place

## Jean Droit's Vivid Drawings of the French Soldiers in the Recent Drives

of the destroyed telephone wires. In the solitude of the trenches, under a reigning fire, this agent acts as messenger between the divisions of the "line." He may be the weakest link of the human chain; but he has proved his strength. Calls for munitions or reinforcements, the messages he carries are sure to reach their destination.

Then, to follow Lieutenant Droit's explanations, there is the wire man or *téléphoniste*. These men repair the damage done by enemy shells to the wires which unite the troops to their commander. Exposed to the fire and the gases these men must hunt for the break in the wire or cable. The work of repairing it is long and dangerous, but it must be done for the troops.

## WHY MODERN AMERICAN ART HAS SUNK INTO INSIGNIFICANCE

T O-DAY the Giotto's, the Titians, the Leonardos, the Rembrandts, and the Rubens would find for their constructive talents some better employment than painting. For to-day the sciences, pure and applied,

the trades of engineer and builder, make a far stronger appeal to the creative imagination than painting and sculpture make and have an infinitely greater social significance. These fine arts have sunk very low indeed and count for next to nothing in the life

## Leo Stein Declares That It Should Be a Glorious Contemporary Adventure, Not Burdened With the Past

of the community. Such is the challenge put forward in the *New Republic* by Leo Stein, connoisseur and critic of art. In an essay entitled "If Rubens Were Born Again," Mr. Stein comes to the pessimistic conclusion that painting does not really count to

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FRENCH GUNMEN

The first is called a mitrailleur, or machine-gun man. The other, a cannonier, is seen reassembling the various parts of a cannon.

day despite the fact that millionaires, upon the advice of experts, spend sums unheard of in all past times for things that are irrelevant to them, to us, and to everything else.

"Soothing sentimentalities of American landscape are now bringing their thousands, as the greater rarities of previous centuries bring their tens and hundreds of thousands, and contemporary interest can to some extent be aroused by the intellectualist vagaries of the 'modern' painters, a class from which all intellect has been carefully sorted out by the demands of more serious and more engaging occupations. Nowhere is there a trace of interest looking to an art of painting that really means anything to our time which is at all comparable to what is meant to it by our physicists, our chemists, our inventors or our engineers, and this is true even if one regards only the emotional value of their work. This despite the thing which all the books tell us, that the significance of science is intellectual and that of art emotional."

In the matter of art, Mr. Stein thinks, the world has not moved onward. Our interest in painting lies largely in expensive exotics, in sentimental amiabilities, in trivial realisms, and in fatuous caprices. A number of things stand in the way of genuine progress. We have erroneously looked upon art as something superfine, as opposed to the industrial; as eternal and therefore opposed to the merely

transitory. We are interested in acquisition rather than creation:

"We commonly regard the pictures that we buy as things to be saddled upon us forever instead of looking on them as things to be scrapped or sold when we are through with them. It is even considered a matter of reproach that any one gets rid of pictures that he possesses, because it seems to prove that he had blundered in buying them or that he is inconstant, or that he does not really care about art anyway. But, on the contrary, it is rather discreditable that one should want no change in the pictures, the buildings, the furniture, amid which one lives. Some supreme monuments of noble or exquisite perfection may well remain like islands in a sea of change; but the absurdity of Louis XV. in a medieval castle, for example, is obvious, and there are often changes in the course of people's lives that are quite as great in their way as those in nations from century to century."

"Period' furniture and furnishings are among the unconscious humors of our day. The public library in Washington is full of most abominable painting which ought to be redone. The rotunda of the Capitol contains pictures which are stupid atrocities. And in the Doge's Palace in Venice and in the Pantheon in Paris the bulk of the pictures have long since outlived their usefulness. They were perfectly justified when they were done, but only masterpieces outlive their generation. An intelligent policy would replace them every twenty years or so, except in the

few cases where they proved more permanently interesting. Art should be one form of contemporaneous adventure and should no more insistently burden the future than should contemporaneous adventure in methods of heating, lighting or transportation."

Real opportunity for work, and not the millions spent on the scraps of panel or canvas by our comic millionaires, asserts Mr. Stein, is significant for art:

"If the thousands that move about or linger in the great lobbies of our stations and other buildings could have rich, glowing canvases about them, and could have those that are exhausted of their interest replaced after a while by others, not only would our artists have opportunity and inspiration, but painting would begin to mean something in the life of our time. Boys of sensibility and talent would see in painting, and the same thing is true of sculpture, a relevance, a force in contemporary life as great as that of study in the laboratory or in the engineering field. They would have more or less continuously the inspiration that has been offered with conscious temporariness in our world's fairs. Under such conditions painting would no longer mean the emotional triviality and the introverted intellectual mediocrity of the Academy or Independent shows, and the young Rubens who was growing to maturity would not be driven away from painting to some other occupation more worthy of his creative powers."



# VOICES OF LIVING POETS

**W**AS there ever before a time when or a country where living poets received more attention than they are getting in this time and this country? We doubt it. Every week some prize is announced and every month some anthology is published. Our anthologies used to be made up of the work of dead poets with the casual inclusion of a few living bards. Now the lucky dead poet who is included is one who has been dead a very short time. The critics are kind, the publishers are gracious, and clubs and colleges and public libraries are all keen for the latest comer who shows any of the insignia of Parnassus.

This recognition does not seem to develop any very great poets among us but it is developing a large amount of excellent poetry from a large number of fairly good poets. Take Mrs. Waldo Richards's new anthology of garden and nature poems, entitled "The Melody of Earth" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). It is limited to "present-day poets," with here and there one, like Sarah Orne Jewett or Lloyd Mifflin or George Cabot Lodge, who has recently passed away. It contains about 300 poems by 182 different singers, far the larger number being American, and it is a thoroly delightful collection. We doubt if there ever was a period when a more creditable collection could have been made from the work of living poets. And it is but one of many similar collections that have been made in the last few years.

There are those who think that Thomas Hardy is the greatest of our living poets. We can't see in him even a fairly good poet. Yet whatever he writes has some kind of interest for us. His latest volume, "Moments of Vision" (Macmillan), has some of the most dubious verse ever published. It doesn't sing and it doesn't scan and it seldom gets anywhere in particular. Yet it is never drivel, and it has a teasing, tantalizing interest that keeps you reading on, shaking your head and saying, "no, that will not do," but expectantly turning to the next page. Here is a taste of his quality:

## AT THE WORD "FAREWELL."

BY THOMAS HARDY.

**S**HE looked like a bird from a cloud  
On the clammy lawn,  
Moving alone, bare-browed  
In the dim of dawn.  
The candles alight in the room  
For my parting meal  
Made all things withoutdoors loom  
Strange, ghostly, unreal.

The hour itself was a ghost,  
And it seemed to me then  
As of chances the chance furthestmost  
I should see her again.  
I beheld not where all was so fleet  
That a Plan of the past  
Which had ruled us from birthtime to meet  
Was accomplished at last.

No prelude did I there perceive  
To a drama at all,  
Or foreshadow what fortune might weave  
From beginnings so small;  
But I rose as if quickened by a spur  
I was bound to obey,  
And stepped through the casement to her  
Still alone in the gray.

"I am leaving you. . . Farewell!" I said,  
As I followed her on  
By an alley bare boughs overspread;  
"I soon must be gone!"  
Even then the scale might have been  
turned  
Against love by a feather,  
—But crimson one cheek of hers burned  
When we came in together.

*Contemporary Verse* has for its leading poem in the April number verses written by Vachel Lindsay for the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Philadelphia several months ago. We like them tho we think we would like them better without the last stanza:

## THE EYES OF QUEEN ESTHER, AND HOW THEY CONQUERED KING AHASUERUS.

*Esther had not shewed her people nor her kindred.—Esther II:10, 20.*

BY VACHEL LINDSAY.

**I.**  
**H**E harried lions up the peaks.  
In blood and moss and snow they died.

He wore a cloak of lions' manes  
To satisfy his curious pride.  
Men saw it trimmed with emerald bands  
Flash on the crested battle-tide.

Where Bagdad stands, he hunted kings,  
Burnt them alive, his soul to cool.  
Yet in his veins god Ormazd wrought  
To make a just man of a fool.  
He spoke the rigid truth, and rode,  
And drew the bow, by Persian rule.

**II.**  
Ahasuerus in his prime  
Was gracious and voluptuous.  
He saw a pale face turn to him,  
A gleam of Heaven's righteousness:  
A girl with hair of David's gold  
And Rachel's face of loveliness.

He dropped his sword, he bowed his head.  
She led his steps to courtesy.  
He took her for his white north star:  
A wedding of true majesty.  
Oh, what a war for gentleness  
Was in her bridal fantasy!

Why did he fall by candlelight  
And press his bull-heart to her feet?  
He found them as the mountain-snow  
Where lions died. Her hands were sweet  
As ice upon a blood-burnt mouth,  
As mead to reapers in the wheat.

The little nation in her soul  
Bloomed in her girl's prophetic face.  
She named it not, and yet he felt  
One challenge: her eternal race.  
This was the mystery of her step,  
Her trembling body's sacred grace.

He stood, a priest, a Nazarite,  
A rabbi reading by a tomb.  
The hardy raider saw and feared  
Her white knees in the palace gloom,  
Her pouting breasts and locks well  
combed  
Within the humming, reeling room.

Her name was Meditation there:  
Fair opposite of bullock's brawn.  
I sing her eyes that conquered him:  
The fern before the grazing fawn  
Bends down with dew, a thing of naught,  
Only the forest's floor and lawn.

He gave her Shushan from the walls.  
She saw it not, and turned not back.  
Her eyes kept hunting through his soul  
As one may seek through battle black  
For one dear banner held on high,  
For one bright bugle in the rack.

The scorn that loves the sexless stars:  
Traditions passionless and bright:  
The ten commands (to him unknown),  
The pillar of the fire by night:—  
Flashed from her alabaster crown  
The while they kissed by candlelight.

The rarest psalms of David came  
From her dropped veil (odd dreams to him!).

It prophesied, he knew not how,  
Against his endless armies grim.  
He saw his Shushan in the dust—  
Far in the ages growing dim.

Then came a glance of steely blue,  
Flash of her body's silver sword.  
Her eyes of law and temple prayer  
Broke him who spoiled the temple hoard.  
The thief who fouled all little lands  
Went mad before her, and adored.

The girl was Eve in Paradise,  
Yet Judith till her war was won.  
All of the future tyrants fell  
In this one king, ere night was done,  
And Israel, captive then as now,  
Ruled with to-morrow's rising sun.

And in the logic of the skies  
He who keeps Israel in His hand,  
The God whose hope for joy on earth  
The Gentile yet shall understand,  
Through powers like Esther's steadfast eyes  
Shall free each little tribe and land.

A fine war poem, also from *Contemporary Verse* and by a new writer, is the following:



## THE OLD GODS MARCH.

BY LEYLAND HUCKFIELD.

THE grim gods of the past have arisen,

The black swamps throb and the mountains boom

And the dust from their iron-sandaled feet

Shrouds the sun in a blood-red gloom:  
Out of the Northern mountain passes  
Flame the banners and glare the swords,  
The old gods march from their wild morasses,

The old gods march with their ancient hordes,

With scarlet banners and songs of death;  
From marshes white with the bitter brine  
The boar-herds gather, the wolf-clans whine

Till the land is foul with their streaming breath:

And the old gods bellow, the old gods roar,

And the hills shake and the gray seas rave,

For the old gods march with a thundering tread

Whose echoes thrill in the nether wave,  
Shaking the bones of a myriad dead  
As in red days of yore.

Glare of torches in dead men's eyes  
And black nights lit by towns aflame,  
And things of horror, and claws that tear,  
And reeking rivers that bloodily rise  
To the old gods' tempest blare.

Banners black with the blood and smoke:  
High in the eddying battle van,  
And great swords red with the murder-stroke,

And torches aflame as the night comes on—

For the old gods march in the shame of man,

The old gods march—sweet days are done—

The fires of home or the fires of hate?

There is no choice in the wide world—none—

But we must stand where the old gods tread,

In ranks of steel, and steady and grim  
Chanting the sweet, wild battle-hymn  
That the old gods hate and dread.

This is the first poem we have seen published from Joyce Kilmer since he marched off to war as a private (he is a non-com. now, we believe) in the 165th Infantry, which has been actively engaged in the recent fighting on the other side. We find this in *Good Housekeeping*:

## PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

MY shoulders ache beneath my pack.  
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart.

(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)  
Men shout at me who may not speak.

(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear  
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget  
Thy agony of Bloody Sweat?)  
My rifle hand is stiff and numb.  
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me  
Than all the hosts of land and sea,  
So let me render back again  
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

There is something that "gets" us  
in this poem sent out by the Vigilantes:

## ON HIS OWN.

BY ADOLPHE E. SMYLYE.

"YOU see that young kid lying there  
Playing a game of solitaire?  
All shot to pieces in the air;  
By Heck, Sarge, he's a wonder.

The gamest kid I ever met;  
They're probing him for bullets yet,  
But s—sh! here comes his nurse Yvette,—  
Kept him from going under.

You think she's passing by him? Nit!  
D'you get that smile? He waves his mitt;  
I think he's stuck on her a bit,  
Can't blame him for that matter.  
She watches him just like a hawk,  
Now listen to their daily talk,  
She's all Paree, he's all New York;  
Sit quiet, hear their chatter."

"Pardonnez-moi, désirez-vous—"

"Oh fine and dandy! How are you?"

"Quelque chose? Comprenez-vous?—"

"Ah, now I know you're kiddin'."

"Vous avez bonne mine aujourd'hui—"

"It's high time you were nice to me."

"Time? Je comprends, il est midi—"

"Bright eyes, I think I'm skiddin'."

"Je crois que je vous donnerai—"

"I'll back up anything you say—"

"Un petit morceau de poulet—"

"You fascinating creature!"

"Avec la crème, dans la coquille,—"

"Rats! There she goes! I always feel

Some blessy's S. O. S. appeal

Will call off my French teacher."

The Sarge here nudged my splintered ribs:

"Well, I'll be damned! Here comes His Nibs!"

And down the aisle stalked General Gibbs  
With all the famous aces.

They formed around the sick boy's bed,  
He gasped, saluted, then turned red:

"Looks like I'm pinched!" was all he said,

Scanning their smiling faces.

"So," spoke the General, "you alone  
Brought down three Taubes on your own!

Another Yankee Ace is known

To everyone in Blighty.

I'm proud to know you,—put it there,—

And now we're going to let you wear

This gallantly won *Croix de Guerre*

I'm pinning on your nighty."

John Daly, we are told, hails from Kansas. He has given us stanzas on the flag that are going over the country in the papers, on card-board, and in other ways. They have real snap in them and an original rhyme-scheme. We don't know where they were first published. Here they are:

## A TOAST TO THE FLAG.

BY JOHN DALY.

"HERE'S to the red of it;  
There's not a thread of it,  
No, nor a shred of it,  
In all the spread of it,  
From foot to head,

But heroes bled for it,  
Faced steel and lead for it,  
Precious blood shed for it,  
Bathing in red.

"Here's to the white of it;  
Thrilled by the sight of it,  
Who knows the right of it  
But has felt the might of it  
Through day and night;  
Womanhood's care for it  
Made manhood dare for it,  
Purity's prayer for it  
Kept it so white.

"Here's to the blue of it,  
Heavenly view of it,  
Star-Spangled hue of it,  
Honesty's due of it,  
Constant and true;  
Here's to the whole of it,  
Stars, stripes, and pole of it,  
Here's to the soul of it,  
Red, white, and blue."

It is a relief just now to get into the world of abstraction for a time, especially if a poet takes you there. This, from the *English Review*, is a striking thing:

## NUMBERS.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

TREFOIL and Quatrefoil!  
What shaped those destined small  
silent leaves  
Or numbered them under the soil?

I lift my dazzled sight  
From grass to sky,  
From humming and hot perfume  
To scorching, quivering light,—  
Empty blue!—Why,  
As I bury my face afresh  
In a sunshot vivid gloom—  
Minute infinity's mesh,  
Where spearing side by side  
Smooth stalk and furred uplift  
Their luminous green secrets from the grass,  
Tower to a bud and delicately divide—  
Do I think of the things unthought  
Before man was?

Bodiless Numbers!  
When there was none to explore  
Your winding labyrinths occult,  
None to delve your ore  
Of strange virtue, or do  
Your magical business, you  
Were there, never old nor new,  
Veined in the world and alive:—  
Before the Planets, Seven;  
Before these fingers, Five!

You that are globed and single,  
Crystal virgins, and you that part,  
Melt, and again mingle!  
We have hoisted sail in the night  
On the oceans that you chart:  
Dark winds carry us onward, on;  
But you are there before us, silent  
Answers,  
Beyond the bounds of the sun.

You body yourselves in the stars, inscrutable dancers,  
Native where we are none.

O inhuman Numbers!  
All things change and glide,  
Corrupt and crumble, suffer wreck and decay,  
But, obstinate dark Integrities, you abide,  
And obey but them who obey.  
All things else are dyed  
In the colors of man's desire:  
But you no bribe nor prayer  
Avails to soften or sway.  
Nothing of me you share,  
Yet I cannot think you away.  
And if I seek to escape you, still you are there,  
Stronger than caging pillars of iron  
Not to be passed, in an air  
Where human wish and word  
Fall like a frozen bird.

Music asleep  
In pulses of sound, in the waves!  
Hidden runes rubbed bright!  
Dizzy ladders of thought in the night!  
Are you masters or slaves—  
Subtlet of man's slaves,—  
Shadowy Numbers?

In a vision I saw  
Old vulture Time, feeding  
On the flesh of the world; I saw  
The home of our use outdated—  
Seasons of fruiting and seeding  
Withered, and hunger and thirst  
Dead, with all they fed on:  
Till at last, when Time was slated,  
Only you persisted,  
Daedal Numbers, sole and same,  
Invisible skeleton frame  
Of the peopled earth we tread on—  
Last, as first.

Because naught can avail  
To wound or to tarnish you;  
Because you are neither sold nor bought,  
Because you have not the power to fail,  
But live beyond our furthest thought,  
Strange Numbers, of infinite clue,  
Beyond fear, beyond ruth,  
You strengthen also me  
To be in my own truth.

Another poet who has found himself in the trenches is Robert Nichols. His book, "Ardors and Endurances" (Stokes), contains some of the very best work the war has produced. About one-third of the volume consists of this work, the rest of the volume containing his pre-war poetry. The latter has distinction but has little of the convincing power the war poetry has. This is rather somber, tho, and subjective.

#### FAREWELL TO PLACE OF COMFORT.

BY ROBERT NICHOLS.

FOR the last time, maybe, upon the knoll  
I stand. The eve is golden, languid, sad. . . .  
Day like a tragic actor plays his rôle  
To the last whispered word, and falls gold-clad.  
I, too, take leave of all I ever had.  
They shall not say I went with heavy heart:

Heavy I am, but soon I shall be free;  
I love them all, but O I now depart  
A little sadly, strangely, fearfully,  
As one who goes to try a Mystery.

The bell is sounding down in Dedham Vale:

Be still, O bell! too often standing here  
When all the air was tremulous, fine,  
and pale,  
Thy golden note so calm, so still, so clear,  
Out of my stony heart has struck a tear.

And now tears are not mine. I have release  
From all the former and the later pain;  
Like the mid-sea I rock in boundless peace,  
Soothed by the clarity of the deep sea rain. . . .  
Calm rain! Calm sea! Calm found, long sought in vain.

O bronzen pines, evening of gold and blue,  
Steep mellow slope, brimmed twilight pools below,  
Hushed trees, still vale dissolving in the dew,  
Farewell! Farewell! There is no more to do.  
We have been happy. Happy now I go.

At last Benjamin De Casseres has collected his queer lucubrations into a book, which is called "The Shadow-Eater" and is published by the Wilmarth Publishing Co., New York City. He is such a devil of a fellow, this De Casseres, and so proud of it! Milton's Satan is a piker beside him. He can defy God in more ways than Satan ever thought of and with a wealth of oburgation that would have made Milton stare with his sightless eyes.

Sometimes he makes us laugh and sometimes he makes us shudder, but mostly he fills us with a vast pity for God who, amid all his troubles with this seething world, now has this merciless rebel threatening his throne. All the same, speaking seriously, there is something Titanic in the way in which De Casseres hurls his words at the universe.

#### MY COMIC PERSPECTIVE.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

WHEN a boy I was wrenched in a gin hidden in a garden of roses: thus am I lame.

Later was slugged on the head by the Father of Lies—the Ideal:

But I laughed and hallooed, "Come, To-morrow!"

I have been bushwhacked by women, gnawed to the bone by a great ancient lust:

All things I touched turned slime-green and black-hideous thoughts played 'round my night-pillow like rats 'round the new-dead:

But I laughed and hallooed, "Come, To-morrow!"

I used to say, "God?—why, that is myself!"

The world took me seriously, set me up for a savior:

But I laughed, doffed aureole, and hallooed, "Come, To-morrow!"  
Then I donned horns and tail and cried, "Behold! I am Lucifer!"  
So they stoned me till I looked like a shambles:

But I laughed and hallooed, "Come, To-morrow!"

I bought from a drab a filthy old handkerchief, exhibited it as the Veil of Isis.

The popes of philosophy bowed down to me and mumbled "Eureka!"

But I laughed (for I knew) and hallooed, "Come, To-morrow!"

Well, here am I now, a butt-end, awaiting translation.

The world I have found a small box with endless false bottoms;

I have come to the tomb, a little clay box which, too, is false-bottomed:

I call into it, laugh and halloo, "Come, TO-MORROW!"

We like this picture, from the *Midland*, of night and the prairie and the shining heavens:

#### THE SCHOOLHOUSE REVIVAL.

BY FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA.

NIGHT and the silent stars;  
My brother and I cuddled in fur robes

In the back of the sleigh,  
With mother near—just on the seat in front.

The soft crunch of the snow under the runners

And the horses' hoofs beating time To the music of the soft, low wind.

The moon's face veiled in cloud-lace  
As the emotion of an hour since

Is veiled in my child-heart—  
Dim memories of those emotions

Surging up through coming drowsiness  
"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest."

Under the stars  
The Lie, before which I had crouched in terror

An hour since  
Has lost its fearsomeness;

And the need to confess about the broken pitcher

Is growing less urgent;  
God is good!

He knows I am sorry—  
The pitcher had a pink rose painted on its side,

I had loved the rose—  
The waves of drowsiness dash high—

higher,  
Over the flower-memory,

Over my new resolves,  
Over me;

And the stars of the prairie night  
Smile on.

The prize of \$500 awarded by Columbia University for the best volume of poetry by an American poet in the year 1917 has been given to Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Ernst R. Filsinger) for her "Love Songs." The jury (nominated by the Poetry Society of America) consisted of Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Bliss Perry and William Marion Reedy. The award ought to give general satisfaction.

## "THE ELEVATOR STOPS AT ALL FLOORS"—A STORY

This is another of the series of "Tales While You Wait" which Addison Lewis has been publishing in *Reedy's Mirror*. It also—like the story of the sentimental hobo which we published in our May number—has a distinct O. Henry flavor. In naming his journalistic heroine "Beatrice Fairfax," Mr. Lewis seems to have taken long chances. But perhaps he knew—for it is a fact—that that is the pen-name not of one individual but of a succession of ladies who have conducted a well-known department syndicated in the Hearst dailies. The story is light and fluffy, like the Georgette crêpe waists Beatrice wore; but it is amusing and gives us visions of a happy ending.

THERE are many people—perhaps you know one of them—destined to be perpetual onlookers at the movie of life. Doomed, to be more explicit, to see fronts and angles of buildings, distant horizons, shadowy shop-windows, piquant faces of fair women through the plate glass of limousines or office partitions. Never to know what interesting things and lives lie behind those building fronts, shop windows, what battles, fox hunts or gay picnics are going on just over those distant horizons—or, far more exciting, to meet full face-to-face and eye-to-eye the fair women belonging to the piquant faces.

Connors was like that. A being apparently intended from birth to see life go by, so to say, in profile. Connors wrote advertizing for the "Grand Bazaar" department store. He must have given a measure of satisfaction to his employers or he wouldn't have held his job, but it is certain he never knew from personal contact the public to whom he catered. He emerged from his little top-floor lair only when it was absolutely necessary, taking no pleasure in walking around the store to watch the great public respond to the lure of his headlines.

The only reliefs in Connors' day were his two trips to the *Journal* composing-room—in the morning about eleven, with the corrected revise of his advertizement running in that evening's edition; and at 5:30, when he took down the lay-out and copy for his next day's advertizement. These trips were voluntary on Connors' part, for he might have dispatched his proofs and copy by an errand-boy. But he liked getting out in the air for a few minutes, and, besides, he had a more tangible reason.

THE "reason" dwelt at a desk in the corridor on the second floor, just outside the managing editor's sacred precincts. And Connors, shooting upward in the elevator, caught a momentary flash of an exquisite profile thrown into high relief under the kind yellow rays of a desk-lamp—an impression he invariably confirmed by a second shy glance on the downward trip. What had first attracted him was a dimple in her cheek, giving her the appearance of smiling to herself about something very pleasant, which warmed his shrinking soul for hours after each glimpse. When he had satisfied himself of the reality of the dimple he noted that she had brown hair, and wore jade and flame-colored waists of the softest Georgette crêpe, which his practiced department-store eye told him were at least a \$9.95 value. And one day when the building was cold she sat at her desk in a fur-trimmed coat of green Bolivia cloth, at least a \$59.50 garment. Now, how could she dress like that on the income of an office-girl? That was what bothered Connors.

But not for long. He accepted the fact, as he did all things in life, and left the cause for someone else to worry over. Reflecting day after day on the charming profile, it was not long before a peculiar emotion attacked Connors. He rather suspected he was in love. Mind you, he had only seen the young lady through the glass elevator-door in half-second

flashes, or twice as long when the car stopped at that floor. He had never looked her straight in the eye, much less spoken to her. A necessary preliminary which had given him no little concern.

One Saturday in November the advertizing manager of another store, one Gus Daniels, suggested that they see the football game that afternoon.

"I'll take my girl," he suggested, "you get yours. We'll see the game and have dinner down-town afterward."

CONNORS was flustered. At first he tried hard to pretend he was too busy, but when the other pinned him down he blurted out the truth—he had no girl to take.

"Off that stuff," scoffed the other. "Call up anyone on your list. It's late, but I know they'll be tickled to death to go. It's going to be some game."

Connors gulped, then haltingly confessed that he had no such thing as a list. He didn't know a single girl he could ask.

"Not one?" laughed Daniels incredulously. "Surely in this old town there's one little girl who'll be darn glad to wear her new kid gloves this afternoon."

He suggested several girls he knew, but Connors was not interested.

"I'd like to go," he admitted. "I'd go in a minute if I had the nerve to ask a certain girl. But I can't, because I don't know her."

"That's easy," Daniels snapped him up. "What's her name? We'll get her on the wire. Maybe I know her."

Connors hesitated.

"You've seen her," he said. "She's the office-girl for the managing editor of the *Journal*."

"What! One that sits in the corridor on the second floor?"

Connors nodded.

The other smiled an indulgent smile.

"Nothing doing. That's Edna Lyal."

"I'm taking her myself."

"Hm," said Connors.

IT is scarcely necessary to record that Connors did not go to the game. But a day or so later a peculiar incident occurred, the first link in a chain of events responsible for the emergence of William Connors from the limbo of profile.

Connors, hurrying to the composing-room of the *Journal* with two belated cuts for his day's advertizement, was suddenly confronted by the calm indifference of inanimate matter to the plans, speculations and schemes of man. The untrustworthy *Journal* elevator elected to choose this occasion to stall itself in mid-flight between the first and second floors, and to remain in that position for a round half-hour, while the composing-room above prepared noisily to go to press with a certain cutless advertizement. The advertizing man, gazing wretchedly upward through the coarse mesh at the top of his prison, saw the door on the second floor open, and a mechanic slowly descend to make repairs. Then he saw, framed in the square of light, the face of Edna Lyal looking down on the cage with curious interest. The sight of her suddenly stimulated him to action. An inspiration:

"Oh, Miss—Miss Lyal!" he called,

startled at his own temerity. "Can you help me out of a bad fix? I've got a couple of cuts here for the 'Grand Bazaar' ad, and the form goes to the stereotype in fifteen minutes. Would you—could you—let a string down and fish 'em up?"

A ripple of laughter floated lightly down to him.

"Sure," said a happy voice.

A moment later he heard a warning "Ready!" and a cord weighted with a key descended into the cage. Fortunately his cuts—a wash-basin and a lingerie waist—were small enough to pass the mesh of the cage, and he saw them hoisted triumphantly into the light. His advertizement was saved.

WHEN the car was again in running order, Connors stopped off to thank his rescuer, but she had gone to lunch. The next day he brought her a box of candy, and mumbled his thanks. Now that he had excuse, it had been his intention to talk with her and perhaps ask permission to call. But looking her full in the face with the consciousness that he really was in love stunned him so that, to his disgust, all his courage fled.

"I have heard about you, Mr. Connors, from my friend, Mr. Daniels," she said, "and I have seen you so often pass this floor in the elevator that I almost feel as if I knew you."

He didn't like the mention of Daniels, but her admission that she had actually noticed him gave him unexpected courage.

"I should—I should like to—" he began, when he was startled by a slap on the back. It was Daniels.

"What are you doing with my girl?" he demanded, with mock ferocity; but underneath the joking tone Connors sensed a definite note of proprietorship. Forthwith he excused himself and went dismally on his way. There was little doubt of it now. Daniels was engaged to the girl, which fact accounted for the Georgette waists and the Bolivia coat. Presents from Daniels' store. The certainty of this increased on Connors with each step back to the Grand Bazaar, and he reached his office with the wretched conviction that he had lost, through his lack of initiative, the only thing that mattered.

Connors was desperately unhappy for two hours. Then in the face of the knowledge that he had an advertizement to prepare, he deserted to try a new, a thrilling, experience. Connors got drunk. He performed the rite quietly, religiously, in a little back-street saloon, as shrinking and modest as himself, then went home and to bed.

He awoke the next morning with the cheerful consciousness that he had slipped up on an important advertizement, and almost certainly lost his job. But also with the irresistible conviction that Edna Lyal was his girl, not Gus Daniels'.

As he bathed and dressed and consulted his face in the shaving mirror, Connors suddenly discovered born in him a new spirit. He wanted to do. He was dog-tired of a life of looking on. He was through with hanging round on the edge of things. In brief, he decided to call on Miss Edna Lyal at her office and put the thing to her bluntly. He was in love



with her and her only and had been for a long time before Daniels ever thought of writing advertizing or riding in the *Journal* elevator. She was his, and would she please at once send Daniels about his business and treat with him, Connors, on the subject of love and marriage.

**N**OW the rudely-spoken may suggest that Connors was, all psycho-therapeutics aside, suffering from a "hang-over." To which the reply is obvious. "What is the difference between 11.60 Saturday night and 12 A. M. Sunday?" Leaving the cause of the disruption in Connors' former plan of life to the professors of the circumnavigating brain-cell, we jump to the effect and find Connors, chin in the air and chest thrown out, striding into the waiting-room of the managing editor of the *Journal*, only to find that Miss Edna Lyal had been excused for the afternoon. "Out joy-riding with a guy by the name of Daniels—know 'im?" the office-boy explained, when prodded with a half-dollar.

There was only one thing left to do. Connors had no confidant, no sympathetic ear into which to pour his uncertainty and woe, and the wonderful discovery of his

new character, so he strode back to his room and wrote a flaming indictment of Love and the Great God Chance to Beatrice Fairfax (answering pleas of the heartsick exclusively through the columns of the *Journal*; personal replies in a self-addressed envelope, 15 cents in stamps). Connors enclosed the stamps.

His letter ended:

She is wearing Georgette crêpe waists and a Bolivia coat, which I am very sure were taken out of stock by her fiancé, incidentally advertizing manager of a concern which perpetually cut-throats our prices. So you see, Miss Fairfax, what I am up against. I should like to ask her if it is a real engagement, with absolutely no come-back, or just a make-believe. Do you think I could do that—and get away with it?

Anxiously,

WILLIAM CONNORS.

**C**ONNORS mailed this letter with a firm flip of the post-box lid and departed to interview the manager of his store. This dignitary informed him that he had been unconditionally fired. Two days before, in the same situation, Connors would have retreated with his chin, figuratively speaking, camouflaging his neck-tie, but now (thanks to what—let the psychology professors or the bartenders answer) the manager was con-

fronted by a surprisingly different Connors.

"Listen," he interrupted in the midst of an explanation of why his services were no longer of any use to the Grand Bazaar—"listen, I have an idea for a series of special sales, from underwear to crockery, which I spent most of last night doping out. It's like this—"

Connors talked fast and in five minutes the manager was in full retreat. Connors had his job back. After which he decided to take advantage of a good situation and try to interview Edna Lyal again, but the sudden thought that he had placed his fate in other hands deterred him.

A week went by before he discovered a delicate white envelope under the heel of the door of his room:

DEAR MR. CONNORS:

Maxim I. Never jump at conclusions. If you had taken the trouble to look you might have discovered that the young lady in question perhaps does not wear an engagement ring.

Maxim II. Appearances are deceitful. The Georgette waists and Bolivia coat you complain of may have been purchased by the young lady with pin money made by answering Pleas of the Heartsick in the *Journal* under the gentle disguise of B. Fairfax. Who knows?

Maxim III. The elevator stops at all floors. B. FAIRFAX.

## IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

[Unless otherwise stated, prices are net and binding is cloth. Orders for any book in this list may be sent direct to the publisher, but any regular subscriber for CURRENT OPINION may, if preferred, send order with money to the Service Department of CURRENT OPINION.]

**A NATION AT BAY.** By Sergt. Ruth Farnam. Story of stricken Serbia by the only American woman soldier in the Allied army. Ill. \$1.50. Bobbs-Merrill.

**EDUCATION FOR LIFE.** By Francis G. Peabody, Vice-President, Board of Trustees, Hampton Institute. Tells the story of Hampton and of negro education. Ill. \$2.50. Doubleday, Page.

**END OF THE WAR.** By Walter E. Weyl. Relates this war to the history of America, forecasting our future policy. \$2.00. Macmillan.

**EXPANSION OF EUROPE.** By Wilbur Cortez Abbott, B.Litt., M.A., Prof. of History in Yale Univ. A history of the foundations of the modern world, covering period from 1415 to 1789. Maps, charts and ill. 2 vols. \$6.50. Holt.

**FIGHTING ENGINEERS.** By Francis A. Collins. Records first great achievements of the American forces in France. Ill. \$1.30. Century.

**GUILT OF GERMANY.** By Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador to England at the outbreak of hostilities. With preface by Gilbert Murray. Famous "memorandum" fastening guilt for propagating the world-war on Germany. \$0.75. Putnam.

**GREAT GHOST STORIES.** Edited by Joseph Lewis French. With preface by Prof. James G. Hyslop. Five countries contribute to this collection of twelve stories. \$1.50. Dodd, Mead.

**HUMAN NATURE AND ITS REMAKING.** By William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D., Prof. of Philosophy, Harvard Univ. How social, political, religious influences affect innate characteristics. \$3.00. Yale Univ. Press.

**IN THE FOURTH YEAR.** By H. G. Wells. Discusses forces at work in the Allied countries to establish a new order. \$1.25. Macmillan.

**JAPAN OR GERMANY?** By Frederic Coleman, F.R.G.S. Inside story of the struggle in Siberia, favoring Japan. \$1.35. Doran.

**KEEPING UP WITH WILHELM.** By Irving Bacheller. Scathing satire on the Kaiser and his crowd. \$1.00. Bobbs-Merrill.

**KEEPING OUR FIGHTERS FIT.** By Edward Frank Allen. With statement by President Wilson. Written in collaboration with Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of Commissions on Training Camp Activities. \$1.25. Century.

**LIFE AND TIMES OF STEPHEN GIRARD.** By John Bach McMaster. First adequate biography of Philadelphia's famous mariner and merchant. Ill. 2 vols. \$5.00. Lippincott.

**LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY.** By W. H. Mallock. Argues that democracy, in order to be effective, must fuse with its complement—oligarchy. \$6.00. Dutton.

**LOST FRUITS OF WATERLOO.** By John Spencer Bassett. Historical examination of idea of a federation of nations to establish permanent peace. \$1.50. Macmillan.

**MERCHANT SEAMAN IN WAR.** By L. Cope Cornford. With foreword by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. Records struggle with submarines in present war. \$1.50. Doran.

**NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.** By Georges Duhamel. Tr. by Florence Simmons. Series of hospital sketches describing unconscious heroism of French soldiery. \$1.35. Doran.

**NEW RATIONALISM.** By Edward Gleason Spaulding, Prof. of Philosophy in Princeton Univ. Develops a philosophy of ideals of reason as well as of facts of sense experience. \$3.50. Holt.

**ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRANSPORT.** Awarded prize in France as the most important war book of 1917. \$1.40. Houghton, Mifflin.

**OFFENSIVE FIGHTING.** By Major Donald McRae, U.S.A. Gives specific details in relation to officers' work in armies of France. Officially authorized by Sec'y of War. 16 original sketches. \$2.00. Lippincott.

**OUR FIRST YEAR IN THE GREAT WAR.** By General Francis Vinton Green. Discusses America's contribution in man-power, transportation, censorship, tactics, prospects of victory, etc. \$1.25. Putnam.

**POETS OF MODERN FRANCE.** By Ludwig Lewisohn, Prof. at Ohio State Univ. A criticism and anthology. Deals with Baudelaire, Verlaine, Verhaeren, Rémy de Gourmont, etc. \$1.50. Huebsch.

**REFLECTIONS ON WAR AND DEATH.** By Sigmund Freud. Authorized tr. by A. A. Brill and A. B. Kuttner. Pleads that we shake off our hypocrisy about death and face its realities. \$0.75. Moffat, Yard.

**RIGHT ABOVE RACE.** By Otto Kahn. With foreword by Sec'y of Interior Lane. Appeals to German-Americans. \$0.75. Century.

**RUSSIA'S AGONY.** By Robert Wilton, correspondent of London *Times* at Petrograd. Exhaustive account of events leading up to Russian Revolution and of aftermath. Ill. and maps. \$4.80. Longmans, Green.

**SEA POWER AND FREEDOM.** By Gerard Fienness. With int. by Bradley Allen Fiske, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N. Discusses subject throughout the ages, including actions in present war. Ill. \$3.50. Putnam.

**THE FLYING POILU.** By Marcel Nadand. Recounts exploits of a Parisian street urchin in aviation corps. \$1.50. Doran.

**THE REAL FRONT.** By Arthur Hunt Chute. Author went with First Canadian Contingent. \$1.50. Harper.

**TWO THOUSAND QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE WAR.** Catechism of methods of fighting, traveling and living; armies, navies and air fleets; personalities, politics and geography of warring countries. With maps and pronouncing dictionary. \$2.00. Doran.

**UNCHAINED RUSSIA.** By Charles Edward Russell. Picture of Russia in throes of revolution and reconstruction by Socialist member of American Mission to Russia. \$1.50. Appleton.

**UNDER THE GERMAN SHELLS.** By Emmanuel Bourcier, Member of the French Military Mission to America. "Full of pain, of beauty, full of the spirit of the French." \$1.50. Scribner.

**WAR-WHIRL IN WASHINGTON.** By Frank Ward O'Malley. Humorous account of congestion in the capital. Ill. by Tony Sarg. \$1.50. Century.

**WHAT IS NATIONAL HONOR?** By Leo Perla. With int. by Norman Angell. First analysis of the psychological, ethical and political backgrounds of "national honor." \$1.50. Macmillan.

**WHEN THE SOMME RAN RED.** By Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Experiences of a famous hunter of big game (with a camera) on the battle-field. Ill. \$1.75. Doran.

**WINGED WARFARE.** By Major W. A. Bishop, of Canada and British Royal Flying Corps. Tells of narrow escapes, strange duels and magnificent victories. Ill. \$1.50. Doran.

**WOMEN OF THE WAR.** By Mrs. Francis McLaren. With int. by Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P. Tells of activities of British women as nurses, welfare workers, specialists in farming, managers of factories, etc. \$1.00. Doran.

# THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

*In this department, edited by Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, President of The International Forum, Inc., CURRENT OPINION undertakes to aid the development of a peculiarly American institution and one of peculiar importance in the world at this time. It is likely to be of even greater importance in the readjustments following the war.*

## LABOR'S VOICE IS HEARD IN THE DEMAND FOR VICTORY

THERE is an increasing inclination on the part of governments to listen to the voice of labor as it relates to the prosecution and consummation of the war. Every month it seems clearer that labor not only expects but will be asked to take a leading part, through political and industrial representatives, in securing a definition of war aims and at the proper time and under proper conditions exert efforts in arriving at possible terms of enduring peace.

The most notable of all expressions to-day, aside from his military and diplomatic utterances, are the declarations of President Wilson, designed to hearten the weak and overpowered nations and, at the same time, give encouragement to the workers of every nation. His voice has sounded the keynote in the discussion of matters other than those of a purely military and diplomatic character. His utterances have brought into the foreground industrial and domestic policies as they relate to the determination of war aims. They are practically in accord with the international aims of the British labor party. British labor, tho it has for four years been giving blood and iron for the cause of the Allies, seems in no mood to relinquish the fight against Germany and favors the

use of every political and military weapon possible to bring about a lasting peace. These extraordinary pronouncements of the President have affected all the policies and programs relating to peace. They should be made a subject of careful study in order that the leadership of the President in achieving success in our war aims may be established through the intelligent consent and sympathy of the whole people. If military, industrial, labor and political programs are brought into harmony with the President's broad and humane policies, America's position in the war and after the war becomes invulnerable. In order to accomplish this desired end, there must be a wide-spread opportunity for expression upon the part of the people. Approval and loyalty achieved through such public gatherings as Open Forums, where the spirit of inquiry prevails and where the people themselves are permitted to speak, are manifestly more intelligent and consequently more effective than approval that is merely loyal but lacking in understanding. Everything possible should be done to give the people a thoro appreciation of the President's remarkable declaration of war aims.

In this connection, Elmer A. Youngman writes in a recent issue of the

## The Forum Helps Bring the Working Man to the Foreground

*Banker's Magazine:* "One of the significant movements of the times was recently inaugurated by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. It consists of a plan whereby the employees of that organization are hereafter to have a direct voice in its affairs so far as they relate to the conditions of labor. It doubtless means that hereafter the corporation in question will not automatically decide these matters without hearing the opinions of their employees and giving due regard to them. Five years ago this would have been dismissed as 'a purely academic question.' It cannot be so readily disposed of now, for nothing is surer than that labor is going to demand a larger share of the gains of industry and a greater voice in its direction. It seems reasonably sure that such demand cannot be resisted. In fact, the action of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey would seem to anticipate this demand by making voluntary concession to it. If this great problem is worked out with patience and good-will, we shall preserve what is worthy in our present system while at the same time so liberalizing our industrial economy as to avoid the costly struggles which in the past have been all too frequent."

## WHAT THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE FORUM MOVEMENT IN AMERICA IS

WHAT will the Forums do during the war? Had they not better close up until the war is over? These were some of the questions raised by a few doubting Thomases when the United States entered the present world-war. The most convincing answer is the fact that the number of Forums in the United States and Canada has increased since the war began from approximately 340 to more than 417. The New England Congress of Forums, under the leadership of George W. Coleman, as president, is providing a budget to carry the Forum movement into every city of more than 5,000 in New England. They began June 1st

and are making it a "help-win-the-war campaign." The New York Congress of Forums is out for a new membership enrollment of 10,000, with good prospects of success. The International Forum Association, Inc., since the first of March has had a remarkable enrollment of new members and has organized through its traveling representative and by mail an average of two Forums per week. It is in correspondence with over one hundred groups contemplating organization. With a list of several hundred lecturers, it has established a highly efficient booking-bureau.

As to the likelihood of Forum leaders and speakers landing in jail, the

## Among Other Things, It is Closing the Most Successful Season in Its History

expectations of detractors have not been realized. The war on the contrary has proved the sanity and constructive value of Forums as a means of correcting misunderstandings concerning the war. Thousands of people who believed that this was a war for capital or who doubted the wisdom of the United States entering the conflict have, through such institutions as the public Forums, seen a new light and have joined heartily in support of the administration. The Forum has proved that the most effective corrective of misunderstandings is to provide experts who can inform the popular mind and lead their audiences in the general discussion. The Forums



of the United States have just concluded the season 1917-1918 with no less than 12,000 meetings. The aggregate attendance at the Open Forums during the season of six million eager, intelligent adults has been no small factor in unifying public interest.

One of the noticeable things in the development of Forums is that they seem to have automatically distributed themselves somewhat in proportion to the population of the various parts of the country. Of these Forums one-hundred and eighty-six are in the Middle Atlantic States; sixty-three in New England; sixteen are in the South; ninety-three in the Central and forty-one in the Western States; two in the Canal Zone and twenty-four in Canada. The presumption that the Forum is merely a church institution is disproved by the fact that out of these four hundred and seventeen Forums in America, only two hundred and seventy-two are in churches. The Public Schools have fourteen; Universities, thirteen; Chambers of Commerce, ten; Women's Clubs, thirteen; Advertising Clubs, two; Civic Clubs, ten; Community Centers, forty-two; Political Clubs, eight; Labor Organizations, four; Private Schools, three; Fraternal Organizations, three; Y. M. C. A.'s, ten; Y. M. H. A.'s, eight; Colored Institutions, two; Italian Organizations, two; and Bankers, two. These figures indicate that the Forum movement has rapidly spread into every organization that has public meetings of any kind. That the majority of these Forums are to be found in churches is not surprising. The churches not only have all the facilities for the use of the Forum idea but they have come to realize the necessity for the use of some method that will put them in closer touch with their respective communities. Nor is it particularly surprising that there still remain a few church people who feel that the adoption of the Forum idea is a desecration of the church's sacred functions. There are many of us inclined to doubt the advisability of the new and untried. On the other hand, many church men have taken the position that the Forum helps to take the public assembly back into that spirit of inquiry which was so prevalent in the early church and which was so noticeable in the life of Jesus. He never hesitated to encourage discussion as a means of creating interest in his teachings and clarifying misunderstandings. However, there is no occasion to attempt to force the Forum idea upon an unwilling church. The church has advantages in organizing Forums because it has buildings, leadership and facilities for publicity. A Forum doesn't add to a church's overhead charges but utilizes auditoriums not now used to a 100 per cent. capacity. Forums in churches are not con-

fined to one denomination but seem to be equally well established in Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, Disciple, Friends, Episcopal, Unitarian, Catholic and Jewish organizations.

Rev. Lloyd B. Thomas (Episcopal), who is just starting a new Forum in Oakland, Cal., says in the *Trinity Messenger*: "It may be asked why the Church should sponsor such an institution? The answer is, first, that the element of religion must be brought into touch with many of these problems, if not all of them, before they will be solved rightly and righteously; second, that the church already has some hearing, and gathers a certain proportion of the people together in groups, as a nucleus for discussion; and, thirdly, that the church already owns a public meeting-place, open to all classes of people, which is free from taxation on the assumption that it is contributing to the common welfare. This would be but another item in that contribution." The experiment will be conducted with the advice of the International Forum Association, of which Mr. Thomas is a member.

Father John A. Ryan (Catholic) has said concerning a meeting at Ford Hall: "I have never experienced, and I can scarcely hope to experience again, an hour of such energizing enjoyment and stimulating intellectual combat as the question-period which followed my lecture that evening." Rev. W. C. Selleck (Unitarian) says: "The Forum is a wonderful means of unification. This unifying influence, because it is thoughtful, moral, spiritual, is greatly needed in our American life—never more than now." Rev. Charles Stelzle (Presbyterian) writes: "I shall be very glad indeed to push the Forum idea. I believe in it most

heartily." Rabbi Stephen S. Wise testifies: "It bids men seek the truth reverently and speak it bravely. It shows forth that men may frankly discuss differing view-points in the spirit of unlesened good-will and fraternalism."

Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, and Advertising Clubs have found the Forums an exceptional means of creating a new and timely interest. Charles W. Ward, of Tonawanda, New York, was so enthusiastic about the presentation of the Forum idea by Prof. Frederick D. Losey, national organizer of the International Forum Association, that he sent the following telegram to the New York office: "Prof. Losey pleased our committee immensely. The Forum idea was endorsed and affiliation with the International Forum Association recommended. The Tonawandas will come through with a real Forum." A business men's organization which has been quick to appreciate the value of the Forum idea is the American Institute of Banking. It held a Forum meeting a short time ago at the Hotel McAlpin (New York) where more than three hundred bankers were present. Former Senator Theodore E. Burton, President of the Merchants Bank of New York, who is a member of the International Forum Association, gave the address of the evening.

No one has a patent on the Forum idea. It is a distinctly American institution which belongs to the people and we predict that the American people are not going to be slow to make good use of it. A university whose faculty is composed of every expert, every successful solver of big problems in the country; a town-meeting that discusses questions larger than local needs—such is a Forum.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Do you approve of the Forum under municipal auspices?—E. F. A.

A.—We do. A prominent citizen in a middle western city has persuaded the commissioners, who are drafting a new charter, to provide by law for a Public Forum to be managed by, and largely at the expense of, the city.

Q.—Why should our Forum join the International Forum Association, Inc.?—Dir.

A.—The service the Forums get through this Association is worth many times the small membership fee of \$3.00. If you are interested in the Forum idea, such an investment will return to you manifold.

Q.—How soon should a Forum begin to plan its programs for next season?—Inq.

A.—It is very desirable that Forums should plan their programs as far ahead as possible. It enables them to get better speakers. Of course, open dates should be left for timely topics that will naturally come up for discussion. There are very few speakers who are available in much less than two weeks.

Q.—Where can our Forum get a list of speakers and suggestions for topics for discussion?—Rev. H. B.

A.—The International Forum Association, Inc., has a list of more than 600 speakers and if you will indicate your wants we shall be glad to help you.

Q.—Could you send a man to help organize?—J. A. C.

A.—This depends somewhat upon the territory, but it can usually be done. In the meantime, you should not fail to get all the help you can by mail. Some of the best Forums have been organized simply by following carefully the plans written out by Forum experts.

Q.—In what way is your Association international?—H. C.

A.—(1) The Forum movement is not confined to the United States. (2) In our large list of speakers we have representatives from every nationality. (3) We have correspondents in Canada, Mexico, England, France, Switzerland, China, Australia, etc.

Q.—Are there many European speakers available?—S. T.

A.—Yes. We shall be glad to supply you with names.



# THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

## WHAT THE SHIPPING-BOARD HAS DONE AND IS DOING

**W**HAT the Shipping-Board has really accomplished is a matter of international concern from which the clouds are lifting. According to Chairman Edward N. Hurley, who makes a candid analysis of the merchant ship-building situation in *Marine Engineering*, notwithstanding the difficulties of organization, the handicaps of bad weather conditions, transportation embargoes and railroad congestion, nearly as much tonnage has been constructed in American waters in three months of this year as by all other maritime nations combined. At Hog Island, for instance, where all records for rapid ship-building were broken when the 5,548-ton steel collier *Tuckahoe* was launched twenty-seven days after its keel was laid, fifty 7,500-ton cargo ships, fully completed, will be turned over to the Emergency Fleet Corporation this year. This exceeds by nineteen ships the 1918 contract at Hog Island. There is further assurance that this Delaware River shipyard will have completed 180 ships by the middle of next summer. A total of 159 vessels aggregating 1,108,621 tons, reports Chairman Hurley, had been completed in May. He adds:

"There were thirty-seven steel shipyards in America at the time of our entrance into war. We have located eighty-one additional steel and wood yards, while eighteen other yards have been expanded. We are building in the new and expanded steel yards 235 new steel shipways, or twenty-six more than at present exist in all of the steel shipyards of England. The new industry we have created will make America the greatest maritime nation in the history of the world. . . . It has been an up-hill struggle, but we have had our moments of elation when we have felt that we are making progress. The record made by the Skinner & Eddy Company of Seattle is a case in point. That company laid the keel for an 8,800-ton vessel, which was launched in sixty-four days. She was delivered to the Fleet Corporation on January 5 and started on the first voyage on January 14. This record accomplishment shows what can be done in live, wide-awake, efficient American shipyards.

"Then a few days ago we received a telegram from the Moore Ship-building Company of Oakland, Cal., announcing the successful launching of one of their large vessels. Twenty minutes later we received another telegram from the same company announcing the launching of a second ship of the same type, and forty minutes afterward a third telegram saying that a third vessel of similar charac-

## All Records Being Broken in the Ship-building Race Against the Submarine

ter had gone overboard. This was the record of one American shipyard. The launching of three 9,400-ton vessels in a single afternoon—an accomplishment which I believe is unrivaled in the annals of ship-building.

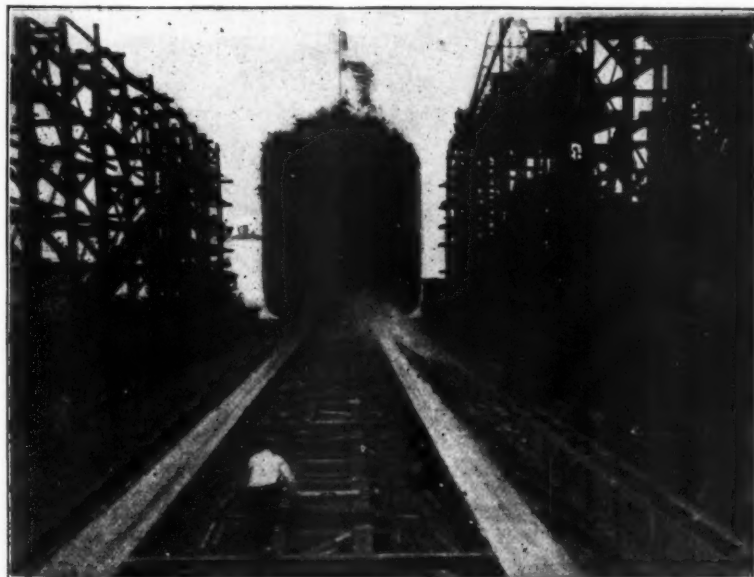
"At the outset the thirty-seven old steel yards began increasing their capacity until they now have 195 ways as against 162 eight months ago. Other parts of their plants have increased proportionately. We then made provision for additional new steel yards, some of which have been given financial assistance by the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Thirty additional new steel shipyards are thus being erected, with a total of 203 ship-building ways. Thus we now have in the aggregate sixty-seven steel shipyards either wholly or partly engaged in Fleet Corporation work. These yards will have a total of 398 steel building ways. Of these, thirty-five yards with 258 ways are on the Atlantic and Gulf Coast; nineteen yards with six ways are on the Pacific, while thirteen yards with seventy-four ways are on the Great Lakes."

On the score of wooden ships, the program has been beset with greater difficulties because wooden ship-building in this country until eighteen months ago had been almost a lost art. The Shipping-Board found twenty-four old wooden shipyards, with seventy-three shipways. The capacity has been increased until there are now eighty-one wooden ship-building yards, with 332 ways completed.

"Assuming that these ways will each produce two standard ships per year we should turn out about 2,300,000 dead-weight tons of wooden ships annually. These 332 wooden ship-building ways, added to our 398 steel building ways, will give us a total of 730 berths upon which to build steel and wooden vessels. When you consider that we had only 162 steel building ways a few months ago and seventy-three wooden ship-building ways—a total of 235—an increase is shown of 495 wooden and steel berths on which we can build ships. With our total of 730 wood and steel ways, we will have 521 more berths than Sir Eric Geddes in his recent speech stated England has at the present time."

As to the advisability of conscripting labor, forcing it into shipyards as soldiers have been brought into the camps, Chairman Hurley is on record as strongly opposing such conscription, because he does not believe it is necessary:

"We have recruited a volunteer force of 250,000 highly skilled mechanics who



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### LAUNCHING THE "AGAWAM," THE FIRST VESSEL IN THE GRAND FLEET OF FABRICATED SHIPS

Vessels are now being turned out at sixty-seven steel ship-building yards and eighty-one wooden ship-building yards, giving America 521 more berths than England has at present.

have, with a patriotism that has made us all proud, agreed to hold themselves in readiness for our call. These men are being held in reserve in three fabricating shipyards, these assembling yards, with their fifty ways at Hog Island, twenty-eight at Newark Bay, and twelve at Bristol, will, when they are in full operation, produce in a single year more ships than

England, the greatest maritime nation of the world, has ever been able to turn out in the same length of time. . . . When the high point in the curve of production finally is reached, and the magnitude of America's ship-building program is realized, it will be a continuous performance of production and launching. There is no doubt that we are destined to be

one of the leading ship-building nations in the world."

During the past fifteen years the national wealth of the United States has been doubled. Never has a nation been so well equipped financially to fight for its lawful rights and to maintain its freedom from vassalage or foreign domination. It is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury that the income of the American people amounts to \$40,000,000,000 annually.

## ARE THE BIG PACKERS DEALING SQUARELY WITH THE PUBLIC?

**A**RE the packers plundering the American people, or do they work for a smaller margin of profit than any other class of manufacturers? Here are two parallel columns giving facts; the first set of facts and figures are the ones used—or misused—by trouble-raising demagogues, while the second are pointed to with patriotic pride by the packers:

### ONE PICTURE

Swift & Company's profits last year were \$34,650,000, or almost 35% on their capital stock.

Armour & Company's profits totaled \$21,294,000, or over 21% on the capital stock.

The aggregate profits of the five big packing-concerns exceeded \$70,000,000, a total far in excess of any previous year.

Prices of meats soared to unprecedented heights.

Yet the farmers have loudly complained that the packers, acting in concert, have not paid them living prices of their animals.

Conditions were such that the Federal Trade Commission last summer began a searching investigation of the alleged "Packers' Ring."

The Food Administration was moved to take over control of the packers' plants last November and stipulated that no profits over 90% would be allowed.

The newspapers have been exploiting the living conditions of the packers' workers and a widespread outcry has been raised against the lowness of the rate of wages paid, the packers being portrayed as grasping, soulless bloodsweaters.

### ANOTHER PICTURE

The packers' profit on each pound of meat normally averages about one-quarter of a cent, altho last year it was about half a cent.

This includes all profits on by-products.

Were the packers to receive no profit whatever, the saving on your total meat bill for the whole year would be less than 90 cents.

The packers did a total business of \$2,000,000,000, and their profit was only 3½ per cent. on this amount.

Swift & Company retained as profit just under 4c. on each dollar of business done, while Armour retained as profit on each dollar of "meat and other food products" sold, less than 2½c.

Like Standard Oil, the packers' capital stock is relatively small; they have turned back year after year a large part of their profit into the business—for ten years Armour paid no dividends. Figured on their net capital investment, the percentage of profits last year was 21½% for Swift and 14½% for Armour.

The packers' profits on each sheep, including by-products, has averaged under 15c. per sheep for the last five years, on each hog

On all sides it is alleged that the packers, through unwritten agreements, absolutely control the price of meat, both the price to be paid the farmers for cattle and the price imposed upon consumers.

The war demands increased the packers' business and profits just as they have increased the business and profits of many other industries.

Upon investigation, after reading carefully the allegations made against the packers and also their statements in defense, B. C. Forbes expresses the conclusion in his magazine that the American packing industry is conducted with phenomenal economy and efficiency and that, until last year, their profits were not unreasonable; but that, in view of conditions brought on by the war, "the packers would have been well advised had they limited their profits to a more normal percentage on their capital." Also "the packers could very well have afforded to treat their workers more generously" in the matter of wages:

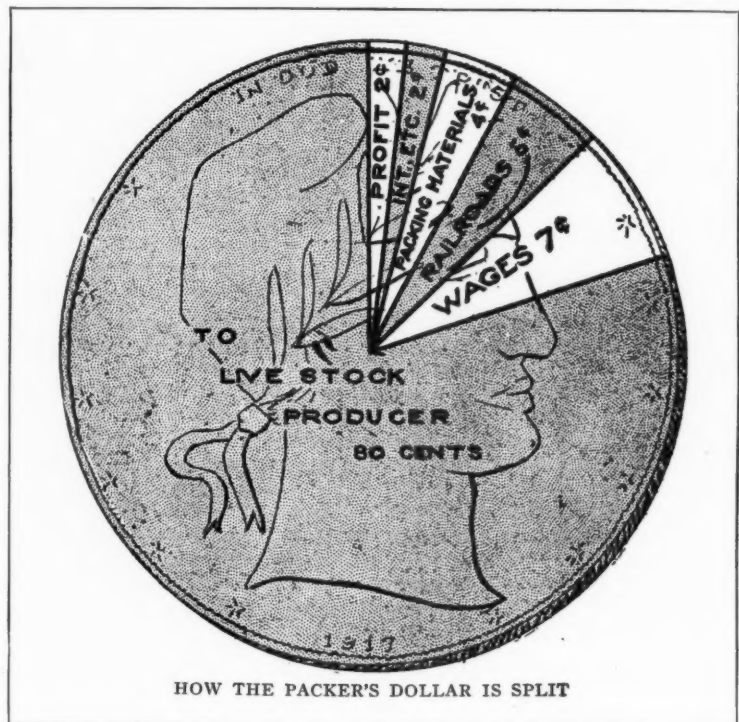
"The building up of a number of gigantic packing establishments has been of

58½c., and less than \$1.20 per head of cattle.

incalculable value to the nation, both in peace and in war, for, were all the 100,000,000 people dependent for their meat-supplies upon thousands and thousands of small concerns, there would be periodic meat-famines at least in certain localities, the meat would be of far less trustworthy quality and prices unquestionably would be higher. The rise in the price of meat last year was less than the rise in the price of foodstuffs as a whole, thanks to a substantial increase in the number of animals reared.

"The fluctuations in the prices of beef, mutton and pig-products are not engineered by the packers half as much as by the lightness or heaviness of the supplies thrown on the market by the farmers, at one end, and the increase or decrease in the demands of consumers at the other end. Obviously it would be suicidal for the packers to hold prices down to a level which would discourage the raising of food animals, since this would rob them of their raw material, on which their whole business is based. On the other hand, were the packers to boost meat-prices out of all reason their business naturally would fall off ruinously."

What do the packers do to justify their existence and their profits? We



are assured, among other things, that their economic utilization of by-products has not benefited the packers half as much as it has benefited stock-raisers and consumers; for, were by-products thrown away as formerly, not only would the packers have to charge a profit far in excess of a fraction of a cent a pound, but the farmer would get very much less for each animal and the consumer would have to pay very much more. The accompanying diagram illustrating this point is accepted by the Federal Trade Commission as being strictly truthful. We read:

"Total profits are large because of the enormous volume of business done. Swift's aggregate sales, including both food-products and by-products, last year reached \$875,000,000, or more than the pre-war business done by the billion-dollar United States Steel Corporation. Allowing a return on the company's \$60,000,000 surplus in addition to its \$100,000,000 capital stock, its dividend ratio earned last year was 21½ per cent., while the

average earned for the ten years has been under 12 per cent.

"Armour did \$575,000,000 worth of business last year to earn \$21,294,000. By combining the company's surplus of \$56,000,000 with its \$100,000,000 capital stock, the year's earnings equalled 14½ per cent. on the total investment. The Armour policy always has been to reinvest earnings in the business, rather than to disburse even moderate sums in the form of dividends. This, indeed, has been the secret of the company's successful growth in the United States as well as in Latin America during recent years.

"Wilson & Company report that its profit per dollar of sales last year approximated 3c. The Cudahy Packing Company for 1917 reports that its profits per pound on all animal products was about a quarter of a cent, and less than 1½c. per dollar of total turnover after allowing for war-tax reserve. Morris & Company's profits have been widely blazoned as amounting last year to \$180 a share. This company, however, has only a nominal capital stock, \$3,000,000, whereas its total capital invested in the

business is put at \$38,000,000. Its earnings last year are figured at 14½ per cent. on the investment."

Briefly, the swollen profits are due in large measure to expansion of business done; there was no increase in the profit upon each dollar of sales in 1917 as compared with 1916, tho the larger concerns enjoyed a much greater ratio of profits than in 1915. Also, American packers have fed the Allied armies ever since the war began and have thus contributed mightily to the preservation of civilization. Let them, the writer concludes, put as much heart into handling their men as they have put genius into handling their merchandize and they will quickly come to be regarded as benefactors of the human race.

Census figures show that nearly half of the cultivable agricultural land in the United States is lying idle. In New York State thirty-seven per cent. of the agricultural land is unfarmed, while in New England alone there are thirty million idle acres.

## HORSES WORTH \$50,000,000 ARE SHIPPED TO BATTLE ANNUALLY

**N**CESSITY of sending hundreds of thousands of horses to France for the American artillery units and of establishing hospitals for the treatment of wounded animals is emphasized by Dr. W. O. Stillman, head of the Red Star Relief, in bulletins upon the work of the organization. He reports that the Germans have lost many batteries of field pieces through lack of animals to haul them to safety during Allied advances, while fewer guns had been lost by the British, prior to the last great German offensive, because they had immense numbers of horses.

Figures compiled by the society show that there are 4,500,000 animals in use by all the armies in the war, and that the losses on the western front alone have averaged 47,000 a month. On a three-mile front at Verdun the French lost more than 5,000 horses. About 1,500,000 American horses and mules have been bought by the Allies and transported with large losses. Some 33,000 have died on this side after purchase and 6,000 have died in the ships. The value of the animals shipped abroad last year was more than \$50,000,000 and the loss during a month of heavy fighting is about \$1,500,000.

"Fighting units can deal only with well animals. As soon as a horse becomes sick, diseased, shell-shocked, or wounded it must be removed to the rear and a sound, vigorous animal sent forward to take its place. Thousands of animals are in the hospitals at one time. They must be cured as quickly as possible to take the places of the injured which are cer-

tain to reach the hospital. Behind the British lines animal hospitals are everywhere. To the left, to the right, there is a hospital not more than four miles away, and eight miles away from each is another. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has hospitals for 10,000 horses and mules. A field hospital is no mere stable shack. It is a group of well-designed buildings, complete with operating-rooms, operating equipment, ambulances, forage barns, cooking kitchens, quarters for the staff, and every other detail necessary for curing and restoring thousands of wounded animals. It must have an ample staff of veterinarians and helpers—not mere stablemen, but men with experience in ani-

mal hospital work, who can bandage a wound or give a hand to the veterinarian who is performing an operation. They are saving 80 per cent. of the horses and sending them back to their batteries again."

There are about 22,000,000 draft animals in America, and the estimates are that an American army of 2,000,000 men will need about 750,000 horses for draft purposes and mounts, and several hundred thousand more to replace the losses of battle. Fifty ships a month are necessary, we read, to maintain this force of draft animals at highest efficiency.

Fifty Shiploads a Month are Required for an Army of 2,000,000 Men



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### AMERICAN CAVALRY BRINGING GUNS INTO ACTION

About 1,500,000 American horses and mules have been bought by the Allies and the losses on the western front have recently averaged 47,000 animals a month.



## BIG GERMAN LINES RUSH WORK ON SHIPS TO REPLACE THEIR WAR LOSSES

**A**N insight into the activities of the leading German steamship companies during the war is given in the year-book, "The War and Shipping," published by the Welt-Reise-Verlag of Berlin. Much has been said about the size of the new passenger liners *Hindenburg* and *Columbus*, which have been built since war was declared, their size having been estimated to exceed that of the *Vaterland*. Now we are informed that they are only 35,000-ton vessels, or not nearly so large as had been supposed.

Philipp Heineken, general manager of the North German Lloyd, in an article in the same publication, takes a gloomy view of the outlook for German shipping and characterizes as unjustified the statement that after the war all the needs of German steamship companies will have been met. He finds no great prosperity for them in sight. In his belief, a doubly difficult task awaits German shipping. First, he says, it must make up the great loss in tonnage due to confiscation and the great damage due to idleness on the part of German ships in their own ports. Secondly, it must "make up the gigantic advantage which, through the circumstances of the war, has so extraordinarily strengthened enemy and neutral ship-owners in advance of us." This much, however, is certain, he says: "The German companies, if they

are helped over the first difficult times, when they will have to meet the most severe foreign competition, will eventually be able to withstand this severe trial and win back the lost ground.

As to the part the North German Lloyd has played in the war, we read:

"Our ships have been used in the service of the empire not only as ships of war but also as a means of transport for raw materials, and in that service they have rendered great assistance. During 1915 and 1916 two of our freight boats, the *Norderney* and the *Schwabe*, were engaged in carrying ore from Sweden. Unfortunately one of these, the *Norderney*, met with an accident. It ran upon an enemy mine and foundered, the captain and three of his crew meeting a heroic death. Great difficulties have arisen with regard to insurance. The premium paid for such a dangerous voyage by vessels has been extraordinarily high, and when such a vessel is lost the insurance money, however high this may be, is no longer a sufficient compensation for the tonnage lost, which can not now be replaced and which could well be used after the war. The North German Lloyd also had to pay equally high premiums in two other cases where two of the vessels in neutral ports had been ordered to sail for home. When for a ship of the value of 10,000,000 marks, for instance, an insurance premium of six per cent. must be paid, this is no small matter, even when the return of two per cent. is made on the ship's safe arrival."

## North German Lloyd Yards Taken Over by the Government to Make War Munitions

We read further that some two years ago the German steamship companies turned over their catering organizations to the government and that they are now directing the commissary work in many training camps and in some twenty prison camps. The feeding of about twenty thousand men in the district of the Tenth Army Corps, for instance, has in this way been gradually transferred to the North German Lloyd. In Bremen, furthermore, workshops have been taken over by the government and are now engaged in the manufacture of war material.

"During the long time of involuntary idleness, we have naturally had in view the replacing of our loss in ships and the possible increase of our shipyards in general. We have ordered a large series of new vessels to be built simultaneously in various German shipyards. Several of these vessels were ordered before the war, and the prices for building them were considerably below the present prices. Besides our two large passenger boats, *Columbus* and *Hindenburg*, of about 35,000 gross registered tons, and our two passenger and freight boats, *München* and *Zeppelin*, between 17,000 and 18,000 tons, we have given orders for a large number of larger freight steamers. On these orders not only all the instalments were paid as they fell due, but considerable advances have been made also to shipyards."

## IS PUBLIC OWNERSHIP A SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

**I**F municipal politics were efficient, municipal ownership might be economic, writes James B. Wootan in the *New York Evening Post Public Utilities and Engineering Review*; but, he adds, municipal politics, of course, cannot be efficient while adhering to the spoils-system, with office as its desideratum and the ability to get votes instead of actual fitness its basis of selection. In other words, municipal ownership like partizan politics depends for success upon popularity. It "gets by" with its usual uneconomic operation "because it has back of it a deluded community of taxpayers to make up its losses." Private industry must pay its way or go to the wall. It must give efficient service or surrender its franchise. On the other hand, public ownership "may be ever so extravagant and inefficient and yet, by a deft manipulation of popular prejudice and by camouflaging its financial failures by a system of bookkeeping all its own, continue to operate," all the

while stressing the point that it is "the people's property." It comes down to this:

"In private ownership the public, through the purchase of stock and its authority over rates and conditions of operation, controls the utility; under municipal ownership the politicians control it. The politicians generally succeed in making the people believe they enjoy advantages under municipal ownership which they could not obtain under private ownership. This is a transparent barrage to any one who will take the trouble to penetrate it, for with very rare exceptions the municipal plant is not held to the public regulation, which controls the privately-owned plant. . . .

"Low cost of construction and low rates of service are the prime appeals of municipal ownership. Almost invariably ultimate costs exceed original estimates for construction. This proves true regarding most municipal ventures, whether they come within the classification of what are commonly known as public utilities or not. The Manhattan Bridge (New York) was to cost \$7,500,000, according to orig-

## Crying Need is That Politics Be Divorced From Public-Utility Management

inal estimates. It cost \$29,000,000. The Queensboro Bridge was to cost \$10,000,000, and came to twice that. St. Louis voted \$3,500,000 in bonds for a municipal bridge over the Mississippi, which after some years was completed for \$6,000,000. Omaha, Neb., in 1903, set out to buy the local water-works for \$3,000,000 under legislative enactment. Bonds for that amount were voted, but never issued, for it soon developed the amount was inadequate. The city got possession of the plant in 1912, after running the gamut of the courts—winding up twice at the highest tribunal in Washington—for something more than \$6,250,000, having voted bonds all told for \$8,000,000. Los Angeles is said to have sunk twice the amount of original estimates in the construction of its famous aqueduct. These instances might be cited almost without end."

Uneconomic rates, plus the high cost of political management, seldom do more, we are reminded by the editor of *Public Service*, than pay the cost of operation and perhaps part of the fixed

charges, the deficit being shouldered by the general taxpayer. But:

"The propagandists ignore these things; so as a rule do the managers of the plants. There are, of course, some notable exceptions. The Cleveland municipal electric plant, while claiming profits from \$100,000 to \$200,000 two or three years ago, under the limelight of an official investigation turned up a deficit of \$58,219 for the year, and that excluded part of the taxes. The investigation was made by engineers employed by the administration itself. One could no more ignore Cleveland in discussing municipal ownership in the United States than Frankfort-on-Main in Germany. They are the hubs. Cleveland had a steam-heating plant in conjunction with this electric plant. Its managers in print promised to produce steam at 23.83 cents per 1,000 pounds and a profit for the year of \$12,444. As official records show, they produced steam at 41.30 cents per 1,000 pounds with an annual loss of \$27,742, a discrepancy of \$40,186."

It is the same story, we read, in dozens of other cities, in fact in every one where public ownership has been inaugurated in this country, while in Canada the record is "twenty-two losing out of twenty-four municipal utilities."

Admitting the foregoing facts as incontrovertible, Edward F. Dunne, former mayor of Chicago and governor of Illinois, writes in the same journal that he is more firmly convinced than ever not only that public ownership and operation of all public utilities are "necessary, just and desirable," but that they are "coming." The trend throughout the world, he says, is in that direction. The war may have accelerated the general tendency, but "the tendency was there before and it was irresistible." It is true, he admits, that the people commit blunders:

"They elect the wrong men. They are often misled and humbugged. They vote as partisans and neglect even vital local issues. But, after all, these mistakes and reactions only retard the process of improvement. The voters are reasonable and practical. They will elect Aldermen or Commissioners pledged to good service and to efficient, modern methods of operation. They will get rid of jobbery, spoils, pull, corruption, and enforce businesslike standards. Progress toward this goal will be slow, perhaps, but the point is that under private ownership and operation progress is practically impossible. The element of 'profiteering' makes it so."

Governor Dunne admits, furthermore, that while "all sorts of resolutions and self-denying ordinances are passed for the purpose of divorcing aldermanic and other politics from public-utility management, they have thus far been to little purpose or effect." The evil is too deep-seated to



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be attacked in this superficial way. Radical measures are necessary, such is his conclusion, tho he does not specify any remedies that, even in his opinion, will positively work. The fact is not without significance, as Samuel O. Dunn points out in the *Railway Age*, that the most autocratic government in the world has made the greatest success of government management of railways and that the failure of government management in other countries has been almost in proportion to the degree of democracy in their governments. In this country "many are in fear that under government ownership politics would so corrupt the railroads and certain other public utilities as not only to destroy their efficiency but to destroy democratic government itself."

### WAGES FOR JAPANESE GIRLS HARDLY ENOUGH TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER

LIFE and customs have been so radically changed in Japan in the last two or three decades that the Japanese bachelor girl no longer pines away in seclusion. Thus the *Japanese Magazine* (Tokyo) introduces a highly interesting survey of the industrial woman in Japan.

One of the most frequently encountered occupations, the article reveals, is that of teaching music. By giving banjo instruction to a dozen male pupils she earns twenty-five yen (\$12.50) a month—enough to keep body and soul together. In painting, the average price for a picture is fifty to a hundred yen, and there is a constantly increasing number of women artists in Japan. The telephone switchboard is one of the most recent fields of female activity. Every woman with private-school education, from fourteen to thirty-five years old, is eligible for this work, the wages for which are thirty to forty yen a month. A bookkeeper gets thirty-five to forty yen a month and there are many women employed in government positions which pay as much as ninety-five yen a month, a yen being fifty cents in American money. They are mostly stenographers.

The poorest paying job, it seems, is that of teaching in elementary schools. Some of these teachers receive no more than eight yen a month. Japan has as yet no women street-car conductors, tho women chauffeurs are beginning to make their appearance. A good many women are occupied in newspaper offices, both in an editorial and clerical capacity. The vast majority of Japanese women workers, however, are engaged in factories. In most of them, we read, the work is both physically and morally degrading and the poor toilers earn hardly enough to keep body and soul together.



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## Shear Nonsense

### Ecstasy.

She—Will you be happy when you start for France?

He—Happy? We will be in transports.—*The Gas Attack* (Camp Wadsworth).

### A Natural-Born Aeronaut.

Sergeant Mutt, after vainly trying to teach a new recruit the Manual of Arms: "Private Nuts, you should be in the aviation corps."

Private Nuts—"Why, sir?"  
"Because you are no good on earth."—*The Sheridan Reveille* (Camp Sheridan).

### Music With His Meals.

A young blood went into a café in Eldorado the other day, Rolla Clymer reports, and, pointing to the first item on the menu, asked the waiter to bring him some of that. "Sorry," said the waiter, "but the orchestra is playing that."—*Kansas City Star*.

### Horrors.

"Well, darling, here is some consolation," said the impecunious lover to the pretty little heiress, "there is one ship that can never be torpedoed."

"What ship is that, Harold?" asked the young thing, shifting her chewing gum.

"Court-ship," he replied, and just then her father came in and gave him a blowing up.—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

### High Morale.

Henry van Dyke, the former minister to the Netherlands, said the other day:

"The morale of all the Allied soldiers is always excellent. They joke about their wounds."

"I met a wounded Canadian aviator from the Escadrille Lafayette at a tea. He sat in a bath chair, with his leg propped straight out, and his two crutches at his side."

"How is the leg coming on?" I said.  
"Well, anyhow," he laughed, "it isn't—ha, ha—coming off."

### He Couldn't Blow It Out.

An old villager who had been to London was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel at which he stayed.

"Everything was perfect," he said, "all  
(Continued on page 68)

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Masters Meters are furnished complete with tubing, connections and instructions for installing.

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Descriptive circular sent on request.

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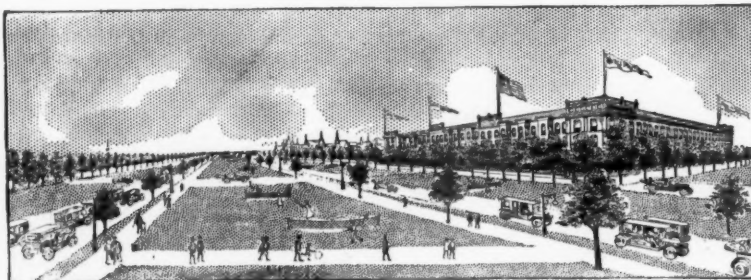
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but one thing. They kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to."

"Well," said one wag, "why didn't you blow it out?"

"Blow it out?" said the rustic. "How could I? The thing was inside a bottle."—*Tit-Bits*.

### A Truthful Scot.

A lawyer was examining a Scottish farmer. "You'll affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal. Let us be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one. Be good enough to tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like to know what meal it was?" said the Scotsman.

"Yes, sir; I should like to know," replied the counsel, sternly and impressively. "Be sure you tell the truth."

"Well, then, it was just oatmeal."—*Rochester Times*.

### A Warrior's Luck.

"What was the narrowest escape you ever had?" the beautiful girl asked when she and the bronzed colonel were alone together.

"I don't suppose you'll believe if I tell you," he replied.

"Of course I will. Why shouldn't I? I'm dying to hear all about it. Was it while you were stationed in the Philippines?"

"No, it was just after I had graduated from West Point. I had an engagement to elope with a lady, but she insisted on postponing it on account of rain."—*Springfield (O.) News*.



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